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THE MEMOIRS OF SUSAN SIBBALD

(1783–1812)

Betsey Isabella (Mrs Wilson) & Susan (Mrs Gibbald) daughters of Dr Thomas Main R.N. from an enamel by Henry Bone R.A. after a painting by William Owen R.A. exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1802
By kind permission of W. Martyn Gibbald Esqre

COL. WILLIAM SIBBALD OF THE 15TH
(E. YORKS) REGIMENT

By kind permission of John Sibbald, Esq.

THE MEMOIRS OF SUSAN SIBBALD (1783-1812)

EDITED BY HER GREAT-GRANDSON

: FRANCIS PAGET HETT :

WITH FORTY ILLUSTRATIONS

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INTRODUCTION

SUSAN SIBBALD, the writer of the Memoirs contained in this volume, was born on the 29th of November, 1783, at Fowey, in Cornwall, and was the fifth daughter of Dr. Thomas Mein, R.N., of Eildon Hall, Roxburghshire.

The Memoirs, which cover the years 1783–1812 only, that is the first twenty-nine years of the writer's life, were not commenced until she was seventy years of age, and were written at the request of her son, Hugh, for his information and without any idea of their ever reaching a wider public, and though she retained her vigorous mental powers up to the time of her death in 1866, she ceased writing the Memoirs in 1858 ; possibly she desired that an account of her happy youth and early married life only should survive, and the story of the subsequent years, with their sorrows and vicissitudes, should be forgotten. Whether this surmise be correct or not, it is to be regretted that her writing was not continued so as to include the years spent in Scotland with her husband after his retirement from the Army in 1812. The years of her widowhood (1835–1866) were spent mostly in Canada, and the extracts from her letters comprised in the Envoi throw an interesting light upon life in that Colony at the time of the American Civil War and the Fenian Raids.

For the better understanding of the matter contained in Mrs. Sibbald's manuscript it will be well to set forth at the outset some additional particulars of her and her family.

Dr. Mein was born in 1750, entered the Navy in 1771, held several important appointments and saw active

service in America and elsewhere. He appears to have been a man of striking personality and varied interests and to have been highly esteemed, not only by his brother officers but also by the men, who, in the Mutiny of 1797, gave him a remarkable proof of their devotion. He was much interested in literature, painting and music, and counted amongst his friends Dr. Wolcot ("Peter Pindar"); the Academicians, Owen, Opie and Bone; and the dramatist, James Cobb; references to all of whom will be found in the following pages. On his retirement from the Navy Dr. Mein went to live at Eildon Hall, near Melrose, where he died in 1815.

Mrs. Sibbald's mother was before her marriage Miss Margaret Ellis of Orchards and Grove, Cornwall, and as she seems to have been a little out of sympathy with the members of her family, and preferred to live at Fowey instead of with them in London or in Scotland, we get only occasional glimpses of her in the Memoirs.

Dr. and Mrs. Mein had two sons and eight daughters; Thomas, the eldest, joined the Indian Army, and retired a captain in the 18th Regiment of Native Infantry in 1831. John, the second son, entered the Navy in 1799 and left it with the rank of post-captain. Of the daughters Jane, the eldest, married her cousin, Captain Robert Mein, of the 71st (Royals) Regiment, and died in 1825; Margaret married Dr. Pattison, R.N.; Mary married William Proctor Smith, of the Civil Service; Betsy Isabella married Thomas Wilson, of the Navy Pay Office; Susan, the writer of the Memoirs, married Colonel William Sibbald, of the 15th (East Yorks) Regiment of Foot; Fanny married Mr. Clunie, of Liverpool, and Catherine and Frances died unmarried.

Dr. Mein had one brother, Captain James Mein, R.N., who was lost in the wreck of H.M.S. *Primrose* in 1809. He was said to be one of the handsomest men in the Navy, and owing to his great height was known in his youth as the "giant midshipman."

The first few years of Mrs. Sibbald's life were spent at

Fowey, and she gives an entertaining description of this quaint old borough (as it was then), with its two Members of Parliament and Mayor and Corporation, and also of the childish escapades of herself and her sisters and the punishments inflicted upon her by her "Argus-eyed" godmother, Mrs. Austin of Place.

In 1795, on Dr. Mein being appointed Inspector of Hospital Ships at Devonport, his family moved there, and we get glimpses in the Memoirs of, amongst others, Sir William Sydney Smith, Sir Walter Raleigh Gilbert, the Hexts of Tredethy, and Admiral the Hon. Michael de Courcy, who was staying with the Meins in 1797, at the time of the Mutiny, some incidents of which Mrs. Sibbald describes.

The account given in the Memoirs of school life at Belvedere House, Bath, where Susan Mein went in 1797, though, perhaps, a little long and over-full of detail, effectually captures the atmosphere of the time and gives a vivid and intimate picture of the joys and tribulations of a schoolgirl of that period.

Belvedere House was kept by Miss Sophia Lee, the well-known writer, and her sisters Harriet and Ann, and amongst the pupils was Cecilia Siddons, the youngest daughter of the celebrated actress. The Misses Lee were intimate friends of Mrs. Siddons, Miss Piozzi, Mrs. Pennington, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, and played a part in the complicated love affairs of the famous artist with Mrs. Siddons' elder daughters.

Mrs. Gambier, the widow of Admiral James Gambier, was living at Bath, and contributed much to Susan Mein's happiness at this time by her kindness and affection. Susan's holidays were spent usually at her father's London house, in Gloucester Place, but on one occasion she stayed at Haslar Hospital with Governor Yeo, and she gives an amusing account of this very eccentric man with his trained dogs and rabbits, and his terror of unbroken egg-shells being left on the breakfast table lest witches should go to sea in them.

On leaving school in 1800, Susan spent most of her time either in London or at Eildon Hall, near Melrose, but paid occasional visits to her relatives, General Dickson at Newcastle and Admiral Dickson at Sydenham, and to Edinburgh to attend the dances and other gaieties of that city. The story of her visit to Edinburgh with her uncle, Captain James Mein, their meeting with Burns' love-sick and "godlike" friend, Alexander Cunningham, at the Opera, and of the supper party afterwards, is amusingly told and is of interest in view of Burns' many verses on the subject of Cunningham's ill-fated love affair.

Dr. Wolcot ("Peter Pindar") was a frequent visitor at Gloucester Place, and seems to have been devoted to Susan and her sisters and they to him, and it is a remarkable testimony to his power of adapting his behaviour and speech to the company he happened to be in, that in spite of his political views and the coarseness of his wit and conversation he was an intimate friend and welcome guest of a family so strictly brought up. It is a little difficult to imagine the man described in the *Anti-Jacobin* as "this disgustful subject and profligate reviler of his Sovereign and impious blasphemer of his God" as the author of the verses and songs written in honour of Susan and her sisters, which appear in the Memoirs.

When in Scotland Susan saw much of the Haigs of Bemersyde, and she gives a pleasant picture of this hospitable and cheerful family; she also gives us glimpses of the celebrated Duchess of Gordon, Lord Palmerston as a boy, Miss "Jacky" Gordon, the parsimonious Lord Buchan, Jean Elliot, the author of *The Flowers of the Forest*, Count Boruwlaski, the Polish dwarf, the book-loving Duke of Roxburgh, and the beautiful Countess of Dalkeith.

One of the most delightful characters met with in the Memoirs is "Wully Carruthers," the old shepherd at Eildon Hall, and the story of the friendship and sympathy existing between the youthful Susan and this old philosopher is full of charm. His learning and intelligence

show how sound was the education obtainable by poor children in Scotland in those days ; equally delightful is Susan's grandmother with her spinning-wheel and Bible, emblems of her industrious contentment and simple faith.

Susan's delicate references to her admirers, Joseph Stewart, Captain Campbell, R.N., Captain "R" of H.M.S. *Venerable*, Lieutenant Brine, R.N., and the persistent "Mr. I" are reminiscent of the female novelists of the early nineteenth century. And the same may be said of her description of her visit to the India Office tc see Tippoo Sahib's "jewelled bird," and of her sudden recall home from Devonport lest she should lose her heart to one of the gallant young officers of the 81st Regiment.

Susan is reticent about Colonel Sibbald's courtship, and although very devoted to him seems always to have regarded him with a considerable amount of awe ; he was a strict disciplinarian in his regimental and domestic life, and the story of her whistling and his displeasure thereat seems characteristic of their attitude towards each other. They were married at Eildon Hall on the 14th of December, 1807 ; Colonel Sibbald being thirty-seven years of age at the time and Susan twenty-four.

In May, 1808, Mrs. Sibbald accompanied her husband to Yorkshire, where he went to rejoin his battalion, and where three very happy years were spent.

The Memoirs give a pleasing and intimate picture of the regimental life of that day, and of many of the people in the neighbourhood of Malton, York, Ripon and Scarborough, in which places the regiment was at different times stationed. Amongst others mention is made of the Sykes, the Daltons of Slenningford, Lord and Lady Grantham, the Stainforths, the Waddiloves, Sir George Cayley, the pioneer of flying, and the beautiful Lady Cecilia La Touche.

In 1811 the battalion was ordered to Jersey as it was supposed that Napoleon would attack the Channel Islands, and Mrs. Sibbald accompanied her husband

there with her two small sons. The discomforts and hardships suffered on the transport on the seventeen days' voyage, and afterwards at Grouville, must have given Mrs. Sibbald a foretaste of what she subsequently had to put up with in her voyages across the Atlantic and in Canada ; but in spite of this she extracted a good deal of pleasure and amusement out of her experiences and graphically describes them.

In 1812 Colonel Sibbald, becoming effective in the 1st Battalion of his regiment, then in the West Indies, gave up his command and sailed with his family for England. The sending of a man-of-war to give him a passage to ensure his arrival in Scotland in time to vote for Sir Alexander Don, one of the candidates in the election then taking place in Roxburghshire, contrasts strangely with the present-day limitation of election expenses.

The Memoirs end with the arrival of the Sibbald family in Scotland, where Colonel Sibbald had intended to remain for a short time before joining his battalion in the West Indies. He found, however, that his properties of Pinnacle and Whiterigg had been so neglected in his absence that he retired from the Army in order to undertake the management of them himself. Unfortunately this experiment proved financially disastrous and a large amount of money was lost in a short time. Perhaps this is not surprising, because in addition to adopting Sir John Sinclair's theory of using seaweed as a fertilizer, which resulted in the land becoming sour and unproductive, Colonel Sibbald introduced many innovations in the working of his farms, such as insisting that his workpeople should adopt the Italian peasants' custom of beginning their labour at dawn in the summer and resting during the heat of the day, which practice the men disliked exceedingly.

Colonel and Mrs. Sibbald lived at Pinnacle or Whiterigg until Colonel Sibbald's death in 1835, and at one or the other of these places their nine younger children were

born and spent their early life. There were altogether nine sons and two daughters, and no less than eight of the sons held commissions in the fighting services of the Crown, five of them in the Navy, one in the Indian Army, and two in the Militia. Three of them died on service abroad : James, a midshipman in H.M.S. *Cruiser*, in 1815 ; John, a captain in the 34th Madras Infantry, in India, in 1843, and Ogilvie Dashwood, in H.M.S. *Agamemnon*, off Sebastopol, in September, 1854.

In consequence of the fact that the family chanced to drink James' health on the anniversary of his birthday after he had died, but before the news had reached Scotland, Colonel Sibbald forbade the drinking of the health of any absent member of the family, and this rule is still observed by Colonel Sibbald's descendants.

At the time John entered the Army commissions were very difficult to obtain except by purchase, which in his case could not be afforded, and it had therefore been decided that he should become a lawyer. However, much to his surprise, a communication arrived announcing that a commission awaited his acceptance, and it was subsequently ascertained that his good fortune was due to a rumour, quite false, that had reached the Whigs, to the effect that Colonel Sibbald had joined their party.

Mrs. Sibbald had the greatest admiration for the Services to which her husband and her sons belonged, and her spirited remark—when it was suggested that the gorgeous military uniforms of the period should be abolished—" I hope I shall not live to see the day when British officers will so far forget their honour as to endeavour to make themselves inconspicuous to the enemy," illustrates the high though strange standard of conduct which in her view those Services demanded.

One of Mrs. Sibbald's daughters, Anne, married the Rev. William Ritchie, afterwards Canon Ritchie, and the other died in infancy.

G. P. R. James, the novelist, was an intimate friend of the Sibbalds, and was with them at Whiterigg on the 21st

of September, 1832, when a messenger arrived with the news of Sir Walter Scott's death. James was much affected, as were the other members of the household, and Mrs. Sibbald was wont to describe the gloom which was cast upon the whole neighbourhood by this sad event.

The following characteristic letter was written by G. P. R. James to Lord Dalhousie, Governor-General of India, on Mrs. Sibbald's son, Hugh, going to that country.

WILLEY HOUSE,
NR. FARNHAM,
8th December, 1848.

MY DEAR LORD DALHOUSIE,

Hearing from my very old friend, Mrs. Sibbald, that her son Hugh is not far from your Headquarters in India, I write these few lines, not at her request, for she does not know that I have the honour of your acquaintance, but to tell you what I know of him. He is the son of my old friend the late Colonel Sibbald of Whiterigg and Pinnacle, in Roxburghshire, an excellent officer who served his country well for many years—nothing could be more admirable than the way in which Mrs. Sibbald brought up her very large family, and the results have been seen in the conduct and well-doing of all of them. I have known *little* Hugh, as I cannot help calling him, though he is little no longer, since he was a mere child. I am very sure of his heart and disposition, and from everything I have seen, I should say without fear that his abilities are superior to those of nine out of ten young men with whom I am acquainted. I do not ask you to do anything for him, even if it be in your power, of which I know nothing, for I am determined never to ask place, post or office for anyone again as long as I live, unless I go into Parliament, when I suppose I must, and which Heaven forefend, but I think it only fair to a very amiable and talented young man to tell you what I know of him,

in case of application being made to you from any other quarter.

I think it is since I last wrote that Lord and Lady Dacre have been staying with us for a few days ; he was busily engaged with his rifle slaughtering my rooks, of which the massacre was great. Her Ladyship, I must not say, was not looking well, for she cannot help looking beautiful, but she did not seem so well as all who know her must wish.

I trust you are somewhat more reconciled to the climate, though I fear the excessive labours you must have to undergo in such excessive heat must be very burdensome.

Too burdensome they must be for me to add to them by a long letter from,

My dear Lord,

Your most faithful Servant,

G. P. R. James.

The year 1835 was an eventful one for Mrs. Sibbald. The news reached her that two of her sons, who had gone out to Canada, were residing in a tavern, and she was so alarmed that she determined to cross the Atlantic in order to investigate so serious a matter and, if necessary, use her influence to reclaim them. Colonel Sibbald was ill and unable to accompany her, so she set forth with her young son, Archibald. After a long and tedious voyage, and an uncomfortable journey overland from Montreal, she discovered that her sons were living decent, hard-working lives, and that her conception of the evils of living in a tavern in Canada was much exaggerated. The object of her journey being satisfactorily accomplished, she made haste to return to her sick husband, but on arrival found that during her absence he had died, and that her daughter, Anne, had gone off to Jamaica to marry the Rev. William Ritchie, whose suit had not been encouraged by her parents.

As her eldest son, John, was with his regiment in India, and her second son, Thomas, in the Navy, Mrs. Sibbald, feeling that she would see little of them if she remained in Scotland, decided to return to Canada to be near her other grown-up sons ; so after spending a few months in Scotland, to enable her husband's properties to be sold and his affairs settled, she sailed again for Canada with her three youngest sons.

To leave Scotland which she loved so well, and her friends there and in England, must have been a great sorrow to her, and the decision to do so must have required much courage, particularly in view of the fact that she was exchanging a life of comfort and ease for the rough and hard life of a colonist.

On arrival in Canada Mrs. Sibbald, although no longer young, tackled the new life and its many problems with characteristic pluck and thoroughness ; she purchased a property on the shores of Lake Simcoe and called it " Eildon Hall," after her old home ; proceeded to put it in order ; arranged to have it properly farmed ; added to and improved the buildings ; had a tavern which stood on the property pulled down ; built a church, and arranged for a clergyman to be brought out from England to take charge of it, and engaged a tutor for her boys.

The contrast between the life of the young and attractive girl, as depicted in the Memoirs, and her later years in Canada, was great ; there were few people of education in the neighbourhood, and Toronto, the nearest town, was fifty miles distant. Fortunately, however, by her charm and wit she attracted the notice and friendship of people in Toronto, who from time to time paid long visits to Eildon Hall. Amongst these her greatest friends were the celebrated Bishop Strachan ; Admiral and Mrs. Baldwin ; and the Chief Justice, Sir John Beverley Robinson ; references to all of whom will be found in the Envoi.

Soon after Mrs. Sibbald's arrival in Canada the Mackenzie Rebellion of 1837 broke out, and when Godfrey

Wheeler, one of the Rebel leaders, arrived with his followers to search for and seize arms which were known to be at Eildon Hall, Mrs. Sibbald appeared with the members of her household armed with pitchforks and swords, and stoutly refused admission to the rebels, who eventually retired. Subsequently one of them, a half-pay naval lieutenant, who was about to be arrested, came to Mrs. Sibbald, and going down on his knees begged her to intercede for him, but she replied, " Get up, Mr. ——. Kneel to your God, and not to me," and ordered him from her house.

The following reference to a visit to Eildon Hall in 1840 is made by Bishop Strachan : " We now went forward to Mrs. Sibbald's house, where we received a hearty welcome. She had seen the steamboat in the distance and had despatched a cart for our baggage. Mrs. Sibbald, wife of the late Col. Sibbald, is a woman of superior mind : having a great number of sons, she came to this country in the hope of providing for them better than in Great Britain. After the death of her husband the whole weight of their education and superintending a large farm devolved upon her ; but she met the difficulties with a pious resolution, and she has been rewarded. Two of her sons are now grown up. . . . Three or four younger are in charge of a domestic tutor ; and all is under the vigilant eye of an intelligent mother. Her methods of managing her children are very excellent ; they both fear and love her and are most obedient to her least intimation."

Bishop Strachan was the head of the governing body of Upper Canada College, founded by Lord Seaton in 1829, and to this institution were sent Mrs. Sibbald's three youngest sons, Hugh, Francis and Ogilvie. Hugh subsequently went to India, and Francis and Ogilvie entered the Navy.

It is not known whether Mrs. Sibbald met Charles Dickens when he passed through Toronto in May, 1842, but one of her sons was so carried away by his boyish enthusiasm for the great writer that in his anxiety to

possess his autograph he wrote him a letter purporting to be from a working-man, and received the following reply, which is published by the kind permission of Sir Henry F. Dickens, K.C. :

Roscoes Hotel,
Montreal,
Seventeenth May, 1842.

Private.

Dear Sir,

I am much indebted to you for your gratifying and welcome letter ; and am proud to know that you have bestowed my name upon your child in recollection of my writings.

That he may become all you wish him to be ; and that he may, in his turn, derive some entertainment and instruction from my endeavours to beguile the leisure time of children of a larger growth is my sincere wish.

If I could ever learn that I had happily been the means of awakening within him any new love of his fellow-creatures and desire to help and assist them with his sympathy, I should gain much happiness from the knowledge.

Believe me,
Faithfully yours,
Charles Dickens.

In 1856 Mrs. Sibbald went to live permanently in Toronto, paying occasional visits only to Eildon Hall, where her eldest surviving son, Captain Thomas Sibbald, R.N., on his retirement resided with his family.

On the 9th July, 1866, she died in Toronto, at the age of eighty-three, and was buried in the churchyard at Eildon Hall. A more peaceful and beautiful spot can scarcely be imagined, nor one more appropriate as the last resting-place of one who had lived so long and eventful a life. Subsequently the wooden church Mrs. Sibbald

had erected was demolished and a beautiful stone one was erected in its place, by her sons, as a memorial to her.

The extracts from letters, written by Mrs. Sibbald late in life, comprised in the Envoi, illustrate some of her most striking characteristics: her keen sense of humour, pride in Britain and Britain's fighting forces, love of her sons, and loyalty to her friends.

The following reference made by Bishop Strachan in his *Journal of Visitation*, 1840, reflects the spirit of tranquillity and contentment which—notwithstanding wars and rebellions—marked her life in Canada. In the last paragraph the Bishop seems unconsciously to foreshadow the remarkable friendship which for the next twenty-six years was to inspire and brighten the evening of life for this old Border lady and "this arbitrary Canadian Prelate—Aberdeen in accent," as Carlyle called him: "In the evening Mrs. Sibbald entertained us with Music in which she is a proficient, being a lady of great accomplishments and most agreeable manners. . . . The day was lovely, the lake tranquil, presenting on its surface a ripple almost imperceptible and indicating a sort of general repose. We went out to view the setting of the sun, which was truly sublime."

> LOVE is the shadow of the morning which decreases as the day advances.
> FRIENDSHIP is the shadow of the evening which strengthens with the setting of the sun of life.
>
> —*La Fontaine.*

THE MEMOIRS OF SUSAN SIBBALD
(1783–1812)

THE MEMOIRS OF SUSAN SIBBALD

CHAPTER I

FOWEY

WHEN you requested me, my dear Hugh, to give you some reminiscences of my past life, you surely must have thought me endowed with a very bold spirit to undertake such a task. In days of yore, in my native town of Fowey, there had been many courageous females. You may recollect having seen above a door at Place,[1] leading to the garden, a small antique-looking statue of a female, having under it the following inscription: "Elizabeth, the wife of Thomas Treffry the Second with her men, repulsed the French out of her house, during her husband's absence in July 1457." And at a later date, a legend hath it, that at the time the unfortunate Charles the First took refuge in Cornwall about the year 1644, whilst the men of Fowey went up the river to Boconnock to defend him from his enemies by land, their wives and daughters, in their then costumes of Red Cloaks, shouldered their broomsticks, and mounting the hill above the entrance to the harbour, so terrified the Rebels who were approaching in ships, that they tacked about and put out to sea again.

[1] The seat of the Treffry family, in whose possession it has been for many generations. The present owner is Colonel Edward Treffry.

Now acts of bravery by females, such as I have above mentioned, might be from the impulse of circumstances, or of a moment, for the defence of life, or property, but courage doubly great is mine, I think, at the age of three score years and ten, to put the written account of my past life under your scrutiny, remembering as I do, the many freaks and follies of our juvenile days at Fowey. However, acceding to your wishes, and trusting to your clemency as a critic, I will not as I would for anyone else, skip Fowey and the first ten years of my life, because, I think, in describing the people, manners, and customs (from what I can recollect) of my early days, I may afford you some amusement.

I was born at Fowey, on the 29th November, 1783; my father was absent, having some appointment at Boston under Admiral Gambier,[1] it being the time of the American War. Now Fowey during my early childhood and some years after, was a very different place, to what it is now. It was a borough, and returned two Members of Parliament, and strongly contested the elections used to be, betwixt Whig and Tory. The colour worn by the first was grey, by the latter blue—" 'True Blue,' which never stains," was the motto—the opposing interests, Rashley[2] of Menabilly, and Treffry of Place. On one occasion my father brought for our family, a whole box full of bonnets trimmed with the "True Blue" from London, and on the following Sunday being a day of rest both for the evil actions of men, as well as for the body, we walked to and from church without being molested, but during the night, the Greys broke our windows.

Well do I remember, our thinking the Mayor and

[1] Vice-Admiral James Gambier (1723–1789). Uncle of Admiral-of-the-Fleet Lord Gambier. He was Commander-in-Chief, North American Station (1770–1773); Second-in-Command (under Lord Howe) at New York (1778–1780); and Commander-in-Chief, Jamaica (1783–1784). He was twice married and died at Bath, 8th January, 1789.

[2] Philip Rashley of Menabilly (1729–1811). M.P. for Fowey in seven successive parliaments (1765–1802) and "father" of the House of Commons.

Aldermen, above all superior, and their dresses so imposing—cloth cloaks trimmed with fur, Winter or Summer, their hair fully powdered ; large stiff sausage curls, one row on another above their ears, the hair behind in a black silk bag, with a large rosette of black ribbon ; small cocked hats stuck on the tops of their heads, and large buckles on their shoes, completed the visible parts of the costume of these Dignitaries. Nor must Ralph Paine the Mace bearer who walked before them be forgotten, for in his own opinion as well as ours, no doubt, he was a great character, in his large brown cloak with a cape, and cocked hat trimmed with gold lace—who could be greater in his own estimation ? And what an air of authority it gave to the whole Corporate body when Ralph placed the large Mace at the head of their Pew, as a terror to all evil doers.

There were at that time, a number of large houses in Fowey, a vestige of many not now remaining ; there were residing there, several half-pay Admirals and Captains, as well as those of inferior rank, and besides, the Wives and families of Officers who were on Service ; then there was a brig, or sloop of war, stationed there, and either anchor'd in the harbour, or cruizing conveniently near, so as to be able to pop in, to enliven select parties, weekly Card Clubs, and Assemblies. Now it was to one of the latter that Mr. Treffry[1] told you, Dr. Wolcot[2] had insisted on his, and my being taken, and made to dance

[1] Joseph Thomas Treffry (formerly Austin) of Place (1782–1850), High Sheriff of Cornwall (1836), was one of the greatest tin and lead miners of his day, employing more than seven thousand men in the mines near Fowey. He was spokesman of a great deputation to Sir Robert Peel on the eve of the introduction of his Free Trade Bill, when he warned that Statesman that if he passed that measure he would ruin the mining industry of Cornwall. Mr. Treffry d.s.p., having bequeathed his estates to his cousin, Rev. Edward John Treffry (formerly Willcocks).

[2] John Wolcot, M.D. (1738–1819), " Peter Pindar," the famous but coarse-witted satiric poet, had a talent for drawing, painting and playing the violin, and was a judicious patron of the Arts. John Opie, R.A., William Owen, R.A., and Henry Bone, R.A. (Enameller to George III), to some extent owed their success to Dr. Wolcot's encouragement and assistance.

together. As Dr. Wolcot had two sisters residing at Fowey at that time, one the wife of a Dr. Stevens, the other unmarried, I will not say, that it was not the case, he may have recollected our being taken to the Assembly as he stated, but certainly I do not, nor does it all agree with the age we were at that time (we could not have been more than 9 years old at the utmost, if as much), nor with the very strict, and retired manner in which we were brought up.

You will remember, Hugh, having seen the large brick house, in which my seven sisters, two brothers and myself were born, facing the street to the front. It was a commodious, but curious house, for as it was built against the side of a rocky hill, to go to the nurseries, above to the " Red room " (the children's parlour), and again above to the Schoolroom, we had to climb a flight of granite steps, which was lighted by a glass roof on the inside of which, were trained vines, the roots being in the Garden above. Below the said rooms, we (belonging to the Schoolroom) were not allowed to appear, except of an evening, when we had to be dressed out for the occasion, in color'd silk slips, and thin muslin frocks, which were very suitable, as the moment we entered the Drawing room, after our formal curtsies, we had to sit up all in a row, and as we were constantly told, " be silent, and look pretty, as children should be seen and not heard."

I think there must have been a party every night, as I can remember nothing less ceremonious, on our periodical visits to the Drawing room. After a while, at a bow to the Governess from my Mother, we again made our Curtsies at the door, and were marched off to our part of the house, to our great delight. But oh ! in passing the kitchen department, what a savoury smell would issue forth, may be a roast Goose, Ducks and Green Peas, or a Hare for Supper, or as greater delicacies still, a Turkey, Guinea fowl or Peacock. We always knew when the jack was wanted by the Cook's anxious call for " Sancho," the turnspit, a little yellow crooked legged dog, and

many a time we have heard the crack of a whip, a cry of distress, and the jack screaming for lack of oil, for poor little Sancho, being in his treadmill climbing with might and main, anticipating his feast in the dripping pan, would stop suddenly on hearing our voices, and get from the Cook what he did not like to feel, or we to hear.

Now into the street we were never allowed to go, but after school hours, went up to work in our garden, or through the large garden out of the door at the top, into a small bowling green, at the end of which, a few steps led up to Place Walk, where our Governess, Miss Coade, used to accompany us, to see that "we walked circumspectly." The door from the Garden has been shut up, or rather built up, and the bowling green planted with trees since we left.

I must now tell you, dear Hugh, how it happened (as you heard Mr. Treffry say), that he, and I, were often shut up in the old Tower together. His Mother, Mrs. Austin,[1] was my Godmother, and her Christian name given me, and therefore no doubt, she thought she was in duty bound to take a particular and maternal care of me, so that when Joseph Austin (as he was then) did anything wrong, which according to what I can remember must have been very often, his Mother thinking it necessary to punish him, used to send him to the upper room in the horrid old Tower, and thinking a little timely discipline would do me no harm, implicated me in many of his transgressions, and sent me up to keep him company.

As my Godmother, I suppose she thought it was the way to perform those promises she had made at my baptism; otherwise, why was I chosen? for I had not only two sisters older than myself who went to Place Walk with me, but also Joseph's sister Susan, and his two cousins, Susan[2] and Jane Dormer,[3] who had early

[1] Mrs. Susanna Anne Austin (*née* Treffry) (1748–1842) was the fourth daughter of Thomas Treffry of Place (1729–1786).

[2] Susan Anne Dormer married John Mills of Warkleigh, Devon.

[3] Jane Dormer, in 1806, married Edward Willcocks of Exeter, and died in 1864. Her great-grandson is the present owner of Place.

lost their Mother, poor girls. Their Father, Captain Dormer,[1] used to accompany them to Place Walk, with the same praiseworthy intention as our Governess no doubt, and as it could not be expected they would pace up and down with so many children, they sat together on the seat, in the bowling green below, which was cut out of the bank under a low hedge, conversing, as we might suppose, on the best methods of "training up children in the way they should go."

To show you that I was not altogether what Mr. Treffry represented to you, I will mention one event that occurred in particular, which will prove to you that I was sometimes made the scapegoat for the misdemeanours of others. One day, after school, when we were all assembled on Place Walk, as usual, our Governess and Capt. Dormer quietly seated below, and we promenading up and down arm-in-arm above, some one proposed we should go a little further off and run races. By and by the Donkeys (called Jackasses then) that had been carrying top dressing to the fields, were put into one near us—their wooden panniers taken off their backs—and left to graze quietly, while the men went home to their dinners.

"Now, here is a chance," said one; "let us have a ride." "Joseph, you go," said another, "and bring one of the Jackasses out, but where's a halter?" "Oh! dear, well, who has the strongest garters?" Mine were taken as being the newest; one of the animals brought, and by turns we rode up and down at some distance from the seat under the hedge. But, alas! for human nature, let the Mind once break through the bounds of discretion, and where will its evil propensities stop? And so it was exemplified by our young party; who from first walking properly and quietly in the vicinity of our Guardians, went by degrees further off, then got excited by running races, next were tempted to take a poor tired donkey out

[1] Captain Thomas Dormer in 1782 married (as her second husband) Jane Treffry (sister of Mrs. Austin), widow of Lieut. Nicholas Austin, R.N.

of a field where he was put to rest, and refresh himself after his labours—and now I shudder to think of what we might have been guilty.

It was proposed no doubt by the Dormers, who were jealous of their Father's attention to our Governess, that we should go, so many on one side of the Donkey, and so many on the other, and make him jump over their heads ; no sooner said than done. Joseph Austin with his stick and we with our frocks spread, running at the poor beast simultaneously, he through terror took a leap over the bank. A roar from the Captain and a scream from his companion dispersed us all flying, none stopping to look behind, the Dormers to their home, the Austins to Place, and we three scrambling through the hedges, and down the bank near the Garden door, to our Parlour.

Now came our dinner-time, no Governess to carve for us as usual, we feared some dreadful catastrophe had happened, and what would be the consequence ? We, however, ate our dinners, and went up to our Schoolroom consoling ourselves with the idea, that if Miss Coade were not killed, she would not dare tell what happened, as we were under her charge, and she ought not to have allowed us to have taken the Donkey, or been so riotous. Thus were we trying to calm our troubled spirits, when hark ! Oh ! how terrific to my ears, was the not uncommon sound of my Godmother's hammer-shaped heels on the Garden steps, and approaching the Schoolroom. The door was thrown open, and my heart died within me, when first without speaking a word, she held up my garters.

" So," she said, after feasting her eyes on my too apparently subdued person, and addressing me only, " You Mother of all Mischief, you have lamed one of my Jackasses. I have found out how it happened ; your Garters were round his neck, so come off to the Tower. I've shut Joseph up there for he should not have let you take the Donkey, but you, and he, are always doing some evil." So away I was walked, or rather dragged, she having hold of my arms, scolding me all the while, and

giving me now and then a shake. On passing the seat, I was not a little relieved, on seeing it vacated. No death had occurr'd, I hoped, but with another shake and while pointing to a tree opposite, my tormentor said " Captain Dormer and Miss Coade might have been killed, and how would you like to be hung on that tree like a crow, as murderers always are at the scene of the crime." I trembled at the very idea, for as in those days, it was the fate, as far as I knew, of any Man, Woman or Child that broke any of the Commandments, particularly the 6th, I felt sure it would have been mine ; my unfortunate garters being such a proof positive against me.

Of course, to the Tower I was sent, and glad was I of the opportunity of giving vent to my indignation, by making my companion feel my wrath, for we used to quarrel like Cat and Dog. Now, what made this Tower so great a place of Terror was that at the bottom of the steps inside the outer door there was another door on one side, which always stood mysteriously a little bit open, and seemed to be the entrance to some dark apartment ; to look in we would not for the world, but we heard from our Maid Grace, that more than once, a little keg of Brandy, or something of that kind, had been left as a tribute of gratitude, for the safe stowage of a larger quantity, by smugglers, and she used to sing to us, a song, only one verse of which I recollect :

" There was a bould Smug-gle-ler,
With sword and pistol by his side,
And he had merry men two or three,
That minded nought but wind and tide."

The smugglers were held up to us as Kidnappers of ill-behaved children, who would contrive to take us away by day or night, nobody could tell where. It was no wonder that we always had a dread of meeting with, or being carried off by these amphibious animals.

Before noticing my last visit to the Tower, I must describe the back entrance to Place,—to see it as it is now, you could never suppose what it was, in my Juvenile days.

PLACE, FOWEY

The seat of Col. Edward Treffry from a Photograph by Fred Ketto and Son, Fowey

You will remember the Hall or Banquetting room, as it was called when you dined there, where you might have observed two recesses, in which were handsomely carved old oak sideboards ; in these recesses formerly there were two windows, looking into a large court, from which steps went up to a road which after passing through a gate, crossed to another opposite, leading into Place Walk. Half way up the steps on the right-hand side, was a large granite trough into which from above, ran a stream of water, which in overflowing fell into a similar trough below. These troughs were shaped like coffins, and were supposed to have been used for that purpose by some giants of former times.

It happened one day when we were all in Place Walk, that a messenger was sent to summon Joseph, as Mrs. Austin was going with him on a leave-taking excursion round the Town, before he left for School, which he would do in a few days after. Susan Austin asked me to go home with her, to keep her company during their absence, so down I went, as innocent of the intention of doing anything amiss as possible ; but my Evil Genius, who in those days seemed strongly attached to me, would not be left behind, but stuck close to my elbow, ready to instigate me to do wrong, whenever there was an opportunity, which too soon happened.

Susan and I had been amusing ourselves with our skipping ropes, when unfortunately Master Joseph came out as proud as a Peacock, with his best jacket on, I say unfortunately, because it was a temptation too strong to be resisted, of dusting this said jacket a little, and the trough of water standing conveniently near, quick as thought, I dipped in my rope, and gave him two or three light flips, which he need not have made such a fuss about. But my Argus-eyed Godmother, aroused by Joseph's noise, and witnessing the transaction from one of the Hall windows, flew out, and before I had time to turn, as a Worm will do when trampled on, she whisked me up in a trice, to my too often frequented prison, shut

the door of the almost dark room, and with a great noise, the outer one at the foot of the stair.

Now fancy my horror at being here alone, and the Smugglers, for what I knew, in their den below, and just ready to pounce upon me. My heart throbbed almost to breaking. Oh ! I thought to myself, if I can get safely out, never will I run the risk of being shut up here again ; the good resolution I then formed, seemed to quiet my troubled spirit. I went towards the little slip of a Window, and to my great joy, I observed my inflictor of punishments, and her precious Joe, pass through the door into the Church yard.

" Now," said I to myself, " if I can only escape past the dreaded door at the bottom, and once get home, I never will, if Joe stays here for a hundred years, come to Place again if I can help it." I was going to open the door to ascertain if all was safe, when I heard dear Susan call me to come down, for Biddy was there, and I need not be afraid. I have not said much of Susan Austin, for she was too gentle to be drawn into any of my scrapes, a more amiable girl there could not be, from the beginning to the end of her days, which were too few.

I could tell you of many more events, such as I have above related, but I think you must have had enough of the old Tower and my confinement therein, and for fear you should think your Mother, what she ought not to have been, I wish you to know, Hugh, that she was not at the time of her last related exploit, nine years of age—and in those days, Nature was left much more to have her own way, in forming the minds of children, than at present, when so much pains are taken, with girls in particular, at a much earlier age and before a single talent is developed, to cram them with knowledge, which makes them conceited, and can be of little use to them in after life. Oh ! for the happy medium, when will it ever be found ? And now I will bid good bye, to my playfellow Joseph Austin, till we meet again in Scotland some ten years after.

CHAPTER II

FOWEY—*continued*

NOW having returned from paying my last visit to the old Tower, and being safely back in our Red room, I will before I do anything else, give you an account of this the children's apartment, its general occupants, as well as all belonging to our household. This our parlour was what we should call now, a good sized room. It had one large window which looked towards the East, to the left on to the Gardens at the back of the houses down the Street towards " Passage " and to the right between the roofs of houses. On the opposite side of the street, the river was to be seen, and above Hall walk, and that terrible Bodinnock hill, which alarmed us, if you recollect, when we came down it together in a Post Chaise, on our going to Fowey in June, 1844.

Now the walls of this room were covered with a dark red flock paper, which must have been the reason why it was called the " Red room," and dismal enough it would have been, but for the sociable look the many old family pictures gave it, oval, round, and square. Gentlemen with cinnamon, or Vapour color'd coats, gay waistcoats, and hair dressed *à la mode* of their day, I suppose. Ladies in gay silk, or Satin dresses, with stomachers and ruffles. Many a pretty face we thought spoilt by the tier above tier of stiff curls, on each side of the head, the hair brushed up from the forehead ; one or two had what was called, a small " Fly cap," so called from the appearance of wings that stuck out, or hung down a little way over the curls.

Miss Lee[1] of Belvedere House, Bath, told us (her scholars) that ladies' heads were not dressed at the time of the above fashion, but once in ten, or fifteen days, and that she recollected perfectly one Sunday at Church, seeing a mouse peep out of one of the Curls of a Lady sitting in the Pew before her, and its little tail appearing now and then, as it meandered to and fro, no doubt well fed with so much powder, and pomatum. When out of doors a small Gipsey hat was worn.

But to return to the pictures, the most modern were two large square portraits of my Father[2] and Mother. Such a handsome man was my Father, the color of his coat was dark cinnamon, no collar to it, and single-breasted, and sloped round, so that the waistcoat was fully seen, and a smart one it was, light blue Satin cut quite low under the pockets, under which, as well as down the front, and at the bottom, was a border of rosebuds, jonquils, and heart's-ease ; or as this last was called, in my young days, " look-up-and-kiss-me's." Now this Waistcoat was worked by my Mother we understood for the " great event." There was no shirt collar, but a lace frill, called in my day, Chitterlings, and the ends of his white cravat trimmed with lace, and the ruffles at his wrists of the same, his hair powder'd, no curls, but hair brushed back from his face, and hanging in a black bag with a rosette, behind.

My Mother was extremely pretty, with a light blue Satin dress (the Waistcoat from the same piece no doubt), cut very low round the neck, with a little lace tucker, sleeves below the elbow, and long lace ruffles, a rosebud on her breast and round her neck a small black cord, to which was suspended a diamond heart. Her hair powder'd, no curls, but raised from her face to a cushion on the top

[1] Sophia Lee (1750–1824) the novelist. She was an intimate friend of Sir Thos. Lawrence, P.R.A., Mrs. Piozzi and Mrs. Siddons.

[2] Thomas Mein, R.N. (1750–1815), eldest son of Alexander Mein of Greenwells, Roxburghshire, and proprietor of the greater part of Eildon Hills. He was a patron of J. Opie, R.A., William Owen, R.A., and Henry Bone, R.A., and built Eildon Hall, now belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch. His wife was Miss Margaret Ellis of Orchards and Grove, Cornwall.

of her head, and fastened there by a long pin, the head of which was a large jewelled butterfly, fixed no doubt on gold wire which would cause it to flutter when she moved her head. Broad black velvet bracelets with some sort of Medallions on them completed her dress.

Round the fire place were blue painted tiles with figures of the celebrated Actors and Actresses of the day. Garrick, Mrs. Yates, and others. The first in bag wigs, with Swords, and three-corner'd hats, the latter in raised headdresses, furbelowed and elaborately trimmed dresses, and with hoops. What odd dresses and inconvenient for die-a-way scenes, as in *Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet,* or *The Rival Queens*. One door of the room entered from the steps on the first landing below the School room, the other from the Governesses' bedroom ; three different Governesses I remember, Miss Downman, Miss Kettle and Miss Coade.

We had four women Servants, who had lived many years with us. Grace and Honor, in the children's department, Prudence and Patience in the Kitchen. Now do not think, Hugh, that I am coining names for the occasion, I assure you I am not. Servants in those days seemed to have all similar names, their Parents perhaps hoping their Children would possess the Virtues their names indicated, but often I fear they must have been disappointed. I knew one man who had four daughters, and he had them christened Faith, Hope, Charity, and the youngest Philadelphia, after one of the Seven Churches of Asia, to show to the world, I suppose, his wish to be considered religious ; unfortunately they all turned out bad, and the Father a most dishonest character.

Our man servant was John Webber, who afterwards followed us to Scotland, old Bob Butters was the Gardener, the Father of the boatman you knew at Fowey. He was as cross as an old snarling dog, never could we go into the garden to chase each other round the beds, but he would run after us and make us run through them, calling out, " Dash my Cats," or " Dash my Wig," " I'll tell your

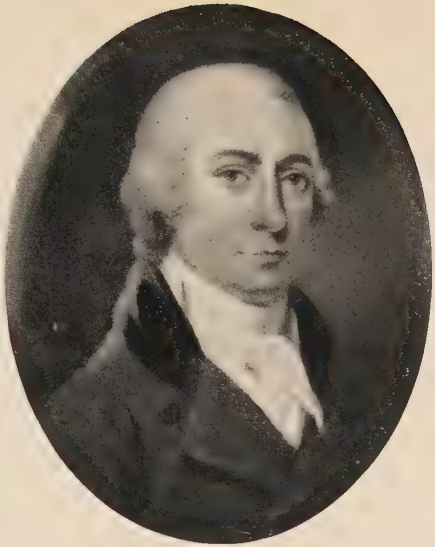
Papa." Now adding Pompadour, my Father's horse, and little Sancho the turnspit, I have given you all now that may be introduced as I proceed in my Narrative.

I remember my Father but little during our residence at Fowey, except that when he was at home on Sundays, and grand occasions, such as birthdays, we were sure to be sent for after dinner to get some dessert, and a small glass each of Constantia, or " Pigeon's Milk " as he called it, and which no doubt we thought it was, and whenever he came home he brought us some presents. I suppose for these indulgences, we wished him to come home. I do not know for what else, for we scarcely saw him when he was at home.

My Mother of course I remember better, for if anyone, particularly Mary, did anything wrong, I was sure to be blamed for it. My Mother was certainly very pretty, she was fair, with dark blue eyes ; she was less than I am, and rather slight in figure. Oh ! if she had had Mrs. Austin's active spirit, how much more suitable it would have been for the management of her large family, but she was wanting in energy, and seemed to leave her children entirely to the care of Governesses, and Servants.

My oldest Sister Jane was like her in face and figure, but as merry hearted a little creature as could be seen. She must have been at least 12 years my Senior. I do not remember her at all, but as the wife of Capt. Mein, and when they came to stay with us now and then.[1] They lived a few miles from Fowey at a place called Carnegie, I think. I know I have been there, and remember the tame hedgehog that was summoned by the Cook from a hole in the wall near the kitchen fire, by tapping a saucer on the hearth stone, and in which she put some Milk. And I have seen it, proceed to the dining-room at breakfast time, and I think it crawled up by the table cloth, anyway I saw it lick cream out of a saucer on the table. And there was a beautiful Summer house there, and lots of fruit.

[1] Captain Robert Mein of the 71st (Royals) Regiment.



DR. THOMAS MEIN OF EILDON HALL

From an enamel by Henry Bone, R.A. By kind permission of W. Martyn Sibbald, Esq.

MRS. THOMAS MEIN

From an enamel by Henry Bone, R.A. By kind permission of Mrs. Thurston

How my pretty cheerful sister could ever marry a man as old looking as my Father (we thought) was beyond our comprehension. They had gone to Scotland after their marriage, as he had some property near Edinburgh, and they remained there some time. He had belonged to the 71st or Royals and sold out. He played on the flute and sang most beautifully, drew well, and did many things to amuse us, but we none of us liked him, why, I do not remember. He died when I was at School at Bath. Jane might have been married again, she had several offers, but rejected all, and died at Fowey, in 1825.

Next came Margaret, who was 10 years older than I was. She was very handsome. I remember something of her before her marriage, and perfectly when the event took place, which was during the Summer of 1792. We of the Red room knew nothing of what was going on beyond the Nursery, so we were only told that our baby Fanny was going to be christened, and Grace had laid out for the occasion a most beautiful blue and white Satin Mantle, blue hat and feathers, presents from Lady Paine, one of her Godmothers.

None of us went to this Ceremonial but the Governess, who gave us tasks to learn during her absence ; by and by the Church bells struck out a merry peal. How curious we thought for a Christening ; but we did not wonder long, for the Schoolroom door was opened by Grace, who curtseying to Mary, said, " If you please, Miss Mein, will you come and be dressed. You are Miss Mein now, your Sister is married." " Oh ! " we said, " is it to Dr. Pattison ? " and how glad we were to get an answer in the affirmative, for he was such a favourite with us. For about two years before, some how or other, he always knew when Miss Coade had a head ache, the only remedy to cure which, was to take a stroll down one of the lanes. I think you must remember them, Hugh, at the back of the Town, one was Rollins lane, another Green lane, and the third Love lane.

Well then, no doubt, and as Pattison heard, she used

to meet Capt. Dormer, and most likely in the last mentioned of the three lanes, and as we had long sums to do, during her absence, Pattison very good naturedly, came down through our bowling green, and garden, to help us. Mary being privileged to go downstairs when she liked, used to call up Sister Margaret, and we were so happy. Pattison at that time was a Surgeon of one of the Vessels of war that came into Fowey now and then. My Father, I suppose, did not know of these visits to the Schoolroom, for a terrible piece of work one day happened when we were all so happy there.

My Father had gone out for a ride. By and by Mary was sent out to reconnoitre, and came running back to say he had come home, and seemed to be on his way up the steps. Off flew Pattison up through the garden, meaning to go out by the bowling green, but hearing Mrs. Austin speaking to some one on the other side, and not liking to be seen by her, he unfortunately ran to a side border, and laid himself down behind some gooseberry bushes, and just under my Father's favorite tree, a Nutmeg peach, and which was nailed against the Wall.

Now fancy Pattison's horror when instead of my Father's going out of the garden door into the Bowling green, and so to Place walk (as he thought he would do), he heard him gradually approaching. On, on he came! till he stopped with sudden surprise. Now, one would look scowlingly down, as the other would look foolishly up. What was said on either side, I know not. Poor Margaret was dreadfully scolded, and we were all so miserable about it. Pattison we did not see for two or three years after. When Margaret was married she was only 19.

As a specimen of the times, Pattison told us during one of his visits to the School-room, after he had returned from a voyage, that he had dined the day before with an old shipmate of his, a Mr. Lanyon, who was a Purser on half-pay, who had made a good deal of prize money, and in fact was well off, and Pattison having been living on

salt provisions for some time—(in those days I believe they had nothing else on board ship) anticipated a good dinner. On his arrival at the house he was introduced to Mrs. Lanyon, one of the ugliest women he had ever seen in his life. She had one " Saucer eye," was short and very stout, oddly dressed, and altogether queer looking, and evidently the superior officer in that house. Her poor husband was thin and shivery looking—if he laughed at any of Pattison's stories, she chided him for his levity and one side of his face seemed inclined to laugh, while the other was disposed to shed a tear.

The Maid at length brought an enormous pie. " Oh ! Oh ! " says Pattison to himself, " a good old English beef steak pie, my friend knows how to live well." The pie was set before Mrs. Lanyon, who said, " Well, Doctor, I hope you have a good appetite." " Capital one, Ma'am," and " I hope you can eat turnip pie." Oh ! horrible ! the perfume which sprung forth as she opened the crust was enough, but when his plate was set down before him, what did he see but slices of salt pork, the very thing of all others that he disliked. He picked away at the crust as well as he could, thinking some sort of pudding, and bread, cheese and beer would be coming. But no, these were delicacies ; that would be a waste, Mrs. Lanyon thought, after a good dinner.

So nothing till tea, when Pattison was relieved by seeing a good-sized loaf, and a large pat of butter, to which he helped himself as a hungry man would do. Poor Mrs. L. became quite alarmed at seeing him so voracious, and said, " Doctor, butter is thirteen pence a pound now." " Indeed, Ma'am," he answered, " I do not wonder at it when it is so very good." Presently he heard the lid of the tea pot poppering up and down. He hastily looked up, when he saw her blowing into the spout, as she said, to make the tea draw.

At supper, consisting of a Welsh rare bit, there was a bottle of Ale, which she would not allow Pattison (who in his politeness offer'd) to draw for her, but after putting

in the Corkscrew, she raised the bottle to her mouth, and whistled most manfully to make the Ale brisk, she said. I wonder if there are many such wives now.

I have made a long digression, but will now go back to that day of Mary's promotion. Well, when she was dressed, she came to say farewell to the School-room, and oh! how pretty we thought her dress, white book-muslin over a pink silk Slip, a long and broad sash and bows on her sleeves of the same color, but we could not but grieve to see her beautiful brown hair powdered. Mary was a dear, generous-hearted girl, and we loved her so much although she was my Mother's favorite.

Oh! how I do grieve when I hear of a Father, or Mother's favorite, for how rarely do such turn out to be an amiable man, or woman; how many naturally fine and generous dispositions have been ruined by the absolute cruelty of being made the pet child in a family. Every evil passion is fostered by false indulgence, instead of being checked by salutary reproof, in fact, the faults of the favor'd one are not seen, until they have become so engrafted on the mind and disposition, that they cannot be eradicated. Favorites generally think, that the preference shown towards them, must be, because they are considered in some way superior to their brothers and sisters, and therefore acquire a dictatorial manner, and think it a condescension to be on affectionate or equal terms with them, and I have always found out, the pet one in a family by his, or her, not liking to join in juvenile amusements, but rather keeping with the Seniors, and by listening to their conversation only, become precocious, and very disagreeable.

And now to return to Mary. She could not be spoilt. She was so affectionate; every thing given to her that could be divided, she shared with us. I could give you many, many instances of her generous disposition in after life, and much beloved she was, by every one that knew her.

The next in age was Betsey Isabella, three years older

MARY (MRS. PROCTOR SMITH) AND JANE (MRS. ROBERT MEIN)
DAUGHTERS OF DR. THOMAS MEIN R.N.

From a painting by William Owen R.A., exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1803
By kind permission of H. H. Wolters, Esq.

than I was. She was the tallest of the family, very handsome and of a sweet and cheerful disposition. Agnes was next, but died when an Infant, it was said, by a fall out of the dining-room window, which happened to be open when the maid was rocking her to and fro on a chair. The poor little thing sprang up, and fell over. The window was low, but her head was so much injured that she died not long after.

And now in succession I come. I have heard the song of " happy childhood." I wonder if I thought the earliest days of my childhood happy? I certainly could not altogether, but fortunately being of a volatile disposition, I contrived to blend the good and evil circumstances that befell me so completely, that all crosses and disappointments that occurred, appeared to me as matters of course, and so I submitted without a murmur. As in those days children were sent from home to be nursed, and as my foster-mother was a Smuggler's wife, no doubt I thought from my Mother's dislike of me, that I must have been changed, and that I was in reality a Smuggler's child. However, I should have hardly been distressed at that, as at that time, I dare say every body smuggled. I am sure Mrs. Austin did. You remember I told you of certain little Kegs of brandy, left in the little dark room at the foot of the old Tower.

At any rate, I could not but see, myself, that as my elder sisters had such beautiful fair complexions, and lovely brown hair, and I so dark and with black, beside them I was not fit to be seen. Indeed Grace used often to tell me, I was " a shame to be seen," and when I came to be dressed before going down stairs, frequently said, my hair was " as straight as a pound of candles," and then taking down from the chimney-piece, the great pinching tongs, and thrusting them into the fire, she would screw my hair in curlpapers, and pinch them with the hot tongs, an operation I much dreaded, as I feared lest these unwieldy things would touch my ears, or drop on my neck.

After she had finished my dressing, she would look at me sometimes complacently, and say, " You look something fitty now, but you always want more tittyvating up than the others, to make 'e look so," but when Uncle James[1] came, who was when young called the " Giant Midshipman," being 6 ft. 2 inches in height, and I saw his complexion was dark, and his hair black, it was a relief to my feelings, although I could not think myself as handsome as he was, yet we met as two kindred Spirits, and he at once took my part in every thing, when he was with us ; but I fell into the background again when he left, not with my sisters, they were all fond of me, but I could not please my Mother do what I would.

[1] Captain James Mein, R.N., was a son of Alexander Mein of Greenwells, Roxburghshire. He was lost in the wreck of H.M.S. *Primrose*, on the 22nd January, 1809.

CHAPTER III

FOWEY AND DEVONPORT

I MUST have been about six years of age, when an event happened which caused me much grief, indeed it must have been very deep, when I can still remember the circumstance so perfectly. We had a Governess, a Miss Downman, who had been in the family many years. I was quite a pet with her, as I was fond of learning, and gave her no trouble. I have heard from my elder Sisters, that I knew my letters before I could speak, that I would not go to sleep without an old *London Magazine* beside me, each page of which was divided into two columns. Between them all the way down, were capital letters, which I would point to, when asked for A or B, etc. Now with this Governess I loved to be, when I could, and she taught me to repeat verses and little songs. I think our " Red room " must have been a place of greater happiness with her, than it could ever have been to me after. It was, as I say, when I was six years of age, that she fell ill of a fever, and died. All the flowers from our little gardens were brought to put in her Coffin, and I was inconsolable, and nothing could soothe me, till I was told she was gone to be an Angel in Heaven. No doubt my poor little heart heaved with the wish to go there with her.

We were all sent for a while, to Coombe farm, which was over the brow of the hill, beyond the old Castle, and some little time after our return home, a new Governess arrived, a Miss Kettle. But oh ! what a contrast to poor Miss Downman ! I cannot think how it is, that I still remember so well, that her bonnet, or bonnets, for she

must always have worn the same color, were trimmed with dark green ribbon, and often since when I have seen bonnets trimmed with green, I have thought of Miss Kettle. We must have all seen at once that she was very different from our dear departed friend.

I do not remember how long she remained with us—but two things happened after my Father's return home, which determined her dismissal. One was making us say our prayers some times in the kitchen when she wished to go back speedily to the drawing room, instead of taking us all to our own parlour. And it was found out in this way. She used to make us all stand and say the Belief together, and then kneel and in the same way repeat the Lord's Prayer. One night while we were standing in the way I mention, the roast at the fire stopped turning, and little Kitty called out, " Patience, Sancho has stopped the Jack." The consequence was a good box on the ear from Miss Kettle, a roar from Kitty, and Patience calling out at the top of her voice, " 'Tis a burning shame, Miss Kittle, to bring the cheldern down here, where they've no bissness nor you nyether." All this made such a noise that my Father came to see what was the matter. Miss K. did not return to the drawing room that night I daresay.

The other affair was, from Betsey's being fond of our baby John. She would often after School, fetch him to the Red room, and also little Sancho. One day with baby in her arms, she went down to the forbidden kitchen for the little dog, which however was quietly turning the Jack, as a loin of Veal was roasting—I remember it was Veal, because we often wished for it, but never had it till the second day, when it was stewed with green peas, or cucumbers. However, while the Jack was turning the Spit quietly round, Betsey in talking to Patience, got rather too near the fire, and little John made a sudden dart at the Veal, and fell into the dripping pan. Oh ! what a " Scrimmage," as our Tom would have called it. Patience struck Betsey with the basting ladle and made her frock all grease, and the child screaming, and Patience

KITTY AND MARGARET (MRS. PATTISON), DAUGHTERS OF DR. THOMAS MEIN, R.N.

From a painting by William Owen, R.A., exhibited in the Royal Academy 1804. By kind permission of W. Martyn Sibbald, Esq.

scolding, aroused my Father, who opened the Kitchen door. Poor Betsey was sent in sad disgrace up to the Red room, and Miss Kettle, for not attending to her charge better, a notice to leave.

Then came Miss Coade. From the mention I have made of her before, you must suppose I recollect her perfectly. She did not accompany us when we left Fowey, but she married Capt. Dormer, and I have heard did not make a very kind step Mother ; he had evidently not " found her out."

This puts me in mind of John Webber, the man servant we had at Fowey, and who I said followed us to Scotland. After having lived with us there some years, and saved some money, he took a public house at Melrose, and brew'd his own beer, which brought him a great deal of custom, and all wondered he had not a Wife to assist him. One day, having come to Eildon Hall[1] to see my Father, I asked why he did not marry ? " Lord bless 'e, Miss, I can't find ne'er a gurl that's good for much ; they looks well enough, many on 'em, but when I walks wi' 'em a bit, sets wi' 'em, an' talks wi' 'em, whey I finds 'em out." Alas ! poor John Webber, he was too confident of his discernment, and was taken in at last, and no doubt repented, that he had failed in his precautions to " find the gurl out."

My Sister Catherine, who I ought to have introduced to you before, was about three years my junior. She was not as pretty as my other Sisters, but was very fair, and her hair, which was light, curled very prettily, and was not like mine, " as straight as a pound of candles." Then came after her Thomas Alexander,[2] then John,[3] after him Frances, who died when an Infant, and last of

[1] Eildon Hall, near Melrose, was built by Mrs. Sibbald's father, Thomas Mein, on the Eildon Hills Estate. The Earl of Dalkeith now resides there.

[2] Captain Thomas Alexander Mein of the 18th Regiment of Native Infantry. He became an Ensign in 1809 and retired 10th December, 1831, and died in 1835.

[3] Captain John Mein, R.N., entered the Navy in 1799 and retired as a Post Captain, and died in 1864.

all Frances, who was christened the day Margaret was married.

Now after that ceremony the happy pair set out for Scotland, where they remained some time. Soon after their return to the South, Pattison was appointed to a Ship going to the West Indies, and to our great joy, dear Margaret returned to reside with us.

About this time a War with France broke out, and my Father was made Inspector of Hospital Ships at Devonport, so we all left Fowey for that place ; we had a large house, with an excellent garden in St. Aubyn Street, so unlike now what it was then, the part of the front that was back from the Street, is so still, but there are houses now, where the garden was then.

And now what a change took place as to the education of the family. No longer a Governess, Betsey and I had lessons from a Music Master, and Kitty and I went as day scholars to a Mrs. Davidson, an Officer's Widow, who wished to educate two, or three girls, with her own two daughters. She was such an accomplished lady-like person, that it was thought I might have got on very well with her, and so I no doubt should as I was very fond of her, but we had, and were allowed to go to so many Juvenile parties, that my mind became quite unsettled, and to benefit by Mrs. Davidson's instructions as I ought to have done, I found quite impossible, and I was of too lively a spirit to think seriously of the matter.

A great number of Naval Officers came to the house, and I seemed a favorite with them, in consequence, no doubt, I thought I was perfection—but " a word in Season " will come sometimes, that will throw either old or young back as it were on their own thoughts, and cause a revulsion of feeling, which was the case with me ; for it so happened, that one day when with my frock tucked up, and flogging away at a whip top, showing Tom and John how long I could keep it up, the door to the street opened (for we were in the flagged court then),

CAPTAIN JOHN MEIN, R.N.

From a water colour painting. By kind permission of Mrs. Thurston

and without my perceiving him, Sir Sidney Smith[1] entered, and putting his hand on my shoulder, said, "Ah! Susan, Susan, what a tom boy." Now although he was laughing at the time, I felt ashamed at being seen by him thus employed, for I must at that time have been between 12 and 13. His having caught me at such an unseemly amusement for a girl, and at my age too, had a good effect, for from that time, I began to think how I could improve my mind.

My Father had a good Library, which few troubled, so that I could go there when I liked. I gave up all my dolls and play things to Kitty, my brothers and little Fanny, and never went to the Drawing room if I could help it, till I was obliged in the evening. I was never happy there till my Father and visitors would join us, when we had music, and I still remember amongst many others, Margaret's song of "Henry's Cottage Maid," and Mary's "Eve around the huge Oak." They had both such sweet voices, Betsey and I sang principally duets together; her voice was pretty and clear, and mine considered a good second.

We had often, Jane and Margaret Hext[2] of Tredethy staying with us. The latter and I were great companions in the Library; one book a new publication we had begun together, *Travels in South Africa*. It was most interesting, but unfortunately her Father's carriage came for her, before we had half finished it, and I could not lend it to her, so I wrote off so much of it every week to send to her by the Bodmin Register (or Carrier) till I had finished the whole. I went to Tredethy sometimes to spend the holidays; and it was there I first became acquainted with Sir Walter Raleigh Gilbert,[3] one of the

[1] Sir William Sidney Smith, G.C.B., K.G. (1764–1840), the distinguished Admiral. He saw much service and in 1796 was captured by the French; from whom he escaped after two years' imprisonment.

[2] Daughters of Francis John Hext of Tredithey and his wife, Margaret, daughter of Elias Lang of Plymouth.

[3] Sir Walter Raleigh Gilbert (1785–1853), Bart., Lieut.-General in the E.I.Co.'s service. He distinguished himself greatly in the Sikh Wars.

heroes of India: he was "Raleigh" then, and he and George Hext[1] were there during my last visit. Two nice youths they were, but they nearly killed me one day.

There was a swing suspended between two trees, where Margaret and I had frequently amused ourselves; Raleigh and George on this day insisted on swinging us, Margaret got over hers first, very well. She was twice as heavy as I was, indeed, I was a fairy beside her, therefore having felt her weight, the force they used was too much for me, for they swung me so high, that one of the rings came off the hook, and down I came with such violence, that it seemed as if every bone in my body was broken.

Poor boys, I was very much hurt certainly, but the sight of their distress, made me feel the less pain, I dare say. Old Mr. Hext insisted on my going to bed, and Jane and Margaret were so kind. The two poor delinquents got such scolding; but great was their delight, when I came down stairs again, for I had been kept up much longer than I wished. Having short sleeves, they saw the marks of bruises on my arms, and the skin had been rubbed off one of my elbows, but I dare say they liked me all the better for that, as they thought I made so light of the injuries I had received.

Raleigh Gilbert came to Haslar a few years after to stay with Governor and Mrs. Yeo,[2] when I was on a visit to them, and of course our friendship increased there, and sure am I, that we parted in sorrow, when he left for the East Indies, having got a Cadet-ship. A few years since his sister Lady Roberts[3] in Exeter, showed me a portrait that had been taken of him, when he was in England not long before; he was in plain clothes, elderly looking, and with grey hair. "Can that be Raleigh Gilbert?" I

[1] Lieut. George Hext, R.N. (1785–1813), the fourth son of Francis John Hext of Tredithey, was killed when leading a boat attack in America.

[2] Captain William Yeo, R.N. (1751–1808), was Governor of the Royal Naval Hospital, Haslar, from August, 1795, until his death in June, 1808.

[3] Wife of Sir Walter Roberts, 2nd Bart. She died in 1853.

exclaimed, to his sister's amusement. I dare say, if he could have seen me then, he might as well have asked, " Is that Susan Mein ? " It is curious, that before I saw that portrait, I thought I remembered him exactly as he was, when I last saw him, and since, I only see him in my mind, as the elderly grey-headed man.

George Hext I saw a good deal of when I was staying with your Uncle and Aunt Smith[1] at Devonport, in 1803. He was then a Midshipman, and died poor fellow a few years after in the West Indies.

In the year 1797 happened the dreadful " Mutiny of the Nore," the particulars of which you will have seen recorded in history. It infected the Seamen at Plymouth, and the horrors of that time it is impossible to forget, as we were completely Naval, and had Capt. DeCourcy[2] (of the *St. George*, I think) staying with us. Every one was in perfect dismay, and not able to conjecture how it might end. All kinds of reports constantly reaching us ; of some poor Purser tied to a grating and dragged on shore—and some " tarred and feathered." It affected the mind of one Captain so much, that he went into the stern galley of his ship, and shot himself.

Those who were favorites with the Seamen, were carried about the Town and we were much terrified when we saw our court near the Street filled with men, calling for Captain DeCourcy who seemed as if overwhelmed with grief as he stood on the top of the steps and tried to remonstrate with them ; but of no avail, they cheered him, and insisted upon putting him into a chair, and carrying him shoulder high round the town, to show they

[1] Mrs. Sibbald's sister, Mary Mein, married William Proctor Smith of the Admiralty.

[2] Admiral the Hon. Michael de Courcy, K.T.S., was a son of the 25th Baron Kingsale and commanded the squadron which covered the embarkation of the ill-fated British Army at Corunna. He married Anne, daughter of Conway Blennerhassett, and died in 1824, leaving a daughter, Anne, who in 1812 married Captain Sir John Sinclair, Bart., R.N. The 25th Baron Kingsale when he was presented to the King in 1762 exercised the ancient privilege of his family by wearing his hat in the Royal presence.

were proud of their Captain. When he came back he could speak to no one, but shut himself up in his room again.

Then came the men of the Hospital Ships, and called for my father, who had been sitting alone in his Library. He came out looking quite distressed and addressed the men, and when they spoke of their "wish to do him honor," he begged them not to think of it. They called him the sick man's friend, and I forget all the praise they bestowed on him, but do him honour they would, so he was carried as Captain DeCourcy had been, round I do not know where. Everybody seemed miserable, and I think we Juveniles were constantly crying, I suppose at seeing the distress of others.

But to return to myself, as I said before, I felt anxious to improve, yet felt unsettled; and I believe instead of advancing in knowledge, I should have got disheartened in time, if I had remained much longer at home. At this time, but after the Mutiny—I cannot recollect how long it lasted—poor Pattison came home from the West Indies, so emaciated, we could hardly recognize him. He had had the yellow fever, and was carried on board ship from the Hospital, with little expectation of his living many days; but "while there is life, there is hope," and he wished to go to Sea, as the only chance of his recovery. He mentioned how odd it was that when able to sit in the Ward-room, although perfectly awake, he would see on stretching out his legs, lilliputian men and women, in different color'd dresses, run up and down his legs and feet, and calling out to his brother officers to "look at the little fellow in green, blue or yellow," he would take his pocket handkerchief, and give it a fillip, and they would all run off, and then he would see them come on again. He said it proceeded from weakness, and an illusion, peculiar to that fever.

I was very fond of Pattison and Margaret, and always with them when I came from school, but after Pattison recovered, he got a Medical appointment at the Cape of

Good Hope, and was to go in the same ship with Mr. Barnard,[1] the Colonial Secretary, and his wife, Lady Anne,[2] a most delightful person, whom I knew better some years after in London, after her return from the Cape. When Lady Anne Lindsay, she wrote the beautiful words of "Auld Robin Gray." Pattison and Margaret wished to take me with them, but my Father would not hear of it, but allowed Mary to go. Oh! how dreadfully I did miss them.

[1] Andrew Barnard, son of the Bishop of Limerick, was Colonial Secretary at the Cape under Lord Macartney.

[2] Lady Anne Barnard was the second daughter of James Lindsay, 5th Earl of Balcarres. She wrote "Auld Robin Gray" to raise money for an old servant. She died in 1825.

CHAPTER IV

BATH

A SHORT time after the Pattisons' departure my Mother went to Fowey on a visit to Mrs. Austin, and then I petitioned my Father to send me to some boarding School, as I felt convinced I could not settle to my studies at home. He immediately wrote off to his friend Mrs. Gambier,[1] the Widow of Admiral Gambier, with whom he was at Boston, at the time of the American War. She then resided at No. 12 Brock Street, Bath, and in answer said, he had better bring me to her, that she had made enquiries at Miss Lee's at Belvedere House,[2] the best school she knew of, and thought there was a chance of my being received there as one young lady had not returned after the vacation; and Miss Lee thought she might not, as she had

[1] The following appears in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1789: "At Bath, in his 66th year, James Gambier, Esq., Vice-Admiral of the White —about a year since he married a second wife of the name of Newcombe. He has left four children by his former lady, two sons and two daughters. He was a man of polished manners, generous and expensive, otherwise he might have died rich, as he had more than once Commands in which he might have money."

[2] This school was opened by Miss Sophia Lee, the novelist, with the profits of her *Chapter of Accidents*, and she was assisted by her sisters, Harriet and Anne. The former was joint author with her of *The Canterbury Tales*. These three ladies were very popular, and amongst their intimate friends were Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Piozzi, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Mrs. Siddons appeared in *Almeyda, Queen of Granada*, a Tragedy by Miss Sophia Lee, and Cecilia Siddons the youngest daughter went to school at Belvedere House. William Godwin, the author of *Political Justice*, and father-in-law of Percy Bysshe Shelley, met Harriet Lee at Bath in March, 1798, and proposed marriage to her, but she refused him—some interesting letters which passed between them are to be found in Kegan Paul's *William Godwin*. Godwin was also a friend of Amelia Alderson (afterwards Mrs. Opie) mentioned in these pages, and he is supposed to have proposed an alliance with her before he married Mary Woolstonecraft.

been very ill. So no time was to be lost, and Betsey and our friend Mrs. Lancaster who lived near us, soon got me properly equipped with everything I could want, and off my Father and I set, but my Evil Genius again would not be left behind.

Amongst lots of presents that had been given me at different times, was a box of Crayons of every color and shade, which I liked better than anything else I had, and must needs take with me ; but unfortunately, before putting them into my trunk with my clothes, I had neglected to pack them properly, to prevent friction. Well, we arrived at the White Hart, Bath, and the next morning we were to go to Mrs. Gambier's. When I went to my trunk to get a white frock, lo ! and behold, there were almost all my nice new clothes, stained, with red, black, yellow and green chalks.

Oh ! what should I do ? tell my Father ? But tell him I must, and did, and great was my relief, when he only said, " It is perhaps fortunate it has happened, as it will make you more careful for the future, when such-like accidents may not be so easily remedied." And sending for the head Chamber maid, Dinah (who was always so kind to me and my Sisters), she looked over my things, and got them washed where the chalk could not be rubbed off.

Finding a frock, I might put on, we sallied forth, and never shall I forget my first impression of Mrs. Gambier, such a majestic looking woman ; if Queens were chosen for their personal appearance, Mrs. Gambier might have been Queen of Great Britain, particularly when dressed as I have seen her to go to the " Rooms " in a turban and feathers, and a long train.

I did not go back to the White Hart, but remained with Mrs. Gambier. My Father spent the day with us and walked about Bath with me. In passing Belvedere House, I thought I did not much admire the thick Venetian blinds or Jalousies that covered the Windows on the outside next the street, it looked so horridly like a

Nunnery, and then I thought how much better Miss Colbourne's looked in the Upper Crescent, with no blinds at all.

On my Father telling Mrs. Gambier of my remarks, she was quite amused and said " how apt young people are, to judge of people or things, from their outward appearance. Now at Belvedere House, the windows of the part of the house where the Scholars are, and the Terrace, where they amuse themselves, have a wide and splendid view—while at Miss Colbourne's, the apartments of the young ladies look into a small garden or Court."

In a day or two, a note came from Miss Lee saying, that the young lady was too ill to return, and therefore she could receive me. After a good deal of advice from my Father, particularly not to forget the box of Crayons (of which unlucky accident I was also put in mind sometimes by Mrs. Gambier, to whom I was sorry my Father had mentioned it), we all three went up to Belvedere House. How my heart did beat, I do not think at the time I could have defined the cause. It was, however, something like the feeling of going into a place of confinement, although Mrs. Gambier said I should dine with her every Sunday, drink tea with her often on Fridays, and spend my birthday with her.

The knock at the door was answered by one of the best tempered looking servants I ever saw. So far that augur'd well. She showed us into Miss Lee's own drawing-room, and she presently made her appearance. Now, while she is conversing with my Father, I will tell you what Mrs. Gambier mentioned of her to us—That the Misses Lee (there were three of them) were so well known, and respected, and their School so highly thought of, that application had to be made some time before for the admission of pupils ; that their number was fifty, and two parlour boarders, but she believed they might double the number, if they had accommodation. That their Father had been at one time in affluent circumstances, and his daughters highly educated, had mixed much with

SOPHIA LEE
By Ridley after Sir Thos. Lawrence, 1800
From the Collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

the best society, but his wife died, and after that misfortune, others seemed to follow—whether from speculating or not Mrs. Gambier could not tell—but he got into debt, from which he was not able to extricate himself. He was put in prison, and might have remained there long, but for his daughter Sophia, who wrote a play called "The Recess," which was so much admired, that she got nearly enough to release her Father, and some other work entirely paid his debts.

Now, Hugh, after hearing the above, could I but reverence Miss Lee. She appeared elderly, had grey hair, rather a stout figure, and was not at all good looking as to her features, but when I thought of what she had done for her father, I saw perfect benevolence in the expression of her countenance.[1] I am sure I pressed her hand when she held it out to me, for she looked in my face and smiled. She rang the bell, and desired Sarah to tell Miss Templer,[2] Miss Lee wished to see her in the Drawing room. She was one of the young ladies who joined the School after the Vacation. When she entered, we were introduced to each other and Miss Lee told her, after I had taken off my bonnet, to conduct me to her Sisters in the School room.

My heart was full on taking leave of my Father, and going amongst so many strangers, into a new World in fact, and fancy if you can what I felt, when inside the immense School room, and in the presence of and to be looked at all at once, by two Governesses, three Teachers, fifty-two boarders, and above twenty day scholars. I was taken up to the table at which sat Miss Harriet, and Miss Anne Lee.[3] The first rather short, plain, but

[1] Mrs. Piozzi wrote in 1799: "The eldest Miss Lee has grown quite young again and three parts handsome."

[2] Sophia Anne Templer, daughter of George Templer, Esq., of Shapwick House, Somerset. She married Sir William Templer De la Pole, 7th Bart., of Shute, and died in 1808, leaving a son John George, 8th Bart.

[3] Miss Sally Siddons writes, 8th January, 1799: "Anne and Harriet Lee were with us on Sunday; they were looking very well and are so gay and so much engaged it is difficult to get a peep at them."

pleasant looking, the latter tall, slender, and having the appearance of delicate health.

After a few words, Miss Templer was told I was to take my place beside her. Now, while I was sitting there, in a most painful state of idleness—and as I thought, looked at by every one—to relieve my mind, I cast my eyes round the room, and saw that there were two fire-places, two windows, through one of which, but for the heavy dark green jalousies, you could have seen the street beyond the iron rails. At the other end of the room was an immense Venetian window, like three windows together, that looked on the splendid and extensive view that Mrs. Gambier spoke of. There were two doors, the one I entered at, between which and the window that looked into the Street, sat the day scholars on rows of forms, and opposite to them, Miss Whiting, one of the Teachers at a small table, and the other on the same side as the first, led down to the Terrace, and by a few stairs lower to the dining-room. The space between the doors was entirely filled with forms occupied by 52 boarders, opposite to them the two Misses Lee, further on Miss Mangle (a teacher) and further on, near the large window, Mademoiselle Cooke, the French teacher, who had all small tables before them.

By this time the clock struck 12. The Misses Lee arose, and left the room. Miss Whiting accompanied the day scholars, to see them quietly put on their bonnets, and spencers. The boarders had to put up their books, understanding quite well that there was a place for everything and everything must be in its place, or woe betide the delinquent who neglected the rule. This happened oftener than that day, to be Miss Sanderson, who letting a book fall, allowed it to remain on the floor, until desired by Miss Mangle to pick it up, when the young lady who had the " big mark " was told to give it to her.

After the books were all in their places, the Girls put on their Terrace bonnets, and all went down there ; this

Terrace was the whole length of the house wide, and beautifully flagged ; on the opposite side of the house was an iron railing, and a gate to the steps that led down the garden, but the scholars were not allowed to go there. At each end was a blank wall, the view was the same as from the school room.

Such a lot of dear merry girls were there. You would have seen many a black-eyed " Harriet " could you have been admitted, Hugh—all ages, from 19 as were the two parlour boarders, Miss Bishop, and Miss Phillips, down to 8 and 9, of which there were several as young. My spirits quite rose, while looking at this cheerful scene, one group playing at " Threading the Needle," another " French and English," another " Fox and Geese," &c. Many dancing their Scotch steps, round and round the Terrace with their skipping ropes, at which before long, I became quite an adept—girls of all ages joining in the above amusements, I was glad to see.

Sophy Templer and I walked up and down arm in arm, sedately, as it was most proper for me to do, on the day of my arrival. I was Sophy Templer's senior in age, but she was taller and stouter made than I was, indeed fortunately no one took me to be more than 12 from my appearance, and manner.

My friend was not as pretty as many of the girls there, but particularly ladylike and amiable looking, indeed amiable she proved to be, nor when once known could she have been easily forgotten. She was the only daughter of George Templer, Esqre., Shapwick House, Somerset. One would never have supposed she was an only daughter, for she was as docile as any one in the School, whereas in general, these unfortunate " onlies," are untractable, and disagreeable from being spoilt at home.

In about an hour a large bell was rung, and all turned towards the house. On the top of the steps was Miss Mangle, who every now and then said, " Gently, gently ladies." " Gently, gently young ladies," as the merry ones, their spirits still being in a state of ebullition, made

a rush after each other towards the steps. Bonnets being all hung up, we descended to the dining room, a large room, with three long tables, and a round one in the middle of the room, on which joints of meat were placed, and where the three Governesses sat and carved ; at the big table, where the eldest scholars were, there was no teacher, as the end extended near to the Misses Lee. The " middle table " at which Sophy Templer and I were, was the longest, at one end was Miss Mangle, at the other Mam'selle. At the third table where the youngest girls were, sat Miss Whiting, and Sarah and another servant, that we never saw but at dinner, waited on us.

If a young lady wished to be helped a second time, she leant forward, and put her right elbow on the table. If little meat, and more vegetables were desired the hand was extended, the thumb and forefinger meeting—and on the plate being brought the teacher could point out who it was for, which saved all speaking except by the Governesses. There was no want of good living at Belvedere House, generally roast beef on Mondays ; on Tuesdays and Fridays, roast shoulders of Mutton ; a round of beef on Wednesdays ; Thursdays boiled legs of mutton, and stewed beef with pickled walnuts on Saturdays, which was much liked. Then two days in the week, we had " choke dogs " dumplings with currants in them, other days rice or other puddings, but after the meat not before, as was the case in some Schools. A few of the girls remained a few minutes after the others had gone up to the School room, and had a glass of port wine each (for which an extra charge was made). Sophy Templer and I amongst the number.

On reaching the School room, all were employed in some sort of needlework—being Summer at 4 o'clock bonnets, spencers, or tippets, and walking shoes on, and attended by the 3 Teachers, we were paired off two and two, and took a walk into the country. You will easily guess who would be my companion.

Once beyond the streets, we were not kept under so

much restraint, the Teachers walked together behind, and we formed into little groups, as we went on, but all must be orderly. There were many delightful walks about Bath, and I did enjoy them much. We had to be home by 6, when those that took tea—which Sophy Templer and I did—after taking off our things, descended to the dining room, where only Miss Mangle presided, and made tea for us.

Afterwards lessons were to be learned for the next day, and then the girls amused themselves with filligree and pasteboard trifles, &c., the little ones with their dolls. Such a number of small " school trunks " were brought forth, containing treasures of bits of silks, and satins, threads, needles, and tapes, too numerous to mention. I had a goodly assortment, as Mrs. Lancaster having been at School herself knew well what a school girl would prize, and in a few days Miss Lee got me also a little trunk. However, that evening I had only looked at the employment of others around me, for a short time, when I was summoned to the " little parlour " and there sat Miss Harriet Lee.

I had been all along dreading I should have to pass through a sort of ordeal, or examination of my acquirements, and I am sure I trembled lest I should be found more ignorant than any girl in the school of my age, being then in my fifteenth year. I think Miss Harriet saw my confusion, for she spoke so gently to me, asked if I had ever been at school before, and what books I had been learning out of ? Every one I mentioned was different to those in use at Belvedere, " so much the better for me," I thought. She did not keep me long, but after asking me if I would use my endeavour to improve myself, and being satisfied with my answer, she told me I might go back to the school room, and the books that I required should be given me in the morning after breakfast.

At half past seven all went down to supper—bread, cheese and beer, by far the lesser number preferred bread and milk which I did. At 8 o'clock Miss Lee entered

the school room and read prayers, we all kneeling, of course, after which we all went up to our bedrooms, accompanied by the three Teachers, who saw the young ladies into their rooms, each having charge of so many. The parlour boarders, who had small separate bedrooms, left the school room at the same time and after changing their dresses, went to Miss Lee's drawing room, to remain for the rest of the evening, where they would often see company or would accompany the Misses Lee to a " rout " (as " Soirees " were then called), but one of the Misses Lee always remained on hand. It made no difference to us, everything went on as regularly as possible, as the 3 Teachers had nothing to do with the parties. The little parlour was their sitting room.

I was to belong to Mam'selle, and to sleep in a small bed in her room—Miss Clarke, and Miss Sanderson in the same room. In the large room opposite there were 8 girls. After seeing us into our rooms, Mam'selle retired, and we as long as it was daylight, kept awake to talk no doubt. Sarah Clarke was near 17, her parents lived in Bath, she was by no means good looking, but a very sweet tempered girl, and always extremely kind to me. How often one sees handsome people very disagreeable, and those who have no beauty to boast of, blest with amiable dispositions, so it happened with my bed room companions. Miss Sanderson would have been extremely handsome but for a most disagreeable expression which showed what she really had, an impetuous disposition.

The next morning we were called at six. At half past seven Miss Harriet came into the School room and read prayers ; at 8 Miss Lee opened the door. We all rose from our seats, turned towards her and curtsied. She went down to the dining room one way while we went by our own stairs. The Teachers made tea for themselves and for the young ladies ; they put the sugar in the cups and passed them along each side of the table, while Sarah carried round the large teapot and milk jugs, for those who were beyond the Teacher's reach and then Sarah

handed the bread and butter round ; a whole large loaf may be a quartern, on one plate cut in slices, very thick. Many who could not eat their round passed on what they would have to leave, to those with better appetites.

Miss Lee made tea for the " big table," but in the window there sat at a small table and opposite to each other, two girls, with the most woebegone faces—those who had the " big and little marks." Presently Sarah brought to Miss Lee on a small tray, two slices of dry bread and two pint basins, of thin, watery looking gruel, into each of which Miss Lee dropped a teaspoonful of salt, and then they were set down before the two poor girls, who must sit there until they had eaten and drunk, what was set before them.

Now this day was Saturday. On Monday I got so many books to begin with—the grammar, a horrid difficult one it appeared to be. Geography I loved above all things. Don't you remember, Hugh, the very thick volume of *Guthrie's Geographical Grammar* which is in Canada now ? That was the very one I got at Belvedere. Two or three French books, a language I never could speak in my life but once to be understood, and that was to a Donkey, which one evening during a walk, I saw leaning his head over a gate, as if half asleep. I went up to him and said, " Parlez vous Français, Monsieur ? " I had hardly uttered the words when he put back his ears, looked up to the sky, and with his mouth wide open, brayed at a most fearful rate, to the great amusement of the whole school.

On Saturday in the forenoon, stockings were mended, strings or buttons put on any article of clothing requiring them—afternoon, holiday. In the evening a slate was brought from the little anteroom near the Lobby, and every one going out to dinner the next day must tell Miss Mangle where. When all were marked down, the slate was sent to Miss Lee for her inspection. I was going to Mrs. Gambier. Next morning all were dressed in white frocks ; before breakfast, prayers as usual, and Collects of the

day or Catechism to learn. We all set out for Church, in the same order, as going for a walk, only the Misses Lee walked first, and every girl had to carry a prayer book, and a fan which (as the seats were raised one above another, and we could not kneel) each had to hold before her face. The sticks were like a Venetian blind, which you could look through without being seen yourself.

When we came out of Church, ladies and gentlemen came to ask for those who were to visit them that day. Then up came livery servants, none with a smarter livery than Thomas, Mrs. Gambier's footman, cockade in his hat, and tall cane. He touched his hat to Miss Lee, " Miss Mein," " Miss Mein " was repeated, till I came up to Miss Lee, who only said, " Mrs. Gambier, you know the hour to return," and away I went, passing the girls with the smart footman behind me, and I daresay feeling proud.

People were not very strict on Sundays in those days, so Mrs. G. took me with her to make sundry calls. The footmen accompanied their mistresses to knock at the doors, and then stood outside ; sometimes there were three or four at one time together. If you saw the livery of any one you did not like, you would pass on, but if they belonged to people you wished to see, you would call likewise. At that time, Bath was very different to what it was afterwards, when Cheltenham, and Leamington became the fashionable places of resort. The highest Aristocracy of England frequented it then as well as Members of the Royal Family.

I must have spent a happy afternoon with my kind friend, for I could never recollect being otherwise with her, she was so cheerful. I met no young person there at any time, but Capt. and Mrs. Young of No. 14 were very dear friends of hers—" Jack," " Jenny " and " Gam " were the names they gave each other in familiar conversation. Thomas was sent home with me in good time, and oh ! what a thundering knock he gave at the door, it quite echoed through the house, and I was desired to tell him not to knock so loud another time ; but he always

forgot, and the girls used to say, "There comes Mrs. Gambier."

If the girls brought home cakes or anything of that kind with them, they had to be put on the table in the Anteroom, where there was a large tin box, with a padlock, into which the parcels were deposited by Miss Mangle, and distributed by her to their owners the next day after School. Miss Lee read a Sermon in the evening to those girls who had not been invited out, and Prayers after all had returned home.

CHAPTER V

BATH—*continued*

THE next day my lessons began, there were particular days for each, the Grammar and the French I had a perfect horror at, learn them I did for I would not have been turned back for the world, but I never retained a word of them in my memory. After breakfast we found all the desks set up, that before had been hanging down by their hinges against the Wall, and by and by came Mr. Perks, commonly called by the girls " Billy Perks." He was the Writing Master, and also taught Arithmetic. Many a warm plum, and squeezed bit of ginger bread, he has given me out of his pocket, and which I have passed on to some little one as a sort of treat.

Then I was introduced to my Music Mistress, Mrs. Oaks, tried as to my performance, and music to be bought me the next day. Music lessons three times a week, practising every day. Pianos in two Parlours, and one in the Drawing room, for the Parlour boarders, and those who were well advanced in that delightful accomplishment.

Monsieur Becker the Drawing Master came on Tuesdays and Fridays. Miss Anne always sat with him at the Governesses' table in the School-room and we took our drawings to our desks.

Wednesday was dancing day, Miss Fleming came into the School-room, the desks being down and the day Scholars' forms put back, also the tables. Miss Fleming had a Sedan chair of her own, and which she always came in. " Simon " the Fiddler having arrived, being shown in to the School-room at the same time. This lady was

very tall and stout, rather plain, but held herself very erect. She taught the Minuetts, and figure dances. Mademoiselle Le Mercier, had the teaching of positions and steps, in the dining room. Miss Fleming used often to say, " Now ladies, do credit to Bath," and I felt every inclination to satisfy her in that respect, for I was fond of dancing.

Now I think, Hugh, I have given you pretty correctly, the regular routine of the school, and not the least difficulty would there have been in my keeping perfectly its rules, and free from the punishment of the water gruel breakfast, if I had only exerted myself more, to become acquainted with the French language, and had sense enough to control my not easily governed spirits, and thought more seriously.

We had all to speak French during school hours, or get " the mark " if we conversed in English. You were allowed if you wished to know the name in French of any article, to mention the word in English, if you said before it " qu'cest le français pour." I often forgot to stop at the word, but ran on whole sentences in English, when the girl that had the mark—or badge of misconduct—would say " Mein vous avez parlé l'Anglais," and then hand it to me, and when I got it, which I am sorry to say was too often, I did not know how to pass it. I could not bear to give it to a girl I liked, and there were few indeed I did not like, but Mam'selle frequently assisted me. I was sure to feel unwell after the gruel. Many would take the sugar out of their cups and give it to me on leaving the dining room, which I daresay made me worse.

There was one girl, Hannah Savage, I am sure she deserved a better name, that would often take the mark from me on going down to breakfast, as she did not care about the gruel. She was a dear good natured girl. If I had had it on a dancing day, Miss Fleming always knew by my looking dull, and would call me to her and say, " Ah ! Tommy, you must have had the gruel this morning." Why she called me Tommy, I could never find out, with-

out it was the spirited way in which I generally danced. Notwithstanding, I used to get many a bon-bon, out of her beautiful amber box, or a flower out of her bouquet, for she always wore one. Frequently I got the mark for laughing, but Dame Nature was to blame then, for oft times if I was amused with anything upstairs, and took " a laughing fit " as we called it, I could not stop it, although almost crying with vexation.

While I was in Mam'selle's room, I was quiet enough, for that disagreeable girl Sanderson would deaden the spirits of any one. She was frightfully passionate, and nearly choked me one night. It occurred in this way. On one occasion there was an illumination in Bath, our room was on the street side of the house, but the window was small and high up ; to look at the houses opposite, we had to stand upon a chair. Now to see better still, I put a very small mahogany chest of drawers, which was given me before I left home to keep my gloves, sashes and frills in, on the chair, and stood on it, and could then see a transparency in the window of some house. I called to Clarke as I wished her to see it. Sanderson was coming when I said, " No, let Clarke have a look first." With that she pulled me down—she was a great deal bigger than I was—and pushing me against the bed, she seized my neck with her hands, and grasped me most violently. Clarke tried to release me and screamed out, and some of the girls came from the opposite room, and all attacked her.

One of the servants hearing some bustle upstairs, told Mam'selle, who was at supper, she immediately came up and was quite shocked. She reported the affair to Miss Lee the next morning, who after breakfast, sent for us, and reprimanded Miss Sanderson most severely, and told Clarke and myself that had we gone to bed as we ought to have done, this would not have happened.

Miss Sanderson had a most inveterate dislike to poor Mam'selle (who was a favourite with every other girl in the school) because she was so often to be found fault

with, for being untidy in her person and careless in letting her things lie about the room. To show her vindictive spirit, she would often when she was allowed to go upstairs, take Mam'selle's dresses from where they were hanging and throw them about, and many other things she did to annoy her, which this good natured woman used to say little about.

Just after this event with me, a new black *la mode* silk cloak came home from the dressmaker's. It was to be worn on Sunday. The next afternoon, on going into her room, Mam'selle found it lying on the floor, and it had been cut in so many places that it could not be worn. She immediately took it to Miss Lee. We were all three girls sent for and asked about it. Neither Clarke nor I had been upstairs all that day, Sanderson had, but would give no answer whatever, and looked as sulky as possible. Miss Lee then said, " Miss Sanderson, you must prepare to leave my school. I shall instantly write to your Aunt, who is aware of your disposition and will grieve indeed as I do that the hopes we had of your improvement have not been realized. Think seriously, as I have often begged you to do, of the misery you will cause your parents, and those nearly connected with you, as well as what you will bring on yourself, if you do not endeavour to correct the unhappy temper which has caused your present disgrace."

Some days afterwards, the poor Aunt arrived, and took her niece away with her. Mam'selle saw the Aunt who appeared in great distress at her niece's conduct, and she also told us that Miss Sanderson had made her family so wretched at home that her Aunt brought her over from Ireland with her, trusting she would benefit by being placed at such a school as Miss Lee's. She came the half year before, but Miss Lee had continually regretted that she had ever received her, although it was with the understanding that she should be sent away if she gave her governesses and teachers much trouble. I doubt if she would ever improve. The above affair caused a

great sensation in the school as may be supposed, but not the least regret.

The next disagreeable affair with me, was my having nearly poisoned one of the girls. When we were out walking one evening, and as usual were picking sorrel leaves, which packed together we called cheeses, I had mixed with one I gave to one of the girls some leaves of the arum, or Lords and Ladies, as the bright red berries in Autumn are commonly called. I had a leaf or two with mine, which stung the inside of my mouth, but she had eaten more and complained sadly, poor girl, but said nothing to the teacher. I was in a dreadful fright as before we got home her tongue was much swollen. As Miss Mangle would kindly allow us to give our tea to any one we pleased, I sent her down in my place, and right glad was I before we went to bed when she told me her mouth was quite well.

After Miss Sanderson left, two sisters were put into Mam'selle's room, and I went into the one opposite where there was a large Venetian window from which we could see Sidney Gardens, and other places the other side of the river. Above one of the beds there was a small square window as a borrowed light for the stairs. Miss Harriet's room was under, and if she heard any movement above, she used to come up stairs. When the light was seen approaching some would call out softly, " A light girls, a light." Instantly we stole into bed and when Miss Harriet opened the door we appeared to be asleep.

When there was a Gala night at Sidney Gardens, we used to place ourselves on the Window seat, and not content with looking at the fireworks in silence, one would call out, " There's a beautiful Catherine Wheel," " There's a beautiful Jack in a box," then " Russian Candles," &c. These names were generally contradicted by those who thought they knew better. For my part I had never seen any before but Squibs and Rockets, so knew nothing about their names, but dazzled by the fireworks, more than once the door was opened without our having seen

the light. Of course, anger was expressed but we could not all have the mark, but I was frequently caught in some way or other, in the midst of merriment in that room, and had the mark in consequence.

I will only mention one affair for which I received a lecture besides. Having been at the Theatre several times before I left home, I used to act and sing for the amusement of my companions; and having seen the Pantomime of "Harlequin and Atlas," or some such title, and wishing to personate the Clown as Atlas, the girls had dressed me suitably by tying pillows on my shoulders to form the Globe, and I was to sing a song about the round world when the cry of "A light girls, a light," was given. Everyone ran and got into her bed, but myself, who might certainly then have said, I was "under a world of troubles," for untie the strings I could not, and had just time to sit on the side of my bed when on Miss Harriet's opening the door she saw me looking at her. In perfect dismay she quite started and put on as severe an expression as she could. She told the girls to assist me, and that I was to have the mark if it was in the room, and then she hurried away as quickly as possible, "with a smile on her face," the girls said. The mark was in the room, but the one who had it would not give it to me.

No remark was made by Miss Harriet at not seeing me at the table in the window, but she called me to remain when the others went up stairs. Miss Anne seldom came down to breakfast, but I was horrified at Miss Lee being there. However, they spoke to me very kindly indeed, rather complimented me than otherwise by telling me they had been pleased to see me hitherto so cheerfully submit to the rules of the School; that I had always appeared happy, and although they liked to see a cheerful spirit, they could not allow any thing to go on up stairs, such as Miss Harriet had witnessed last night; that there were some young ladies in my room older than myself, but as she knew not how far they had been concerned in the folly, she hoped by speaking to me, who

seemed the chief Actress in the affair, that I would join in nothing of the kind again.

" And then," added Miss Lee, " remember my dear girl in future, that those of an obliging disposition and whose great pleasure is to contribute to what they consider will gratify and amuse those around them are apt to give way to the suggestions of the equally thoughtless without considering how far they may be led." They then looked kindly at me, as I gave my promise and which I so far kept by not acting any more, but I could not help getting into a paroxysm of laughter now and then, at seeing the " folly " of others.

I will just give you one more freak, that happened in my room, sometime after, and which I would have nothing to do with. We had a stupid fat girl of the name of Anne Purves, who would submit to any joke. Our large clothes bags were hung up in one corner of the room. One evening when they had been emptied it was proposed to put her into one of them, which she foolishly allowed to be done and the girls with their united efforts were going to hang up the bag. Luckily she put up both her hands which prevented the string from tightening round her neck as they were endeavouring to lift her up upon the peg. She was so like a dog looking out of a window with his paws under his chin, that we were all in fits of laughter, when before they had her hooked up, the light on the stairs was seen rapidly approaching. They let her drop on her feet, and as usual rushed into bed, and there she stood in the bag just as I have described her.

In spite of the bed clothes, the half smothered laugh must have been heard by Miss Harriet as she opened the door, and saw Anne Purves tied up in the bag and standing with her back to the wall. Miss Harriet looked quite frightened ; did not say a single word, but rang the bell that was outside the door for Sarah, and told her to see Miss Purves in bed. Our dear Governess' silence checked all our merriment, and then there was so much conjecturing what would be said or done the next morning. I just

felt as miserable I dare say as if I had been the " chief Actress in this affair," also, but all said, " Mein you had nothing to do with it, we will say that."

The next morning no notice was taken whatever, till after breakfast, when we of that room, were desired to remain while all the other young ladies went up stairs. Miss Lee looked at me and said, " Miss Mein, I thought you had promised you would not be found joining in these unladylike follies again." Before I could answer, one of the other girls assured Miss Lee that I had not and would not have anything to do with it. Miss Lee said she was happy to hear it, and I might go up to the Schoolroom. Poor girls, they all came up by and by so crest fallen.

You must not think, Hugh, because I have only mentioned what occurred in the room to which I belonged, that it contained the most riotous set of girls in the house. That was not the case I assure you. Miss Lee, Miss Anne, Miss Mangle and Miss Whiting had as much to do in their different departments and every day one heard of some funny thing or other that had happened, and how could it be expected it should be otherwise with so many lively spirits shut up together in broad daylight. There were certainly, dispersed about the house, a few moping and discontented girls, always thinking of home and looking as if they would never be happy any where, but they were few indeed in comparison.

The first thing to be done after going to our rooms, was to take off our frocks, hang them up, and put on our dressing gowns ; and after the hair was brushed and curled, some would look over their lessons for the morrow, others would undress and go into bed, and so many would sit and talk as long as it was light, but at times, all would join in some such amusements as I have mentioned. As the days grew shorter, except on moonlight nights, there was no use in sitting out of bed. A large lamp was hung up outside the door, and at the end of a quarter of an hour Sarah would come and put it out.

During one of our last walks, I unintentionally sadly

annoyed poor Mam'selle, and it was some time before I got into her good graces again. We had come to a stile into a field ; when almost all were over, I had gone back a little bit to pick a flower in the hedge. She called me to come. By this time she and I were the only two on the road. " Dear me," she said, " here's a boy coming, I'll go over first, and you stand behind me and spread out your frock, and then the boy will not see me." He was approaching, and she was so long in getting over that I turned round to see what the boy was carrying, wondering whether it would be potatoes or apples he had in his bag. When she got down on the other side and saw that I had dropt my frock, and was looking at the boy, who went on whistling and not caring to see or be seen, she told me how shockingly I had behaved, to be staring at boys in that way, and in allowing him to observe her going over the stile. Poor little woman, she was so short that she had hardly any leg to show so that she need not have been so particular. It took some time and a good share of my Sunday parcels to conciliate her, however.

The allowance of pocket money was 6d. a week which was paid by Miss Lee regularly every Saturday, to each girl—a penny deducted for pensioners. Twice a week we were allowed " to send out," as it was called, Tuesdays and Thursdays. One of the big girls took a slate and went to the head of each form in turn, saying, " who wishes to send out ? " " Me," " me," " me." " Well now, stop, let me put down your names." " Fruit ? How much ? " " Twopence." " Cakes ? " " Penny," We were not allowed to spend more than three pence at a time, perhaps the next would have a penny worth of each, and so on ; many would not send out at all, but depend on the generosity of their neighbours, for one could not sit down and eat fruit and cakes without giving some to those who were near and only looking on. Indeed I was considered very generous, because fortunately I had enough and to spare, and I could send out each time.

After the list was made out it was given to Miss Mangle, who got the fruit and cakes some how, and gave them to us in the evening. At the time of pears, Miss Lee had sent into the School a large basket, as long as she had them in her garden. One tree there was of an immense size, which the girls called the Dog Tree. It bore wonderfully. The reason, the girls said, was, that Miss Lee had once a favorite little dog that used to follow her into the dining room and running about under the tables, it got what the girls were glad to dispose of from their plates, and considered a superabundance of fat. At last the poor dog died of fat, and for some time was the cause of much lamentation both to Miss Lee and her Scholars ; it was buried under this pear tree, that scarcely before produced any fruit at all.

We had what was called " a treat," two or three times in a half year ; for this every girl subscribed what she liked ; the whole school shared equally. At this how many " stingy " dispositions were discover'd. Some would not subscribe at all, although they were known to have money, and yet would sit down and partake of what the others had purchased, without feeling the least reluctance. This treat was given at tea time, Miss Lee providing the tea and sugar, the subscribers the buns, plumcakes, &c.

I have said, " I had enough and to spare," which was in consequence of my Father having to go frequently to the Sick and Wounded Board (as the Naval Medical Board was called then), and on his way to London and back, he would stop at the White Hart at Bath, sometimes for a day, at other times for only a few hours, when Billy, the Boots, would be sent off with a note to Miss Lee, to ask her to allow me to go to the White Hart, and Billy would get a Sedan chair from the Stand. Miss Lee never refused, and I would get into the chair and be trotted off, for I was as light as a feather for two men to carry. If my Father remained for the day, I dined with him, if only for a few hours, and the weather was good, he would

in either way go with me a-shopping, and I would return to School loaded with parcels of silks, gold and color'd papers, and many things of that kind ; lots of cakes and " Bath buns," and always a guinea besides.

It might have been thought that Sophy Templer and I were a " Joint Stock Company," as we shared so equally with each other. She received from Shapwick House such baskets of fine fruit, &c. She did not go out as much as I did, so that what I added to our firm, made us pretty equal.

A large school may well be called an Epitome of the World, as to the different dispositions in it. A person of fortune may have many cringing followers, looking out to be rewarded for their flattery, and a School girl who has a good supply of bonbons or cakes and a well-filled " School Trunk " is sure of much apparent friendship ; but careless and lighthearted as a girl may be, when she goes to School she will find out that many of those of whom she had formed a good opinion at first, by their attention to her, prove ere long unworthy of her regard, which was my case.

I had flattery by the bushel if it could have been measured. One would say whilst eyeing some coveted article, " Oh ! Mein, you are such a dear good-natured girl," and then remark on such a thing being so good or so pretty, knowing very well, until my eyes were open, that I could not help giving it to her. And then as to good looks, to which before I certainly felt I had not the least pretensions. " Your hair," said one, " is much prettier than Jane Reeves " (who I thought altogether a pretty girl, and she had flaxen hair which curled naturally). Another said, " I like a dark complexion better than a fair one," and so on, my gifts increasing with my hopes that I was not altogether as bad looking, as I felt I was at home, and Vanity beginning to spring, and take deep root when fortunately I heard one of my flatterers say to another, " Mein can never be as pretty as Jane Reeves, who has such a sweet little mouth,

and Mein laughs so much she will make hers bigger and bigger."

In an instant Vanity became uprooted, for thinks I to myself, as it is perfectly impossible for me to help laughing I may be called some day " a gaping wide mouth waddling frog." [1]

[1] From the game "Take this," "What's that ?" "A gaping wide mouth waddling frog," etc. etc.

CHAPTER VI

BATH—*continued*

BEFORE this you will observe I have said very little about Miss Whiting, one of the teachers, because, Hugh, it was not long before she made me dislike her extremely. She was a mean-spirited, irritable person. When I first went to Belvedere, she was constantly " borrowing " from me as she said, tape, thread, needles, &c., and which of course I was willing to let her have, in spite of the warning of Sophy Templer, and many others, who told me, " she had the disposition of a Cat," and truly did she make me feel that before long. The girls had each a book, in which they marked down, the articles to go to the wash, every Monday morning, and then gave it in to Miss Whiting, that being in her department.

As she had not got a book for me, which she ought to have done at first, she gave me slips of paper—no fault found with me then. After a time I received a book and my first week seemed all right, in the second instead of leaving the first line for the " brought forward " I had begun my list there ; the moment she saw it, she said, " You stupid," and gave me such a box on the ear that almost threw me down. Such a degradation I felt it, and before day scholars too ! The boarders were all up in arms, in spite of Miss Mangle and Mam'selle trying to command silence.

" Shame, shame, Mein tell Miss Lee, she would not be kept a day longer as no one is allowed to be struck in this school," &c., &c. I went back to my seat burning with

indignation ; cry I could not. The girls were distressed to see my face so red and swollen. They said, however, I had dignity of character enough, to make me act with such coolness and firmness of determination, that astonished the three Teachers and many of the girls who thought perhaps that I was as fragile in mind as I appeared to be in body.

I made no remarks to anyone, but when the time came for going up to Miss Whiting, as I used to do, with my English Grammar, and she said, " Miss Mein, it is your turn," I rose from my seat and went to Miss Mangle and requested her to hear me. " My dear, I cannot ; you do not belong to one of my forms." " Well, then, Miss Mangle," I said, " I never will say another lesson to Miss Whiting, without Miss Lee tells me it is her wish I should do so, after hearing the cause of my refusal." I returned to my seat and began preparing some other lesson.

Terrace time came, no fun in me then, and such a group assembled round me, all so angry at my having been struck, and I do believe they were sorry for me, for I took care never to quarrel with anyone. I could not possibly like all the girls the same, but those whose dispositions I felt did not assimilate with my own, I had as little to do with as possible. I must say I was not very comfortable about the affair with Miss Whiting. I could not fancy how it was to end. I felt I had made her angry with me, although the cause was accidental and too trifling to merit the punishment I had received. I knew not how I was to keep up the bad feeling towards her so long as to refuse going up to her with my grammar, the next time I had to say it if she called me, and yet I had declared publickly " that I would not say another lesson to her without Miss Lee bade me after hearing the cause of my refusal."

One might easily get plenty of advice among so many, but hardly such as would accord with my own feelings on the subject—and I do believe Hugh, where there is the sincere wish to do what is right and only the doubt

of the way in which it can be managed, " the still, small voice," will be the best director, if attended to. I had never more to say to Miss Whiting but that one lesson, and therefore, that afternoon I did not even look at her. The next morning all were surprised to observe how quiet she was even with the day scholars, for, before, she seemed always to be chiding them or showing impatience with one or other of them

The next grammar day I looked well over my last lesson, and learnt a new one, still uncertain how I should act, when to my surprise, Miss Mangle called me and said, " I will hear you your lesson," which I did repeat to her, and wondered much how this should be, but there were many mysteries at Belvedere that we school girls could not unravel, and that was one. On Monday mornings, after taking care not to write on the first lines, I used to hand Miss Whiting my washing book. She would say, " Very well, lay it on the table." I had never more to do with her than that, and at the end of the half year, she left ; a Miss Tieldtzke succeeded her, a very different person, older, firm, yet quiet. I, however, continued to be a pupil of Miss Mangle, who I liked very much.

Two or three times during the half year we had public days, as Miss Fleming called them, when we were dressed for the occasion, as Mothers and female friends came to see the girls dance. We were at the latter part of the half year preparing for Miss Fleming's ball, to exhibit the Leevites as we were called, Miss Lee's scholars dancing in public in the " Upper (Assembly) Rooms " once every three years.

Days getting cold and short now, and we used to walk up and down, generally on the Upper Crescent, you may depend we did not step very lightly—fancied we saw people rush to their windows and felt sure they would be saying, " What a fine set of girls the Leevites are," and if we passed the Colbournites, how mean in appearance we considered them, having only between 20 and 30 girls.

I always went to Mrs. Gambier's on Sunday and Friday

evenings without she was going out to dinner, and then I went to Capt. and Mrs. Young, No. 14.

Mrs. Gambier asked me what I would have for dinner on my birthday, " because, my dear, I wish you to choose your own dinner." She laughed so heartily when I said, " a roast goose and a damson pudding," which she really had, and as Capt. and Mrs. Young dined there, she said, " Now, as Susan has chosen a goose for her own dinner, I hope you will like what I have provided for yours." Now, I thought a goose a capital good thing, but as I never saw it at her table before or after, I took good care when she asked me on future occasions if I would have a goose, to say I preferred something else, and would mention some dish considered more delicate, and which I had seen often before on her own table.

Always after going and speaking to Mrs. Gambier after arriving at her house, I used to run upstairs to Coxater to take off my things. She was Mrs. Gambier's lady's maid and housekeeper, and such a kind person. She always sat in Mrs. Gambier's dressing room, and took such pleasure seemingly, to make me look neat before I returned to the drawing-room. As Mrs. Gambier promised my Father that she would get anything for me that I required, so Coxater and I used to hold a consultation before I asked for anything. Now one of our girls had a pair of black morocco shoes bound with Coqlicot (a bright scarlet, the color of the blazing Comet geranium), and I was so anxious to have the same, but I could not ask Mrs. Gambier myself because I was afraid she would not let me have them, so Coxater managed it for me.

The shoemaker was sent to take my measure and I was to have them by the next Sunday. Saturday night they came, frosty weather and feet swollen with chilblains, the beautiful shoes a dreadful tight fit, but on I squeezed them to go to Church. I have heard it said, " Pride feels no pain." Then I can truly say she did once, for proud I was of my shoes, but in sad pain, all the time I was going to Church, whilst sitting there, and quite limping, which

I was so vexed at, before Thomas, on my way to Brock Street.

When I entered the drawing-room I could scarce stand. "What is the matter with you, child?" enquired my friend. "My chilblains hurt me." She said, "No, no, it is those smart shoes; they ought to have been made quite large and not pinched up, at this time of the year, which would be sure to make your chilblains worse." So Coxater had to bring me a pair of her mistress's slippers, immensely too big, of course; but I had to wear them home and go in a Sedan chair at night. Mrs. Gambier told me I had better make a present of my "smart shoes" to one of my school fellows and not to think of wearing them again. Indeed, I would not have tried even to do so, I had suffered so much pain.

Just before the vacation came our Ball, a great deal of excitement, of course, and preparation for this great event. I was told I was to dance a Minuet that night, standing up with seven others of my own size, in one set, as in the present day for a double quadrille, but wider apart, each pair keeping separate from the others. It was quite laughable to see us on the Terrace—instead of skipping round to keep ourselves warm, we were curtseying and sliding about, frocks held out, and going through all the movements as gracefully and as slowly as our shivering limbs would allow us, so anxious were we to "do credit to Bath."

We were all to be dressed in book-muslin frocks, with primrose color'd sashes wide and long, and wreaths of roses of the same color on our heads, which might be had at Mrs. Somebody's on Milsom Street. The day before the ball came Mr. Pope, the chief hair-dresser, in Bath and two assistants. We were called so many at a time into the room, where sat Miss Mangle, and as the fashion then was, our heads were to be dressed "à la Brutus." If it had been called "à la Porcupine" or "à la Hedgehog," it would have been as well, for except the front row of curls round the face, which we were to put up our-

selves as usual, the hair dressers screwed our hair up in innumerable curls all over our heads, and I am sure there never could have been seen at any time, so many funny figures sit down to dinner, or together anywhere. Now, Hugh, fancy whether it would have been possible for us to rest our heads on our pillows, had they been even of down (which they certainly were not) with any comfort, when bristled all over with hard curl papers.

The next day, immediately after dinner, came the uncurling process, and as the wreaths had to be put on after the dresses, so the girls left the hairdressers' and came back to have the wreaths put on, and then they were ready to be sent off to the Rooms—it took such a length of time before all could go, although each chair held two, but to tell you of my astonishment and disappointment when I came to have my wreath on, would be impossible.

When I saw Mr. Pope take out of a box two rows of Roman pearls, I said, " Miss Mangle, these cannot be for me certainly." " Oh ! yes, Miss," said Mr. Pope, " Mrs. Gambier brought them to me herself, and at the same time gave me a note for Miss Lee." " It is quite true, my dear," said Miss Mangle, " Miss Lee told me. It was Mrs. Gambier's request that you should wear them."

I was in such a sad way about it. I was quite sure I would not be able to dance well. I should fear every one would be looking at my conspicuous head ; I was really ashamed to make my appearance before the girls, who were already dressed and waiting in the drawing-room to be sent off as the chairs returned. A great many encouraged me and thought the beads so pretty, and I might have thought so too if every other girl had not on a wreath.

On our arrival at the Rooms we were shown into one of the tea rooms, to wait till all had assembled. Then the three Misses Lee, of course, handsomely dressed, went with us to the ball room, where Miss Fleming, and Mademoiselle LeMercier were waiting. They arranged

us as they thought proper, printed cards being dispersed amongst us, as the Programme, so that knowing what dances we were to join in, we would be aware when to rise simultaneously with our party, so as to prevent confusion. Oh ! what a splendid room, everything so grand ; few, or none, had seen anything of the kind before.

We had our forms placed against the wall singly and under the orchestra. The spectators apparently to us—in crowds. Amongst the number, no less a personage than the Prince of Wales, Star and all, with a noble bevy of Lords and Ladies of high degree about him. But not one of the latter looked better, or as well, as my Mrs. Gambier, who my eyes soon searched out. Luckily, I forgot all about my beads, and felt all wonder and delight.

Miss Fleming was to open the ball with our dear Miss Phillips, one of our parlour boarders, who was dressed as the other girls were. Tall and elegant looking she was. Miss Fleming was in a very pale blue satin dress with a train, a black velvet Spanish hat with a Prince of Wales' plume of white ostrich feathers. She looked well. When she came forward and led Miss Phillips into the centre of the room, how much we all felt for the poor girl, and when the Orchestra struck up the " Minuet de la Cour," all eyes seemed directed towards her. I wonder much why this elegant dance was given up. The Minuet was certainly a more graceful dance, when well performed, than anything we have seen in a ball-room since.

Miss Fleming danced no more that night. We had cotillions, figure dances of different kinds and Minuets, every now and then. No more single ones, but in groups. I must own when I was to stand up with my party, I thought of my beads and supposed Mrs. Gambier had made me wear them that she might distinguish me amongst so many. I felt at first quite timid, but forgot them again in my anxiety to perform my Minuet elegantly, and which we seemed to do to Miss Fleming's satisfaction.

Now eight of us were sitting together, and not being

called up for some time, got into a keen disputation as to what the Star, which the Prince of Wales wore, was made of. There he stood on the other side of those that were dancing, in a green coat, a white waistcoat, his hair powdered and with a queue, his hair not in curls " à la Brutus," but frizzled. A very handsome man he certainly was, but not as handsome as my Uncle James, I took care to tell the girls.

Now, had we not been told we were not to speak above a whisper, I believe we should have created a perfect disturbance, so many would have it, I for one, that the Star was all diamonds, others that it would be made of spangles. I settled the point pretty well by telling them I was quite sure it would not be spangles, because before I left home, my sisters and I had been allowed sometimes to go with our maid to get fruit at a Cottage at Stoke, where our Washerwoman lived ; that her husband was the Sweeper of the Stage at the Theatre ; that he used to bring home the spangles and other little things that he found to his wife, and she gave them to us for our dolls, and no one could suppose that the Prince of Wales would wear anything so common as spangles, which actors and actresses could only afford to have.

To reason on matters of fact, might so far determinea, question, but no doubt ocular demonstration, where it could be obtained, would do better. So we all agreed that when we were at liberty, after the dancing was over to go and speak to our friends, we eight would go round that way and as near him as possible, which we did. I felt rather shy, and kept back, while the two greatest disputants went, I think, too near, and Burgh, a red-headed Irish girl, said rather loudly to blue-eyed Meyrick, " Meyrick, didn't I say it was diamonds ? " Whether the Prince's party heard her or not I cannot say, but the rest of us were shocked.

However, I went to Mrs. Gambier and stayed with her until the signal was made for tea by Mademoiselle Le-Mercier, who we were told would appear at the door to

the right and hold up her hand. We were then to walk towards her in as ladylike a manner as possible. Before the signal Mrs. Gambier asked me how I liked the beads in my hair ? As I had not seen myself in a looking-glass after I was dressed, I said I could not judge how they would look, but I was afraid they had made me rather conspicuous when all the others had wreaths, but no doubt I should have preferred them if one or two of the girls had worn the same. " In the first place," she said, " I was anxious to distinguish you amongst so many that I might observe your dancing, and the next thing, I do not like primrose color at night ; it looks like a dirty white, and observe those girls with the light and those with the red hair—I am sure you cannot admire the wreaths on them." Well, I had never taken into consideration whether they would be suitable or not to the hair or complexion, nor, I daresay, did Miss Lee, but Mrs. Gambier and her party all agreed that the beads were prettiest.

It did not signify now for the dancing was over, and presently on perceiving the signal, which I daresay none but the girls were aware of, we all quietly met as we crossed over to the door on the right. Then all turned round and made a " Bath Curtsey," and went to the tea-room reserved for us.

After tea, we were sent home as fast as possible. Miss Lee and the three Teachers left at the same time. Miss Harriet, Miss Anne, Miss Carlyon Bishop and Miss Phillips remained, as after tea the company returned to the Ball room, when the Master of the Ceremonies entered on his duty and dancing by the " Grown-ups," as we called them, was kept up, I suppose, to the usual hour.

CHAPTER VII

BATH—*continued*

I WAS to have spent the holidays with Mrs. Gambier, but a few days before they commenced, she received a letter saying her sister, Lady Gardiner, was far from well, and she wished much that she would come to Tackley Park to stay some time with her. She would have taken me with her, but Capt. and Mrs. Young wished me to go to them, which I preferred as having been so well acquainted with them before. So accordingly on the first day of our Christmas vacation, the Youngs sent a chair for me and their man servant, whose name was " Melon "—such a respectable looking man out of livery.

Mrs. Gambier, attended by Coxater and Thomas, left for Tackley Park a few days after, and now fancy me domiciled at No. 14 Brock Street for 6 weeks with two of the happiest and most cheerful people I thought then in the world. Captain Young had been in the Dragoons, but when abroad somewhere was wounded. He had retired or sold out. He was not very tall, rather slight, with a cheerful expression of countenance, which made up for what is generally called " good looks."

Mrs. Young, who was about the time I speak of between 40 and 50, was very pretty still. She must have been perfectly beautiful when she married, which was proved by her portrait, and a miniature of her hanging up in the dining-room, and which Capt. Young said were extremely like her when taken. She was short and inclining to be stout. They had had two children, but both died in infancy. I was put under Alison's (the lady's maid)

care, who seemed as fond of young people as Coxater, if I might judge from her kindness to me in dressing me, trimming up my frocks, &c.

The first day after dinner Capt. Young asked me if I had ever been put under "Medical Discipline." I told him not, that I believed I never had had a dose of physic in my life, that I remembered once when I was very young and had the measles, being made to drink some balm tea, that in consequence, I never could bear the smell of balm or even of a balm-scented geranium. "What," he said, "have you not yet found your way into little Kitson, the apothecaries' shop?"

"No," I answered, "but I have been very near it, for one day a little girl called Charlotte Lawrence had a cold and Miss Lee having heard me give a sort of a cough and a sneeze, I was told when Mr. Kitson came (which he did, I believe, every day to look out for a patient) that I was to take little Charlotte to him, and say what was the matter with myself. When he was announced, I, of course, took her into the little parlour and with difficulty could I keep my countenance when I saw the little man with the curled wig and queue with a large gold-headed cane, all the world like one of the Doctors in the *New Bath Guide*. He came up rubbing his hands, and said, "Well, my dear young lady, what's the matter? A little cold, eh?" "Oh! no, Sir, nothing the matter with me, but this little girl, Miss Charlotte Lawrence, has got a cold." Down he sat, and taking her hand, said, "Ah! pulse a little quick," and so forth. "Feet bathed to-night, a little warm posset, a black dose in the morning. But there is another young lady coming, is there not? Sarah said there were two that required my attention." "I daresay, Sir, she might have meant me, but my cold is passing off." Indeed the little man could not think I should require his attention for I had always a good deal of color, and I am sure the very sight of him and the thought of the black dose would increase it.

Capt. Young laughed so heartily at my having cheated

the doctor and told me that I should be his drill sergeant. This puzzled me at first till I found out the " Medical Discipline " he thought it necessary to be under was to sit a while in the dining room, after dinner, and as cheerfulness assisted digestion, Mrs. Young would read aloud some amusing book till he felt inclined to go upstairs to the drawing room.

Now as I had at that time the unfortunate propensity of imitating any character with which I had been amused myself, he was delighted at my exhibition of Mr. Kitson, and declared he should not have a fit of indigestion for many days. Nor indeed did he all the time I was there, as after taking a few glasses of wine, he would sit in an easy chair on one side of the fire and Mrs. Young on the other, and willing to amuse, I would tell him some of my school adventures. He would rub his hands together and clap his knees so hard that it increased Mrs. Young's amusement and mine to see him enjoy the fun so much.

When the weather was fine, as Mrs. Young seldom went out, Capt. Young took me to the Royal Crescent generally, when we would promenade up and down as fast as we could go for a certain length of time. As we soon had a great deal of snow and could not go out, every day before going upstairs after dinner, he used to put me also under " Medical Discipline " and chase me round the table till sometimes he was quite exhausted. Mrs. Young used to enjoy seeing us, and would often call out, " Stop, Jack, stop," and would make him sit down to recover himself before going upstairs to the drawing room.

In the dining room there was one of the most amusing family pictures I ever saw in my life. It was very large. The scene seemed to be a sort of lawn, neither sunshine or rain certainly, as all were out of doors without either hats or bonnets. There were a few trees, but they appeared scattered about here and there in the background. Sir William Young (Capt. Young's Father) was sitting on a chair playing on a violincello, dressed, I think, in a brown coat, his hair in stiff curls and tied behind ;

light small clothes with buckles at his knees and on his shoes ; no collar to his coat, but ruffles on his shirt and at his wrists. Lady Young was sitting not far from him with a most elaborately trimmed dress, her hair in stiff curls and a little fly cap on the top of her head, her dress low round the neck and with ruffles at her elbows. She had a guitar on her knee. Behind her to the left was a black man servant in livery, holding a little boy on a black pony ; to the right a young lady was sitting, at the foot of some steps that seemed to lead up to a portico, as you could see the base of many pillars. She appeared to be reading. I do not remember how many boys and girls there were in front—there were several however ; one with a lap dog, another with a doll, etc. The boys had all wide and frilled collars, their hair parted in front and hanging in curls over their shoulders with jackets and small clothes. The girls had all caps from the eldest to the youngest. It was an excellent picture altogether.

Adjoining the dining room was the library. In front of the window was a turning lathe, very different in appearance to any I have seen since ; it was made of mahogany ; instead of resting at each end on legs, it was on two sets of small drawers, with brass handles, as one has seen dressing tables formerly, and in which the tools were packed. The carpet was covered with oilcloth some distance all round. On dull days Capt. Young would sometimes amuse himself at it. I never saw anything he made but snuff boxes. They seem to have been all blocked out, so that he only had to hollow them out and ornament them. They were made of some precious wood, I suppose, as he used to take them to the jewellers to be mounted, and then give them away.

While with them, I went to many Juvenile parties, but Melon was regularly sent with a chair for me at 9 o'clock. I am sure you will recollect No. 10 in the Circus, Hugh, where we went to dine with Mrs. Hopkinson,[1] Mrs. Durell,[2]

[1] Mrs. Benjamin Hopkinson.

[2] Daughter of Colonel Durell, at one time in the Royal Horse Guards and Equerry to George III.

her sister Lady Barclay,[1] and Mrs. White[2] of the Royal Crescent—you being the only gentleman—you may remember Mrs. Hopkinson, telling me that the respectable old butler who did nothing but stand behind her chair during dinner lived with her when I was at Miss Lee's.

It was during the time I was spending my vacation with Capt. and Mrs. Young that I became acquainted with her. I had pleasure in going to the house, yet it was sometimes distressing for poor Mr. Hopkinson, who was only about eight and twenty, was a perfect martyr to gout. There he used to lie on a sofa in that splendid drawing room with his legs wrapt up in flannel. Such a handsome looking young man and so pale and gentle looking ; latterly the gout never left him at all. They had a dear little boy about 3 years of age and a little girl quite an infant. The boy was very fine looking and when they drove out, they would send and let me know. Mr. Hopkinson would be carried down by the man servant, and laid across one of the seats of the carriage. Mrs. Hopkinson, little Edward and I would follow.

I do not think I have since seen any one more patient in sickness than Mr. Hopkinson appeared to be. I daresay he felt thankful for the many blessings that surrounded him during his affliction. He had a most delightful, kind and affectionate wife, a very large fortune, and, of course, all the comforts that money could procure for him. Although I was young and thoughtless then and certainly never knew at that time of the blessed influence of religion on the mind, yet Mr. Hopkinson, being so patient under what I felt sure must have been severe suffering, made a great impression on me, indeed so much so that when I have read the 19th Chapter Matthew, or the 10th Chapter Mark, I have sometimes thought of Mr. Hopkinson

[1] Harriet (1777–1859), wife of Sir Robert Barclay, 8th Bart., and previously Baroness de Cronstedt, widow of the Chamberlain to Gustavus III of Sweden.

[2] Probably Louisa, widow of Thomas Holt White of Clements Hall, daughter of John Rashleigh of Penquite and sister of Sir John Colman Rashleigh, Bart.

and hoped when I saw him, he was on his way to the Kingdom of Heaven, for I felt quite sure then he was trusting in something more precious than the riches of this world.

On my return to Brock Street after my drive, I always felt somewhat subdued in spirit, particularly after my last visit, as they were to set off the next day for Clifton near Bristol. Mr. Hopkinson had given up seeing company some time, but he was always brought into the front drawing room and laid on the sofa and he used to like me to bring my chair near him and talk to him until I saw he was tired.

That last day he looked so ill that when he took my hand and said, "Goodbye, my dear girl," I felt much affected, and stooped down and kissed his pale forehead. Mrs. Hopkinson followed me out of the room, glad of the opportunity of shedding the tears she was obliged to suppress when near him. We both felt I was never to see him again and I never did, nor poor little Edward. He died 2 or 3 years after. The daughter grew up and married a gentleman of large fortune, a Mr. Seymour.[1] On the death of her mother, Mrs. S., would have as her own fortune £100,000 but she had a very large family.

It was also during this vacation that I became acquainted with Mrs. Durell. She was then Miss Patty. Some years after she took brevet rank, and then was Mrs. Patty Durell. A few years more and she took brevet rank a second time, then common with female civilians, although not so in the Naval or Military Service. However, she took the rank of Mrs. Durell. As you may have supposed from what you knew of her, she was beloved and esteemed by everybody. She was born in Denmark and came over with her father and the rest of the family when he was appointed as Danish Consul and lived in London very many years. Patty was her father's only secretary or confidential clerk. Some time before he

[1] Henry Seymour (1776–1849) of Knoyle House and Northbrook, Devon, in June, 1817, married Jane, daughter of Benjamin Hopkinson of Bath.

died, he became paralyzed in his right arm. It was not known—everything went on as regularly as before.

Lady Barclay and all Patty's sisters got married, but she would not leave her father. Her brothers got appointments in their own country. By and by, on the death of her father, the Government of Denmark, having found out her praiseworthy occupation for so many years, settled on her the pension which her father would have had had he lived to retire from service, and an old relative dying left her a good fortune, and she settled in Bath at No. 13 Brock Street between Mrs. Gambier and Mrs. Young.

How curious that I should have been so intimate with those of Nos. 12, 13 and 14, in the same street. I am sure, dear Hugh, you will never forget the kind reception you and I received from Mrs. Durell and Lady Barclay in June, 1844, when I went there to stay and you were on a visit to the Pattisons in Portland Place and how you had to come down every day as you were such a favorite with the good old ladies. And then if you recollect, we went to see a Mrs. White in the Royal Crescent, another rich old lady, who said she had known me when I was at school.

Before I returned to Belvedere, there was a severe snow storm ; one morning on getting up, I saw some men on the roofs of the houses opposite shovelling off the snow into the street and observing a great deal on the small balcony outside my window, I without finishing my dressing or putting anything on my head, took the fire shovel, and pushed the snow off. All the day I felt shivery and before night had a decided bad cold. " Now for a little ' Medical Discipline,' " said Capt. Young. Alison was sent for and I was put under her charge. Feet to be bathed, to be put into a warm bed, and given some white wine whey, " and in the morning I shall give you something good out of my Medicine Chest," added Capt. Young. After Alison had performed all that had been prescribed, she said, " And now I shall do what my mother and grandmother always recommended to cure a

cold. I shall put a flannel petticoat over your head, and if you will lie still and keep it on, you will not require anything from the Medicine Chest."

In the morning I did feel better, but was surprised when she came into my room with a wine glass and teaspoon. She said, " If you please, Miss Mein, Capt. Young is coming," and to be sure on peeping out from my warm covering, I saw him enter my room carrying his medicine chest by the two brass handles—Mrs. Young following him. " Well, my dear, what will you have ? " " Oh ! Capt. Young, I am quite well now," I answered, " and I am determined," I added, " if ever I see a man, woman or child with a cold, I shall advise a flannel petticoat being put over their heads for Alison has cured me in that way." He was so much amused and told so many before me what was " Susan's prescription for a cold."

CHAPTER VIII

LONDON, BATH, HASLAR AND BRISTOL

HOLIDAYS over, I returned to school—Mrs. Gambier, still absent—but I do not remember ever to have dined at school on a Sunday. I had so many invitations besides the Young's. I had been at one time in great expectation of Susan Austin joining this half year, Miss Lee having promised my father that if all the young ladies did not come that she expected, she would let him know, but they all came.

My Father took me home for the Midsummer holidays, where I did not stay much, nor did I visit Fowey, but I went to the Hext's at Tredethy; and besides two favourite school fellows of mine. Theresa and Lydia Symonds had gone home to Stonehouse. Their father was a Colonel in the Marines; and another school fellow (whose Father, Colonel Hawker, lived at Plymouth) Caroline Hawker, and I often visited each other; and Admiral DeCourcy's family lived at Stonehouse and with them was staying their niece, the Honble. Elizabeth DeCourcy. She and I were great friends, but she was a wild Irish girl and her spirits too high for me. She married Sir Charles Dashwood,[1] old Mrs. Ogilvie[2] of Chesters' brother.

As Miss Lee had now a vacancy for Susan Austin, she returned with me to Bath. A great change had taken place among the scholars, so many new ones, but Sophy

[1] Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Dashwood, K.C.B., K.G.T.S., married Elizabeth de Courcy, daughter of John, 26th Baron Kingsale, in 1799. She died in 1865.

[2] Hannah, daughter of Robert Dashwood and widow of Dr. Pasley, married in 1782 Thomas Ogilvie of Chesters.

Templer had returned and several others I had liked. Susan Austin and Sophy Templer were my greatest friends. As to the first, she was, without exception, the most quiet and amiable girl I ever saw in my life, and in fact was too good, and was so affectionate towards me that she was constantly in dread lest I should have the mark and made herself quite unhappy about me.

She slept with me, and one night, when we had as formerly, been sitting out of bed watching the fireworks in Sidney Gardens, the old cry as usual being given of " a light, girls, a light," we all rushed into bed, but stupid, " blue-eyed Meyrick," who had become an inmate of my room, who instead of going to her own bed near the door, kept running about saying, " What shall I do ? What shall I do ? " and did exactly what she ought not to have done, for she crept under one of the beds near the window. It was impossible to help laughing for any one else but Susan Austin, who pinched my arm till I almost screamed, and she began to cry, fearing I should have the mark.

Miss Harriet had come into the room, and seeing a vacant place in one of the beds, enquired who was wanting. Not one could answer for laughing except Susan, who, half crying, said it was Miss Meyrick, and she was under Miss Denrock's bed. Miss Harriet told her to come out and who on earth could resist from laughter to see Meyrick crawling out like a tortoise, looking up in Miss Harriet's face with her light blue eyes. I was almost in hysterics at the scene, the smothering of the bed clothes and the pinching of my arm. However, only Meyrick got the mark.

The next morning my poor arm bore evident proof of poor Susan's affection for me, and she was grieved to the heart when she saw it, and as Miss Lee had placed me at the " big table " near her, unfortunately she and Miss Harriet saw it. " What had I been doing ? How could it have happened ? " I was obliged to confess that to prevent me from laughing Miss Austin had pinched my arm, but she did not mean to hurt me. They looked

toward her, as I did, and there, dear girl, she was shedding tears. I was so very sorry for her and so angry with myself, as having been the cause of so much unhappy feeling on her part. Miss Harriet said, " Ah ! Miss Mein, if you had only a little of your friend's quiet disposition, how much better it would be for you. Miss Austin has never given us cause to find fault with her, and I think she never yet has had the mark." Now all that was quite true for she certainly never had deserved the mark, but I must own, although I loved her better than any other except Sophy Templer, that the school would have been too monotonous for my happiness if all had been as quiet as Susan Austin.

Living in Great Pulteney Street was a friend of my Father's, a Capt. Howel of Ethey. Don't you remember, Hugh, a very pretty place on the Fowey River, at the left hand side as you go up to Laren ? He lived much in Bath with his two maiden sisters and his daughter Betsey was a boarder at Miss Lee's, a fat and not at all a lady-like looking girl. I dined there once with Carlyon Bishop before Susan came, but we neither of us liked it, for the ladies were more prim and dull than any people we had met with before, and besides they did not send a servant for us or back with us at night, so we were obliged to take a chair going and returning, which cost us 1s. 6d. each. Fancy that out of only 6d. a week allowance. When invited again, I always had an invitation somewhere else, but as Capt. Howel was also acquainted with Mrs. Austin, Susan went there several times, as she had no excuse.

As it was getting late in the season, we again walked on the Upper Crescent. A family of the name of Fletcher from Yorkshire, had returned to Bath for the Winter. I became acquainted with them when I was staying with Capt. and Mrs. Young. One day Mrs. Fletcher stood at the window and beckoned me to come in, and Miss Fletcher ran and opened the door. " May I, Mam'selle ? " " Very well, but join us as we return," which I did and all was right.

The next time we were on the Upper Crescent, Mrs. Fletcher at the window again and Mam'selle again gave me leave, but unfortunately, old Mr. Fletcher, who had been reading the newspaper at the fireside, as I was leaving the room, said, "I must have a look at these pretty Leevites," and putting his spectacles half way up his bald head, he went up to the window and there Mam'selle saw him gazing out.

Mrs. Fletcher put a whole packet of Lady's fingers into my hand and out I ran, but Mam'selle, I daresay, thought of the boy at the stile, for she told me I was the most indiscreet young lady in the school. She would not take any of my Lady's fingers when I offered them. Mrs. Fletcher saw there was something wrong, and when we were up there again and she made the signal, I shook my head, and as we turned her maid was waiting with a paper of cakes. What merriment it caused the old gentleman when I told him afterwards what a consternation his appearance at the window had caused Mam'selle.

During this half year, my father had been two or three times at Bath. Susan Austin and I had been sent for to the White Hart and returned to Belvedere equally benefitted by our visit. The last time he told us he had taken a house in London, as he was obliged to be so much at Somerset House and that we should spend our holidays there. How delightful the idea! So accordingly when the school broke up for vacation he came and took us to London with him.

Susan and I had slept at the White Hart and gone a stage before breakfast, and although we had four horses, there was so much snow on the road, we got on so slowly that we had to stop and sleep, I forget at what town on our route; it was dusk the following evening as we drew near to Blackheath. Both it and Bagshot were at that time noted for highwaymen. There were no houses on Blackheath then, just a dismal looking moor. Somewhere thereabouts was a Gibbet with two men, or their skeletons hanging on it—it was an awful sight. My Father had

pistols in the front pocket of the carriage, but neither Susan Austin or I would have spoken a word for the World. How curious it is that if you are at all alarmed, you do not like the least interruption to break the solemn silence that reigns around, although that very interruption might be the means of dissipating your fear as to the event you so much dread and expect is about to happen.

It was late when we reached London and how beautiful we thought Oxford Street looked, which was a mile long, lit up with lamps on both sides, and the Chemists' shops lit up with their great red, blue and green bottles. When we arrived at 36 Glo'ster Place, Portman Square, there we found sister Jane, who was a widow then, and Betsey anxiously awaiting our arrival, and what a happy meeting with my sisters, and a relief at having got over our fearful journey.

I do not think anything happened during these holidays worth recording, as Susan and I were too young to be invited out, but when the weather permitted and my Father had time, we saw what astonished us, I dare-say, such as St. Paul's, the Tower, the Menagerie, Exeter Change, etc., etc., and we were taken to the Theatre sometimes. However, time passed on and we went back to school again.

The next Midsummer holidays Capt. Howel and one of his sisters were going into Cornwall, and took Susan Austin with them. My Father on his return to London from the South took me back with him. Sister Jane had accompanied him to Plymouth, and Betsey was alone. Dr. Johnson was at the head of the Medical Board in Somerset Place then, and we were all acquainted with him, Admiral and Mrs. Edgar (the doctor's daughter) and with Maria, his granddaughter. She was between Betsey's age and mine, a very lively girl, and we were much together.

As my Father had to visit Haslar Hospital, he took me and my sister with him, and we remained with Govnr. and Mrs. Yeo, some little time. She was a dear, kind,

gentle person and must have been very beautiful. The Govnr. was a big, boisterous sort of man, dreadfully subject to gout and wheeled himself about from room to room, in a chair, as fast as one could run almost. The gout had deformed both his thumbs which made both the upper joints project forward.

Now, he was a very passionate and superstitious man, and would before he left the breakfast room, wheel himself round the table and crush to atoms every egg shell on it. I thought this very odd, so the next day I put my egg cup back into the stand in the middle of the table. He wheeled round and round the table and made a great fuss until he got it and broke it up. I asked Mrs. Yeo in the drawing room why he did it. " My dear," she said, " the Governor thinks witches go to sea in eggshells and cause storms and shipwrecks."

One morning, after we had become well acquainted, I took my egg shell off the table and said, " I am determined a witch shall take a cruise in this, that I may see what will happen." He wheeled his chair between me and the door and came after me so quick that he got me into a corner, and although I had thrown away the egg shell, he pinched my arm with his thumb bones till he made the tears come into my eyes. I took care not to interfere with his preventive service again.

Some time after when Mrs. Yeo was staying with us, she told me that not long after her marriage, when he had the command of a ship and was going on a cruise, he rented a house at Portsmouth (I think) where there was a little back parlour which looked out on nothing but a dead wall, and he told her that she was always to sit there during his absence ; that if she did not do so, when he returned, he would lock her up altogether. What a horrid, jealous fellow he must have been ! For my part, if I had been treated that way, I should have fallen ill and died, or perhaps run away.

He used on a fine day to wheel himself out on the lawn in front of the house, where he had a black horse

grazing which he called "Devil," and he had a pointer called "Don." This dog used to jump on the horse's back, and would lie there and sleep for a long time. He had two beautiful grey hounds and a black rabbit. They were so trained that the rabbit was let to run away, and then one of the dogs was sent after it. I was afraid at first that the dog would kill it, but it did not, but brought it very gently back and laid it at the Governor's feet, and presently the rabbit was sent off again and then the other dog after it and would bring it back in the same way.

We had two of these grey hounds afterwards in Scotland, called "Yeo" and "Spruce"; they would kill the hares, but without in the least hurting the skin and would bring them to you. Many a time I have seen them carrying a hare between them, and when they came to a paling, lay it down, jump over, draw the hare under the paling and carry it as before. I have been out with them alone, taking a walk, when they have brought me a hare that way, and I was not aware they had been hunting it, they managed it so quietly. I did not attempt to carry it home, so they bore it after me all the way. Mrs. Yeo returned to town with Betsey and myself, and remained with us until I went to Bath.

As the weather at this season was very delightful, and as Dr. Johnson and my Father were going to visit Plymouth and other Hospitals, it was arranged that the Edgars, Betsey and myself should all travel together; the Doctor's travelling carriage to contain the three gentlemen and we four females in our family coach—plenty of time—the Chariot and pair keeping up with the coach and four as we had double Imperials and the most luggage.

We went to Bristol and put up at the celebrated "Bush Inn," celebrated on account of its immense larder filled with every sort of flesh, fish or fowl that were eatable, which people went to look at as a curiosity; but what delighted me more than anything else was a building like a Greenhouse that you could look into as you went

up stairs to the sitting rooms. It contained every sort of Pastry and Confectionary, such as Jellies, blancmanges, whipt creams, and no doubt "tipsey cakes"—so called I suppose from Sponge cake being put into a dish with a wine glass of brandy, and some white wine at night—and the next day some trifle of whipt cream laid on it—and besides in this glass house were fruits of all kinds, of the season, or forced. Large parties came from Bath or elsewhere to dine at the Bush. The Landlord's name I forget—he was well known, and respected, and had made a large fortune but died before he had retired from business, I understood, and then the poor Bush withered and was thought no more of.

Clifton was then coming into vogue but at that time had very few houses except the row called the Cliff. The situation was truly beautiful, just hanging over the Severn—Wales with its woods and rocky mountains on the opposite side. We of the coach would have liked so much to have remained there some days but the gentlemen differed in opinion, as they wished to stay some days at Bath, the Edgars never having been there before.

Dr. Johnson was a very worthy, quiet sort of old gentleman, tall and thin. I think Uncle John[1] has a miniature of him, one of Bone's enamels, and which is hanging above his dining room chimney piece. It was a present from the Doctor to my Father. He always travelled with a piece of the broad and common sea weed pinned up at the side of the carriage, as a Barometer that never failed, indicating dry or moist weather by becoming quite dried up and hard or expanding and getting soft.

Admiral Edgar was rather a little man, extremely kind and good-natured, and I have seen him wipe the tears from his eyes when laughing at the merriment caused by another but he never attempted to say any thing funny himself. Mrs. Edgar was a dear little merry soul, something like in size to my sister Jane, very short and small

[1] Captain John Mein, R.N.

figure, but not so pretty because she had light hair, eyebrows and eye-lashes. Now Jane's were dark. Maria was like her Mother every way but something taller and they might well have been taken for the elder and youngest sister in one family.

I have forgot to mention that Mrs. Austin would not let dear Susan return to Bath. I heard from her just before we left London, poor girl. She was quite unhappy at being at Fowey. She did not like her cousins, the Dormers, or any young person there. She said she sat quite alone, her amusements, reading and drawing, for the latter she had a decided talent and got on amazingly under Monsieur Becker. Music she did not learn. My Father told me to say when I answered her letter, that she should spend the next winter with us in London, and that he would fetch her.

After my fellow travellers had remained at Bath as long as they wished, and my school having commenced, I was sent up to Belvedere House, in a Sedan Chair, attended by Billy the " Boots," as they set off for Plymouth. On their return the following week, they brought Kitty and Fanny with them, and after I had spent the day with them all at the " White Hart," the two latter accompanied me on my return to Belvedere. Kitty had been at Mrs. Fournier's School at Chudleigh for a twelvemonth, I believe. Dear little Fanny was little more than seven years of age, one of the prettiest and gentlest little girls that could possibly be.

After a little private advice from Miss Lee she told me she hoped I would study to show a good example to my sisters and as she could not doubt but I would do so, she would put my little sister entirely under my charge instead of under one of the elder young ladies, and that I should be her Mother. Oh ! how proud was I of the confidence reposed in me and in having the care of such a little darling. All at once I felt quite Maternal. She was to sleep and walk with me, I was to prepare her Lessons ; in fact, I was to watch over her ; which I did

indeed with all my heart. I had permission to have her by my side after lessons were learnt in the evening when she would amuse herself with her doll, putting my school trunk to rights, or in dressing my hair fantastically with bits of color'd ribbon. She was so affectionate, she would never leave me a minute if she could help it. She was called "little Fanny Mein," and was the admiration of the whole school. She became a great favorite with Miss Fleming, she danced so lightly.

At the next Belvedere School Ball, her dancing was so much noticed that the Duchess of York[1] spoke to her and kissed her. She was so pretty that when walking out, I used to watch whether people looked at her or not. I think Kitty must have preferred the school at Chudleigh, as she was never as happy as Fanny and I were at Belvedere House.

Mrs. Gambier was very much at Tackley Park, and with her stepdaughter, Lady Wake,[2] that half year, but we went frequently to a Miss Allan's at the head of Gay Street, which always delighted Fanny so very much, as she had such a splendid collection of shells and an immense number of curiosities of one kind or another.

This half year we had the youngest daughter of the celebrated Mrs. Siddons[3] at Belvedere, little Cecilia.[4]

[1] Frederica Charlotte Ulrica Catherina, Princess Royal of Prussia, daughter of Frederick William II of Prussia, married Duke of York in 1791 and died in 1820.

[2] Jenny, daughter of Vice-Admiral James Gambier, married in 1793 Sir William Wake, 9th Bart. She died in 1837.

[3] Mrs. Sarah Siddons (1755–1831), the famous actress. She married William Siddons in 1793, and had five children, of whom Maria died in 1798 and Sarah in 1803. Mrs. Siddons and the Misses Lee were intimate friends.

[4] Mrs. Piozzi wrote in 1794: "Mrs. Siddons' little Cecilia will, I hope, inherit her mother's beauty; virtue will, I fancy, be quite out of fashion by the time she can possess any," and in 1797: "The little baby Cecilia is most extraordinary of all living babies; many have I seen, but none of such premature intellect."

Miss Sarah M. Siddons, in a letter (8th January, 1799), writes: "We took her (Cecilia) to see *Bluebeard*, and she was more interesting and entertaining than you can imagine; it was quite delightful to hear and see her, and she has done nothing but act Sister Ann upon the tower, waving her handkerchief, ever since. I have great hopes my father will take her with us to Bath and leave her with Miss Lee."

She was only about six, but she was so precocious that she appeared much older than Fanny, and was not near such a favorite in the school. She said her Mamma would never let her go to the Theatre for fear she should become an actress, but we supposed she would notwithstanding become one, as she certainly had the talent.

One day she seized her doll with her left hand and holding it above her head, grasped something in her right as a dagger, and rushed to the other side of the room. "This is the way Uncle John (Kemble) did in the character of Rolla when he crossed the bridge with Cora's baby, for one day I looked through the keyhole when he was rehearsing it before Mamma in our dining room." This very scene I witnessed afterwards at Drury Lane in "The Tragedy of Pizarro." She did not become an actress, however, but married Dr. Coombe, the great Phrenologist in Edinburgh, and who wrote a good deal, not only on that subject, but on the management of children. We often saw Mrs. Siddons at that time, on public days. Her walk across the room was magnificent.

This was a very quiet half year with me. I am sure I never had the mark once, and as no doubt example is better than precept in the position of a "Mother" I then held at school Miss Lee would be perfectly satisfied that I had attended to her advice.

CHAPTER IX

LONDON

ON my birthday, I was 17, and as my Mother would not live in London and my Father was obliged to, on account of his constant attendance at the Sick and Wounded Board, he determined on taking me from school that I might be a companion to dear Betsey, who was one of the most amiable of human beings. I was much grieved at leaving the Misses Lee. I shed tears at parting from them, all formality over now, and I kissed them and hung round their necks, I was so sorry. My Father, who was present, was much astonished and thought it was rather unusual at leaving school to evince so much sorrow.

Dear Sophy Templer, too, came in for a great share of my regret, and I asked Miss Lee if she might be Fanny's "Mother," when she returned to school, which she was, and performed her duties well in that capacity. Sophy and I corresponded for some time after she left school. She told me of her engagement to her cousin, Sir William De la Pole of Shute,[1] near Colyton. She was married in 1807 and died in March, 1808, after the birth of her son John George,[2] the present Baronet, now living at Shute.

It was also with a sorrowful heart that I bade adieu to Mrs. Gambier, the Youngs, etc. But I was much happier at home than I expected to be, somehow, but with such a dear elder sister as I had for a companion, and with whom in my life I never remember to have once

[1] Sir William Templer De la Pole of Shute, 7th Bart. (1782–1847), High Sheriff of Devon 1818.

[2] Sir John George De la Pole, 8th Bart. (1808–1874), assumed the surname of Reeve.

differed, I must have been happy. Kitty and Fanny went to London for their vacation at the same time of course.

We all got into a sad scrape one evening. Queen Charlotte's birthday was always kept in the Winter, and on the occasion the Club Houses in St. James Street, the Opera House, Theatres, and all the principal tradespeople vied with each other in the illumination of their houses. So between eight and nine James brought the carriage to the door, and got his directions, to take us to see all, and to stop for a moment at that which was worth seeing where there was not too great a crowd ; and we were desired on no account to open the carriage windows.

So off we set, as delighted as possible with Black Joe, the footman, up behind, Betsey and Kitty on one side of the carriage and Fanny and I on the other. When James stopped opposite the Opera House, which was certainly most magnificent, with the thousands of color'd lamps, in our excitement, some one put down the window next the pavement, when in an instant a squib was thrown in. James was not aware of it, and the window was hastily pulled up, but presently with a fizz and a bang, off went the squib between Kitty and the side of the carriage.

Oh ! such a scream was set up, the check string pulled with violence. James stopped and Joe opened the door to know what was the matter, when Kitty darted towards it and called out as loud as she could, " You nasty boys, I'll have you all flogged to-morrow." " Squib her, squib her ! " was the general cry as Joe suddenly shut the door and James drove off as fast as possible, while a whole shower of Squibs were thrown at the carriage of which poor Joe no doubt received a share.

We could scarce tell what damage had been done until we got home, when we found my beautiful black fur muff, made from some skins Pattison had sent me from the Cape, and which I had fortunately lent Kitty, was much injured. A little of her muslin frock was singed, so that no doubt but for the muff she would have been much burnt. My Father was extremely angry with poor Betsey

for allowing the window to be put down and we were all told what a dreadful consequence might have followed our imprudence, as we had all muslin dresses on.

I mentioned before that when my Father took Kitty and Fanny back to school, he was going on to Fowey and would bring Susan Austin to London with him on his return. Before that time, however, he received a letter saying that poor dear Susan was dead, that having some little eruption on her face, without her Mother's knowledge she had sent one of the servants down to the Town to get her a dose of Salts and by mistake Oxalic Acid was sent which, poor girl, she early the next morning drank off hastily thinking it was Epsom Salts. The dreadful effects were soon felt. Her Mother was aroused and the Doctor sent for, but, alas ! all was too late. She did not live many hours. It was a great affliction to us all, as you may be sure, particularly to me, who was so much attached to her. Poor Mrs. Austin said some years ago "that she had not a happy night's rest for nine years after." We felt as if we had lost a sister and my Father was equally affected for he too was fond of her, and when she was staying in London with us the winter before he gave her a gold chain the same as the one he had given me, and frocks and every thing he gave us alike.

By the time my Father had returned from the South, the Edgars had come to Town, and several families that we knew, who had been spending their Christmas with their friends in the Country but Mr. and Mrs. Stewart of Somerset House—as he was Secretary to the Sick and Wounded Board—were always in Town, we thought, for almost every day had we to take my Father to the Board and go and stay at Mrs. Stewart's till he was ready to leave, either to go home or drive to some other place.

My sister and I were perfectly wearied with constantly going through that horrid narrow and dark old Swallow Street (now Regent Street, and what a contrast !) and having to sit so much with Mrs. Stewart—our only amusement was in hearing her speak of her son, "Jozeph,"

as she used to call him. He was only two years older than I was, therefore he would not so well suit my sister ; but he would suit me, she was sure, exactly ! I believe he was then at Cambridge, but she had made the whole affair up so perfectly in her own mind, that she spoke of the fortune he would have, of his many amiable qualities, &c., &c. In vain did I tell her I did not intend to marry ; and at any rate I must know a person very well and for many years before that I might find out his disposition.

Oh ! she was sure Jozeph was everything a heart could wish. Well, at last, I got so much annoyed thinking he would be coming home and that his foolish Mother would tell him of her plans that Betsey told my Father that I did not like to go there, and why. How my Father laughed. " You little goose," he said ; " I have seen Joseph Stewart and I am not a bit afraid that he will captivate you or any girl I know by either his manners or appearance," and to be sure when we did see him it was all my sister and I could do to prevent ourselves from laughing. A finnikin, red-headed little fellow, dressed in the very height of fashion, and conceited withal.

Mrs. Stewart brought him one day when Betsey and I had been practising our Duetts (for we were at that time taking lessons from Mr. P. King, who was recommended to us by Dr. Wolcot). She said, " Oh ! Jozeph was so fond of music." " Indeed Ma, I am, and who is not fond of that sweet soother of all cares ? " He enquired if we had this or that song, and did all he could to make himself agreeable, his Mother looking complacently on and thinking he was paving his way most delightfully.

She said that Jozeph had such a fine taste for music, that he would be delighted to bring us any songs we liked, or that he knew were admired. I said we preferr'd duetts and that Mr. King brought what he thought would suit us ; but after all, Hugh, what do you think he did ? When he called again he presented me with great formality, with a roll of music, and when I read " Love in thine eyes " and " If I love, will you doom me

to die ? " it was too much for my gravity, which had been so long screwed up by Propriety, and I went off in a fit of laughter that I could not check. Betsey became affected and the youth himself joined—he could not help it. When I could speak, by way of an apology, I said, " How can people be so foolish as to write such words, and what man could sing such nonsense ? "

Now what was to be done with that youth ? It was very disagreeable his calling so often. We had given up going so frequently to Mrs. Stewart's, and I had a drawing-master as well as music to attend to. We told my Father that we did not like Joseph's calling so often. " Oh ! the Puppy, we cannot offend him because his father is an old friend of mine, but as he does not call till after 2 o'clock, take the carriage, go to the Edgar's, call somewhere else or take a drive in the park," which we did until he was tired of coming to the house.

At this time our only drive was into the park, where we met the fashionable part of the world, particularly on Sundays after church and luncheon, when we drove up and down the Mall, two rows of carriages going at a slow pace in contrary directions. When you got to the end, you turned and went up on the opposite side. It appears now as if it must have been a stupid sort of an amusement, just bowing now and then, as we might pass an acquaintance.

I always took *Kearsley's Peerage* in the pocket of the carriage, so that I soon knew by the coats of arms to whom each of the Aristocracy belonged. When in the Winter the Serpentine was frozen over, carriages drew up at the side to witness the skating which was very amusing. One day, my Father said that Mrs. Stewart had spoken to him about Joseph's views in respect to myself and that he had told her he thought her son had better place his affections on some one with more sense ; that I was only about 17 and Joseph 19, and that ten years hence would be quite soon enough for him. Few and far between were the visits of my Adonis after that.

But now came the season for gaiety and my entering into Society. When with a father a young female needs no chaperone, but it's pleasant to have one, and as Mrs. Edgar was my sister's the Winter before, she was to be mine also this ; and only fancy ! Hugh, my first introduction was to be at the never-to-be-forgotten " Caledonian Ball," the most splendid thing of the kind, that took place in London that Winter. Knowing so many Scotch families, we had tickets given us, and as all gentlemen were to have a tartan ribbon of some clan in their buttonhole on the breast of their coats, and the ladies to wear tartan scarves, it was agreed that the Edgars, my father, Sir Thos. Livingston,[1] and all of our party, should have the same color.

We ladies wore white dresses ; the scarf, not very wide, was over the right shoulder, and tied with a loose knot under the left arm, fringed ends, one longer than the other ; a sash, not long, round our waists, tied behind, but, above all things, which I thought would be most striking, were the enamelled miniatures of my Father by Bone, and which he had given us. These we wore suspended by a chain round our necks, and were not inconvenient when sitting still or walking quietly about, but during the quick movements in a Scotch reel, they bobbed up and down so unmercifully that they were like to fly off, chain and all. We had to put them inside our sashes, so we had better have left them at home. But such delightful partners for who can dance reels like a Scotchman ? As well as John Gow's[2] Scotch Band of London, we had his brother, Nathaniel Gow[3] and his,

[1] Sir Thomas Livingston, Bart., Admiral of the White, married Janet, daughter of Sir James Stirling, Bart., and died in 1853.

[2] John Gow (1764–1826) was the youngest son of the famous Scotch composer and conductor Niel Gow (1727–1807), and was a well-known violinist and conductor. He settled in London and became " Music seller " to the King.

[3] Nathaniel Gow (1763–1831), the most celebrated of Niel Gow's sons, was leader of the Edinburgh Assembly Orchestra for many years. He composed numerous musical works, the best known being " Caller Herrin'," the lyric of which was written by Lady Nairne.

from Edinburgh. I felt with my Scotch steps that I did "credit to Bath" as Miss Fleming used to say. Every one seemed in such spirits.

I am sure we three girls never sat still the whole night while there was dancing. I had hardly time to look at the people or the decorations of the room, but I could not help being struck by the sight of two immense thistles, which reached from the floor to far above the orchestra, one each side. We had, of course, a most splendid supper. Our party, which had much increased after we arrived, sat altogether, which made it very pleasant, although before, I had known but very few of them.

After supper the dancing was begun with renewed vigor. Admiral Edgar came up to me in his quiet way. "Ah! Susan, you have lots of partners. You have attractions, you see, you have attractions." "Well, Admiral, I am going to puzzle you. Why do butterflies flutter around roses or poppies or even thistles in Spring?" "Why?" he asked. "Because, like myself, they have just come out." The dear old man never forgot that, and left me laughing heartily and shedding tears at the same time. It is the case, Hugh, when a girl first comes out or is introduced, as it is now called, be she well or ill looking, there is generally a vivacity in youth that makes her attractive.

In those days, after a Ball, your partners were expected to call on you, and as Maria Edgar had likely danced with those we had (as they would have been introduced to us by members of our own party) it was arranged that Mrs. Edgar and Maria should come and take their luncheon with us and receive our visitors together. Most agreeable it was, much more so for Betsey and myself than if we had been alone, as Mrs. E., and Maria were both lively, and strange as it may appear, neither my sister nor I ever were with young men, except when dancing, and then there was little time for conversation. Whether it was that we were afraid it would appear as if we had a sort of predilection for them, and that we should be encouraging

their further attentions or not, I cannot say, but certainly we were under less restraint with elderly gentlemen than with those who were their juniors.

However, Maria seemed much pleased with all the nonsense these last would talk to her, although we told her that there was not a doubt but her listening to them would be a proof to them that she was wanting in sense. With Sir Thomas Livingston, who we had known at Devonport, when he commanded a ship there, with Dr. Wolcot, Mr. Agar, Mr. Kenyon and sundry other elderly gentlemen, we could be as lively as possible.

That worthy Mr. Agar one evening after I had sung an Italian song, asked me if I knew what it was about. I answered I certainly did not. The next day, he drove all over London to get an Italian and English dictionary for me. As French was not spoken in those days, it would have been of little use getting an Italian and French one. He succeeded, however, in getting what he wished from some out of the way place, and that dictionary is now in Canada. Now you may be sure, Hugh, I should not have liked a butterfly to have got it for me.

Dr. Wolcot was often with us, and frequently people were invited to dinner to meet him, but my Father made one proviso with him, this was that he was never to speak on politics, as I believe he was something of a Radical. He was most amusing in his stories and anecdotes, principally, I think, about Cornish and Devonshire people, imitating the accent and dialect so exactly that if you heard him from another room, you could not possibly suppose it could be any other than the very person he was imitating. There were two stories in particular which always afforded much amusement, which he never told twice in the same way.

As he was a great gourmand, he never wished to sit near the head of the table, as he would have been obliged to assist my sister in carving, and he liked me to be on one side of him that I might tell him what was in the different dishes, and my father liked me to be near him

that I might get him to tell his stories. On a signal from my Father, I would say, " Doctor, where was that funny old woman going with the newspaper you were telling us about once ? " In an instant, he would personate the character to the very life. He would stoop his figure forward as leaning on a stick, and in a querulous voice, with a sharp, Cornish accent, he would tell how this old woman was carrying the newspaper from Madam's at Place to Madam's at Menabilly and that, hearing some moaning on the other side of a hedge, she says, " Is anybody zeck, says I," and after telling of all her thoughts, and asking a few more questions, she climbs to the top of the hedge and is half way down on the other side with her face to the hedge, when presently she finds herself thrown back into the road by " a verocious bull, that must have had a spite agin me, thinking as how maybe t'd been me that pinn'd 'n in field."

It depended on what humour he was in whether the story was long or short. If he began with a sort of low, chuckling laugh, put his hand on his side and coughed like an old woman, he made a most amusing story of it, acted to the very life. Another story was of some woman, who had a son called " Bill Janson," who having gone to Exeter, and there fallen in love with some young woman who would have nothing to say to him, took it so much to heart, that he wrote his Mother to beg that she would come to Exeter, that he might see her once more as he was near to depart for ever, " that she went and found 'un in bed and living on naught but gingerbread and Ladlam," the latter he took, he said, " to drown his woes." She brings her son home and asks the Doctor's advice about him. The serious, yet comic way he would tell the above, and other stories, would cause much amusement.

He was fond of my father's port wine. He would hold the glass between him and the light, and say, " Ah ! ruby," even when his sight was so bad he could hardly see anything else. One day when we were waiting for dinner in the front drawing-room, the folding doors to the back

DR. JOHN WOLCOT ("PETER PINDAR")

From a miniature by W. S. Lethbridge in the National Portrait Gallery

drawing-room being open and the sun shining in at that window, he suddenly said :—

" Come here, old Sol, to Glo'ster Place ;
And brighten up thy misty face,
One bottle of our rosy wine,
Is worth a dozen of thy brine."

The Doctor was so fond of music, we used to tire of singing to him much sooner than he would of listening ; so either my sister or I would take him the violin, and say, " Come Doctor, it is your turn now," when he would take it, and from his waistcoat pocket a brass bridge, which he would put on the other, and the tones would be so sweet and soft.

His favorite appeared to be the Welsh air of " The Rising of the Lark," which he would play over and over again, I should think, for twenty times or more, and get so absorbed in his own music, with his head on one side, his eyes half closed, that we often left him sitting near the piano while we would perhaps be all at the fireside, and not listening to him, but conversing with each other, till the tray was brought in, when that was sure to arouse him.

He very often came to tea when we were alone, and none to show him the example to leave, he would sit on till it was very late and my Father and ourselves wished him gone. So, as we could say anything to him, Betsey told him one night that when he came again, he must leave at eleven. " Very well," he said, " I will if I am alive the next time I come." " Ah ! Doctor, dead or alive, you shall go," said Betsey. The old man went away laughing. A few days after came a note from him addressed to the Misses Mein, 36 Glo'ster Place, Portman Square :—

" Tell me, sweet girls of Glo'ster Place,
If to the Opera, or the Play
You mean this night to add a grace
And steal a heart or two away.
If not, I'll sip my tea with ye at seven.
' Dead or alive ' ; I'll leave ye at eleven."

The Doctor was obliged to keep his word, as we told him if he did not, that Joe would be ordered to call a coach.

We always found the Doctor extremely good-tempered, and as we had known him from our infancy, he felt quite pleased when we had any jokes or merriment with him. I do not remember ever to have heard him speak ill of anyone, but Mrs. Opie[1] he did not much like as he thought her cool and formal in her manner, and considered her a blue stocking. She was a very clever woman, and I dare say if the truth was known, the Doctor sat late at her house as he was much inclined to do at ours.

Dr. Wolcot brought Opie forward, I think he told us ; he was going one day through a Village, and was struck by seeing a great proof of talent, amongst the sort of daubings one has generally seen on the door of a carpenter's shop, and on enquiring for the artist, the youthful Opie was brought to him ; he advised and assisted his going to London, and introduced him to many and got them to sit for their portraits, in fact, made him known, and he became quite celebrated, particularly for his likenesses of gentlemen ; with his ladies' portraits he was not considered so good.[2]

[1] John Opie, R.A. (1761–1807), the celebrated portrait painter, married in 1798 as his second wife Amelia, daughter of Dr. Alderson of Norwich. She was an accomplished woman and popular novelist.

[2] Dr. Wolcot in a letter to Richard Phillips dated 23rd May, 1796, wrote, " Opie, the fool, is for ever trying to disgrace himself by putting what he calls *Ladies* in the exhibition."

CHAPTER X

LONDON—*continued*

NOW this was indeed a gay Winter, but to enumerate all the parties we went to and the names of acquaintance, I could not, as perhaps many we never met again after that season. We had at homes and went to many a little private concert, which we were very fond of. My sister and I generally sang together. Four o'clock was the usual dinner hour with most people then, and the evening amusements, dancing or music, or both, as after supper there was singing of catches and glees, which I think are very beautiful when voices are in harmony with each other.

Amongst all our young female acquaintances, there was not one, I thought, as handsome as my sister, both as to figure and face, but she never in the least appeared conscious of her beauty, and the very expression of her countenance showed she was of an amiable disposition. Admirers she had many, but there was one in particular that she had seen the Winter before, who every one seemed to have known, as we met him almost everywhere. He was handsome and elegant in his appearance and manner, and much made of, but my Father would never ask him to our parties. However, he paid great attention to Betsey without the least encouragement on her part.

One day after dinner arrived a parcel addressed to her. On opening it there was a red morocco case containing a splendid Topaz necklace, bracelets and earrings, with an elegantly expressed and respectful note from Mr. L., begging her acceptance of the accompanying trifles, as a token of—all sorts of nonsense.

My Father, after all had been looked at, said, " Put up that case. I will take upon myself to return it and answer that note. And now let me advise you both never to receive a present from any young man, because, if you do, the giver must of course take it for granted he is an accepted suitor, and if afterwards you do not like his further attentions how can you check his continued advances, after having laid yourself under an obligation and shown a regard for him by accepting a token of his for you ? As in the present instance, Mr. L., however fascinating he may be in general society, has been too long an idle and gay man about town to make me suppose he would ever be such a son-in-law as I should like, dear Betsey, nor do I suppose he has gained much of your esteem." She answered he certainly had not, and was always sorry when she met him, which seemed everywhere.

" Well," my Father added, " after this is returned, you will find his attentions less annoying (which was the case) and I beg you girls, as long as you live, in whatever age, young or old be careless of the world's opinion ; the anxiety to gain and then retain the esteem and respect of those with whom you associate will make you so circumspect in your conduct, that you will run little risk of incurring the censure of the world in general."

We did without my Father's knowledge return presents that were made to us. I myself returned to the kind donors, a large diamond brooch, an amethyst set with brilliants and a ruby set in pearls and a Cameo of Helen of Troy which was offer'd me by your Father when he came home through Italy and France from Malta in 1803. He gave it to your Aunt Scott, who left it as a legacy to Anne.

I have not mentioned before that my sister Mary was married at the Cape of Good Hope to Mr. William Proctor Smith, who had a Government appointment there. I heard of it just after I went to school at Bath. I immediately wrote to him, which pleased him extremely,

and our correspondence was kept up as long as he was able to write, dear valued friend, and truly a brother in affectionate kindness to me and mine.

We were now in daily expectation of Mary's arrival. She had to leave the Cape on account of her eldest child's health (William).[1] She was some time at St. Helena, as she was confined there of her second son (Thomas).[2] Poor Mary came at last, but in a very indifferent state of health. She had been nearly shipwrecked on the coast of France. The vessel she was on board was very wretched, Captain, Mate and Crew all alike bad. The ship had got in between some high rocks on a wild and terrific part of the coast. Not a soul on board could speak French but a young lady from St. Helena, who had taken the opportunity of Mary's coming to England to accompany her. The rocks were almost perpendicular. After signals of distress had been made some time, a few people came and spoke from the top of the rocks. The young lady was the interpreter between the Frenchmen and the Captain. There they remained until the wind abated and the tide enabled them to float out, but the ship was in a sad leaky state the whole way and few hands to pump, and the stupid Captain constantly expressing his fears of being able to reach England in safety.

Poor Mary's nerves were in a sad state when she reached us ; so pale and her beautiful hair all fell off. We were greatly distressed to see her. She brought with her, besides the two children, a Bengali servant, a very different black from our Joe, to whom she took a perfect disgust. She would never go into the servants' hall if he was there. She said, " He no my countries, he very bad." There was a great difference certainly in appearance, as she had fine features and woolly long black hair. Joe had very ugly features and woolly hair, yet he was reckoned good looking for a West Indian. Betsey who was very

[1] Captain William Smith, R.A., went to New Zealand in 1830, to assist Colonel Wakefield in laying out the City of Wellington. He married Louisa Basgrave Wallace, daughter of General Wallace.

[2] Lieut. Thomas Ellis Smith, R.N., died 21st September, 1841.

fond of babies, made a great fuss about little Tom. My favourite was Willy, to whom I would sing and tell little stories to by the hour, and how happy we were on finding Mary improving in health ; but it was very long before she could go out to a party or sit up for an evening at home.

How true it certainly is, that there is " no real happiness in this life " for so Betsey and I felt when Mrs. King, the Milliner, and Miss Dalby, the dressmaker sent in their accounts. We had without consideration been very extravagant and how we could not tell, as we had never kept an account of our expenditures.

My Father, had as we thought given us a handsome allowance, paying us the first quarter in advance, which we spent and the next again, without thinking of the two accounts we were running up for the half year beyond our means, and in trifling articles we could have done without ; but we had a lady's maid and housekeeper in one, who dressed us in any way she thought proper, and any thing she thought we should have we got ; silk handkerchiefs, ribbons, gloves, &c., were shabby whenever she said she could not bear to see us wear them any longer ; our bonnets or hats were to be in the fashion even when the " Obie "[1] hat was worn, which hat of white Chip was in the crown exactly like a sugar loaf running up to a small point—the front turned up the same as a Spanish hat, with a large and long round white feather falling down over the left shoulder. Notwithstanding their odd shape these hats were very becoming, Carriage Costume of course, as we never walked in London ; no Police then.

Now this woman " Walker " neither Betsey or I liked somehow, but my Father thought she kept her accounts well. As you may suppose, Hugh, we were in " a peck of troubles," as to how we were to tell my Father of our dilemma, and much cogitation we had on the subject ; and many unhappy nights and days, until we came to the

[1] Worn by " Obie " or " Three-fingered Jack," in the pantomime of that name performed at Drury Lane.

resolution of telling my Father that if he would pay up the two horrid accounts that we would not have an allowance, which after a good lecture he agreed to. But how unwise we were, for if we had promised to keep regular accounts in future, and showing them to him before getting the next quarter's allowance it would have checked our extravagance, and we should have been saved much continued misery, for now whenever we really wanted money, we dreaded asking for it. But like many after thoughts they came too late; the golden opportunity we had foolishly thrown away, and so we had to bear the consequence.

Betsey and I did not leave Town this summer on account of Mary's being with us, and still too delicate for us to leave, requiring all the kindness we could bestow on her. Sir Andrew Hamond,[1] who had been Smith's guardian, Lady Hamond, and Lady Douglas, widow of Sir Andrew Douglas,[2] who had also been a guardian of Smith's, were very attentive in often coming to see her.

Lady Douglas and her two daughters lived in Gloster Place. The day the eldest was to be presented at Court, we went to see her after she was dressed for the occasion. She was perfectly beautiful as to her features and complexion, but unfortunately she had a large spot on her left cheek, of a Mulberry or port wine colour, but lappets being worn, and the hair much curled at the side of the face, hid it in part, but not altogether. Such a pity so lovely a face should be marked. She was, of course, in white silk or satin with pearl ornaments, and a hoop. She was most elegant altogether, but how preposterous her dress would be thought at the present time. Not then to us who had seen so many in that style.

[1] Sir Andrew Snape Hamond, Bart. (1738–1828), Comptroller of the Navy (1794–1806). Married in 1779 Anne, daughter of Henry Graeme, Lieut.-Governor of St. Helena. She died in 1838.

[2] Sir Andrew Snape Douglas (1761–1797) died of wounds received on "the glorious first of June," 1794, while Captain of Lord Howe's flagship, the *Queen Charlotte*. He was a nephew of Sir Andrew Snape Hamond, and in 1781 married Anne Burgess of New York.

Lady Cathcart who lived immediately opposite to us always showed herself to us when dressed and we used to go to St. James' frequently when Queen Charlotte held a Drawing room, to see the Ladies. It was very awkward for them when either getting in or out of a carriage as the hoops being too large in circumference, to allow them to pass through the carriage door, without holding the hoop up on one side or down on the other so that the side they held up showed their little legs and feet which appeared small from the immense rotundity of their dresses, and when they sat in a carriage the hoop came up nearly to their shoulders so that their hands with the fan, could only be seen something like Anne Purves in the clothes bag at Belvedere House.

Gloster Place, which opened from Portman Square, was a very retired and quiet Street in those days as not being open at the other end it was not a thoroughfare. Lord Cathcart[1] commanded the 2nd Life Guards and it was amusing to see the regiment or part of it, drawn up before his house. After mounting his horse, they would to the right about and with the fine band playing would all go down the street again, dear little Willie, in such a state of excitement out in the balcony looking at them, and Lady Cathcart's children in theirs opposite.

This summer Admiral Pringle of Weymss[2] (foot of Rubers law, Roxburghshire) came to Town and calling on my Father told him that my grandfather's late property of the Eildon Hills, was to be sold ; and that he should enquire about it, which he might easily do, as Govr. Elliot[3] had left it between his two daughters, Ladies Cathcart and Carnegie. The one might be readily seen

[1] William Schaw, 10th Baron Cathcart (1755–1843), created Earl Cathcart in 1814.

[2] Admiral Thomas Pringle, R.N., died in 1804.

[3] Andrew Elliot was the second son of Sir Gilbert Elliot, 2nd Bart., and became Lieut.-Governor of New York. He married Elizabeth Plumstead, a beautiful American, to whom George Washington had proposed, and had three daughters—Eleanor, who married Admiral Hon. Robert Digby ; Elizabeth, who married 1st Earl Cathcart ; and Agnes Murray, who married Sir David Carnegie, Bart.

as she was his opposite neighbour, and the other was frequently at her Uncle's, Admiral Elliot[1] at Mount Teviot. At any rate he was going to return home very soon and if he would visit him at Weymss, he would take him there, or Lady Cathcart would give him a letter of introduction.

As my Father was going to Plymouth, he also went on to Liskeard and gave his agent Mr. Childs directions to sell a property he had bought many years before, I think somewhere near Penzance, but I never saw it. He brought Jane, Kitty and Fanny back with him, called two or three times on Lady Cathcart and then set off for Scotland with Jane. They were not long absent, but I cannot recollect anything about their journey, except their staying some days at Mount Teviot which they found very pleasant, as my Father being a friend of the late Lord Minto, then Sir Gilbert Elliot.[2] who was a nephew of the Admiral's, they were extremely kind both to my Father and Jane; and also that my Father had purchased the property.

At the beginning of winter Mary having so much improved in health set off for Cornwall accompanied by Jane, her two children and Maid. It made quite a blank in our household, until Kitty and Fanny came home for the Christmas holidays, when not long after that I did the most thoughtless thing that I believe was ever heard of. Oh! curiosity, curiosity, how far will it lead the female spirit to have it gratified! You must know, Hugh, that after the taking of Seringapatam, an immense number of most splendid articles belonging to Tippoo Sahib were sent to England, and amongst the rest, a bird[3] made

[1] Admiral John Elliot was the third son of the 2nd Bart. and uncle of the 1st Earl of Minto. He was M.P. for Cockermouth and Director of the Mint in Scotland. In 1760 he distinguished himself by capturing a fleet of frigates commanded by the famous French Admiral Thurot. He died in 1808 at Mount Teviot.

[2] Sir Gilbert Elliot, 4th Bart. (1751–1814), Governor-General of Bengal. Created Earl of Minto 1813. He was an eye-witness of the Battle of St. Vincent.

[3] Now at Windsor Castle.

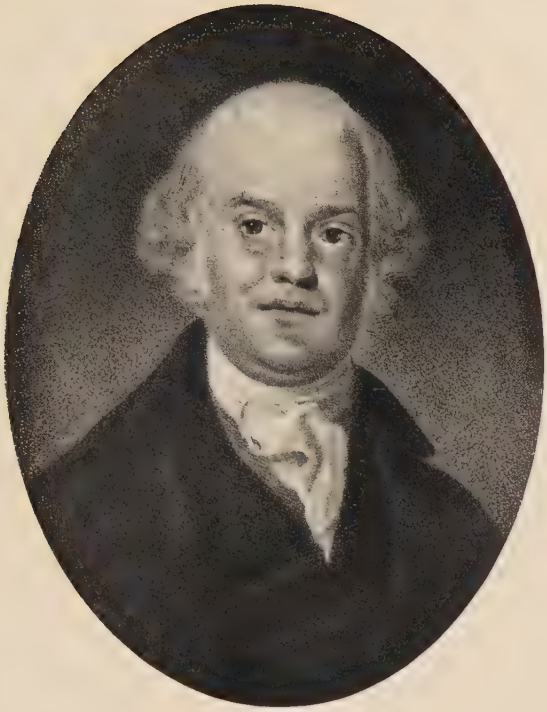
entirely of Jewels of great value, was sent as a present to her Majesty Queen Charlotte. In the first place it was consigned to the India House. We knew the two principal Secretaries who were brothers, Mr. James[1] and Mr. John Cobb. At the house of the former we had many little private concerts. He sent us word that if we liked to see this bird, we were to be at his house at such an hour the next day, as there would be a large party there, who would go to the India House at the same time and he would show them the bird which was to be sent to the Queen the day after.

It was agreed that the Edgars were to call for us and we should proceed together to Mr. Cobb's. Just as my Father the next forenoon was going to walk to Somerset House, James the Coachman came to say that the Carriage which had been injured the night before at the Opera House was not finished and therefore we could not have it to go to Mr. Cobb's. " It cannot be helped," my Father said, " but go to the Coachmakers and get a glass coach (as Job Carriages were then called) and be as quick as possible."

In the meantime the Edgars came ; they had only room for one, so Betsey went with them and Kitty and I were to follow. How dreadfully impatient we were. We thought James would never come. At last when he did arrive we told him to drive to Guildford Street as fast as possible. When we got there we found that the whole party had left for the India House to which we bade James follow quickly.

At the India House I had never been in my life before, and when we arrived there much surprised I was to see such a bustle about it. People passing and repassing, amongst them two or three dressed like old Ralph Paine at Fowey as they had gold lace on their cocked hats, and

[1] James Cobb (1756–1818), Secretary of the East India Company, was author of a number of operas and plays, including *The Strangers at Home*, in which Mrs. Jordan made her first appearance as a singer, and *Ramah Droog ; or, Wine Does Wonders*, produced at Covent Garden in 1798.



JAMES COBB, DRAMATIST AND SECRETARY TO THE EAST INDIA COMPANY

From an engraving by Chapman after a painting by Drummond

on the collars and capes of their brown cloaks. Joe came to enquire who he was to ask for—" Mr. James Cobb."

One with a cocked hat went inside and a person of something of a higher grade came to the carriage without his hat and said, " I think Mr. James Cobb is gone." " Is Mr. John here ? " I enquired. He belonged to another department but he would go and see. We were in a sad state of doubt and uncertainty. Our friend without the hat returned and another wanting the hat came, and said, " Mr. John was also gone."

I dare say they saw a great expression of disappointment depicted in my countenance, and supposing from two young females coming there it must be something very urgent, asked very kindly if we wished to leave any message and it should be delivered tomorrow. Now if they had been young men I would have gone home, but they were elderly and looked so kind that I told them all about our delay and finding the party had left before we arrived at Mr. Cobb's house, that I heard the bird was to be sent away tomorrow and that we were so anxious to see it. Then they consulted together, one went into the house and the other came to the Carriage and said, " I hope you will get permission to see the bird, it would be a pity for you to go away without seeing so beautiful an article."

Soon came the Messenger and said, " Oh ! yes, young ladies, you may see the bird."

There appeared such a number of people about that I must own I felt odd in going amongst them. However, we followed our guides who I thought of course would show us the bird, but no, they took us into a room where sat four or five elderly gentlemen, with hair powdered like my Father's. The other two had disappeared and then these gentlemen began to ask sundry questions to all of which I answered candidly no doubt. They seemed amused and all set out with us to see this bird.

There was no end to passages and doors I thought, when lo ! and behold ! we came to a long room through

which we had to pass and I dare say there were a hundred clerks sitting at different tables and thinking they would all be looking at us I am sure my face must have been scarlet and I felt as if ready to sink into the very earth. What would I not give I thought if one of these old gentlemen would offer me his arm, but no, they did not, and from that room we had to pass through another with Clerks, but not near so large; and then such an unlocking of doors, which were again locked as we passed through them.

At last we got to a smaller room, and on a table in the centre of the apartment stood a splendid cabinet, which one of the gentlemen opened, and displayed to view an object which could I have realized one half of the wonderful birds mentioned in the Arabian Nights, they would not have been more splendid, I think. If I recollect right, it was about the size of a large Pigeon, with a long tail and was set on gold wire, so that the least movement made it vibrate and glitter most brilliantly. It had an immense pearl, or diamond, I forget which, pendent from its beak, but altogether it surpassed anything I could possibly imagine it would be.

The gentlemen seemed to be quite delighted to see our pleasure in looking at it. One directed our attention to this part of it and another to that, and naming the different jewels of which it seemed to be made, but certainly cover'd tail and all. I suppose there would be every sort of precious stone there. We became so friendly that when we were leaving, I said, to the one nearest me, " Must we go through the rooms where so many are writing ? " " Oh ! no," he answered, " We will go down the other way and the Carriage shall come round," which was order'd. We shook hands with the kind old gentlemen, and I thanked them most heartily for their attention, and off we drove home.

The distress I felt in going through the Clerks' rooms, I cannot describe to you, dear Hugh. I had never thought till that moment that my dress was rather too conspicuous in which to walk through a long room full of

clerks. Betsey, Maria Edgar and I had that winter sky blue velvet caps, with silky black fur bands round them, which were very pretty for paying morning calls, or driving in the Park. Besides my conspicuous cap, I had on a white curricle dress, a short black velvet pelisse, and a white fox boa, or long tippets as they were called then. However, we were delighted on our way home to think we had seen " the bird."

When we arrived we ran up to the Drawing room where Betsey enquired, " Where have you been so long ? " " To see the Bird to be sure Betsey." " Nonsense," she said, " We waited so long for you in Guildford Street, that we quite gave you up, thinking James could not get a Carriage." " Well, but truly we have seen the bird, although neither Mr. James or Mr. John Cobb were there to show it to us." I did not know my Father had been reading in the back drawing room. He came in, " What," he said, " you surely do not mean that you have been at the India House by yourselves ? "

I explained to him how that some elderly gentlemen had shown us the Bird. My Father held up his hands with astonishment. As to Kitty who was three years younger than I was he could not blame her, but he was shocked indeed to think I was so very thoughtless. I really cannot remember all he said, but it made me very sorrowful and ashamed of myself for acting so imprudently. He did not ask and I took care not to tell him about having gone through the rooms with so many clerks.

The next time we met Mr. James Cobb he laughed heartily, " Why," he said, " You did see the Bird, I understand, and went in at the wrong door. I heard of you at the India House, and that you had enquired for me, and that you begged not to return through the rooms where there were so many clerks." " Oh ! Mr. Cobb," I answered, " pray say no more about it. I acted very foolishly and my Father was very angry with me as I well deserved."

I dare say after that imprudent adventure of mine,

my Father thought I would be bold enough to go anywhere, for he was constantly saying, "Now mind, you are not to do this, or that, you are thoughtless and act without consideration." Although I do not remember feeling inclined to do anything wrong again, he was always afraid from my being very lively that I should. My Father little knew how much thought I had, and how often I had checked myself from saying what I felt I might be sorry for afterwards in the way of ridiculing people, and for which I had a horrid propensity, and which took me a great deal of self condemnation to conquer.

However, my Father taught me chess, that it might give me the habit of considering well the consequence, before I made a move in any affair with which I might be connected through life. It so far had the desired effect, that I used to dream of the game, and when awake think my last one over. And the question of "what was to happen next?" would often come into my mind if anything was proposed to be done.

We had not given up Mrs. Stewart, although I have not mentioned her for some time past, as she, her husband and Joseph had often dined with us and we with them, and one day in summer we had spent the day at their country house near Dulwich.

It was on a midsummer day, I recollect, because Mrs. S. was a great person for telling fortunes, and "on a Midsummer day," she said, "if you break an egg into a bowl of water in the eye of the sun and allow it to stand there some minutes the white by floating on the surface will indicate the profession of your intended." So Betsey, two young ladies and myself, had each an egg given us to try, but somehow or other, there was little or no difference in the appearance of any of them. The resemblance of the egg on the water as far as we could judge was either to a Ship in full sail, or to a tented field, which caused much difference of opinion as to whether this one, or the other was to have a Sailor, or a Soldier.

One day before we went to Scotland, we dined there—

TIPPOO SAHIB'S JEWELLED BIRD

In the Royal Collection at Windsor, by special permission

ROBERT BURNS'S MARBLE PUNCH BOWL

In the British Museum

no other ladies—and when we retired to the Drawing room after dinner Mrs. S. told us she had engaged a real Norwood Gypsy to tell us our fortunes. I did not like the idea at all, for fear I should be told I was to marry Joseph.

Well Betsey was to go into the Library first and the Gypsy was to be let into the room by the lady's maid very secretly, and after Betsey's fortune was told, the Maid was to go into the room and stay till Betsey should tell me to go. Mrs. S. and Betsey insisted on my going to the Gypsy, the latter seemingly mightily pleased at what had been told her. I was to cross the Gypsy's hand with half a crown, which I did with my right hand, while I held my left open.

After scanning it with due deliberation and counting the lines in it, and looking in my face with her large black eyes, she said, " You will have eleven children." That was quite enough for me, having a particular dislike to children at that time, so without waiting to know who was to be their happy Father, I made a regular dart out of the room to the annoyance of Mrs. Stewart, nor could she prevail on me to return.

Betsey's fortune was that she was to marry such a very nice gentleman that she had often seen ; that they had already exchanged hearts ; and that it would not be long before they were married ; and that she was to have a large family which so far was a mistake, as she only had five. Now Wilson to whom my sister was engaged was dining there that day. And Mrs. S. knew the marriage was to take place in the Autumn so no doubt the maid had told the Gypsy all about it.

Wilson was I believe 14 years older than Betsy, but did not appear so much. She was about 21, so he must have been 35. He was very cheerful, and a most elegant man both in appearance and conversation, and respected by every one, and was certainly the most delightful person we knew. He belonged to the Navy Pay Office, Somerset Place.

At that time I never thought there was anything wrong in fortune telling, but five or six years afterwards when your Aunt Pattison was living at New Water Haugh, near Berwick, she had a dinner party and besides Aunt Kitty and myself, there were several young ladies, and when we were in the Drawing room after dinner, the little black servant Theresa came into the room in a great state of excitement, and looking so funny, exclaimed, " Miss a woman tell fortins," clapping one hand on the other.

" No, no," said my Sister, speaking hurriedly, " tell her to go away directly." " Oh ! do Mrs. Pattison, it would be such fun," implored all the girls. " No my dears," she answered, " If you only knew the misery I have endured, since I foolishly had mine told, I am sure you would turn away all Fortune tellers, as I have this moment done. A Gypsy once told me I should have a very large family, yet should die Childless. I have had eight, have lost five, and you observe how delicate the three remaining are, and can you fancy the anxiety I have had, and shall continue to have, I fear, as in spite of my most earnest endeavour, I cannot divest myself of the dread of my children dying."

And now when we consider the matter seriously, how very wrong it ought to appear to us to wish to pry into futurity. Where is the mind that is strong enough to bear in anticipation the fate destined for us in this world ? How could I for instance have supported the foreknowledge of the many changes and events in my varied life ? No, rather let us wait with patient submission our Heavenly Father's Decrees, trusting that every affliction that befalls us is meant as a proof that He wishes to wean us from this world, and to draw us nearer to Himself.

Do you remember that beautiful paraphrase—Hebrews, 12th Chap. 1–13 v.

" Affliction when it spreads around,
May seem a field of woe ;
Yet there, at last, the happy fruits
Of righteousness shall grow."

CHAPTER XI

NEWCASTLE AND KELSO

IN July Betsey and I set off with my Father for Scotland. I can well remember how smart I thought we looked in our hats and feathers, habits with lapels, which when opened displayed waistcoats, frilled habit shirts, stand up collars and black silk handkerchiefs round our necks, so that to look at us through the windows of the carriage if it were not for the feathers and curls, we might have been taken for two youths.

On our way we visited our Cousin General Dickson[1] at Newcastle, and truly was he what a General should be in appearance. A tall strong looking man, with a sunburnt reddish face. We arrived there in excellent time for amusement, as his son Capt. Arch. Dickson[2] of the Navy had lately married his cousin Jane Dickson of Sydenham (near Kelso). They had just returned from their jaunt, and taken lodgings in Newcastle, and the Bride was going "to sit up" to receive company, so Helen Dickson[3] the General's unmarried daughter, Betsey and I went to spend the forenoons with her, and to assist her in receiving her visitors, and never did four more lively creatures meet together.

Splendid cakes, and different kinds of wine on the table

[1] Lieut.-General John Dickson was the youngest of the three distinguished sons of Archibald Dickson of Pontefract, the others being Admiral William Dickson of Sydenham House, Roxburghshire, and Admiral Sir Archibald Dickson, Bart., of Hardingham, Norfolk. General Dickson married Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander Collingwood, of Unthank, and died in 1816.

[2] Captain Archibald Dickson (1772–1836), in 1801 married Jane, daughter of Admiral William Dickson of Sydenham. She died in 1856.

[3] She married Captain Soane.

in the centre of the room, surrounded by vases of flowers. Before the arrival of the first lady, being tired of waiting, we had a game at " Puss in the corner." A rap at the door made us run and take our seats, trying to look as serious as possible, but we could scarcely prevent ourselves from laughing when the man servant, a Highlander, announced, " Mestress Doankin " or " Mestress Raed," &c., &c., instead of " Duncan " or " Reed," &c. &c.—two or three coming at the same time. Wine and cake were handed round ; after these left and while waiting for another knock we had " Puss in the Corner " again, and some merriment of that kind for three days.

But the last day we very nearly behaved ill, for we had just gone to our places after the knock, when the man announced, " Mistress Marry Merryweather " and when she entered the room, instead of going up to the Bride first who, of course, advanced a little way to meet her, she went regularly round and squeezed our hands so dreadfully saying, " How do you do ? " to everyone. She was a tall, gaunt looking figure, with a very smart shawl, a black velvet bonnet and veil, the latter kept down all the time. However, we could see she looked dreadfully pale with a profusion of black curls. When the man offered her wine and cake, she took a bit of the latter and said to the servant, " No wine, thank you, it does not agree with my stomach." She had such a funny cracked voice, spoke of the weather, and said, " Young ladies, you'll find Newcastle a most delightful place." When she was going away, she went round as she did when she arrived, and squeezed our hands worse than before. I could not help saying, Oh !

Captain Dickson and Jane dined every day at the General's, which made it very pleasant. After dinner the last sitting up day, we told the gentlemen of Miss or rather Mistress Mary Merryweather's visit. They were quite amused, and wondered who she could be. By and by the Genl. said, " No thank ye, wine doesn't agree with me," in the cracked voice. We, of course, knew

at once he had personated the unknown lady, and how well he had acted his part ; he had powder'd his face, and gone to some old lady who had assisted to disguise him with the dress and curls.

He was the most cheerful man of his age I ever saw, so particular in his dress and everything about him, and yet everything appeared old fashioned to Betsey and myself. At luncheon he regularly made what he called "a cool tankard." I cannot remember what he put into it, except some sprigs of Borage which were on a plate beside him, and I think he had Perry, Methegalen, sugar and spice. I used to watch him when he made it and thought it very good, for every one must taste it, and the large old silver Tankard was passed round out of which you drank.

When dressed for dinner, the General looked as if he had come out of a band-box ; so excessively neat ; white kerseymere waistcoat and small clothes, dark blue coat, white silk stockings, with very glittering shoe and knee buckles, frilled shirt, and white plaited stock, buckled behind ; his hair powdered with a queue. In the dining room there was a very large and full length of him, in his General's full dress. He must have been an extremely handsome man. It was a splendid picture altogether.

When the cheese was on the table after dinner, the man servant put before him another kind of Tankard, uncorked a bottle of ale and put it on the table with the nutmeg grater, left the room for an instant and brought back with him a slice of hot toast. This the General dropt into the bottom of the Tankard, grated on it some nutmeg, and then emptied into it the bottle of ale ; and then the Tankard was passed round in the way the other had been at Luncheon. Everyone must partake of it.

Newcastle was at that time (1801) a most dirty, horrid place ; a Village to what it is now. Then there was not a single baker in the Town, everyone baked at home. Not a Hackney Coach or Sedan Chair even ; we went

to a concert one evening, all the ladies wore as they walked through the streets Calashes, over their large caps to save them from wind or rain, and an excellent protection it was. These Calashes were made of black silk and cane, the shape of a Calash over an open carriage. To prevent them from blowing back there was a long loop of ribbon hanging from the front, which the ladies held in their hands.

It was amusing when we were leaving, as there had been a slight shower of rain, to hear them calling their Servants and asking "Molly," "Betty," "Sally" or "Biddy" if they had brought their pattens and lanthorns. Oh! certainly it was a queer primitive sort of Town. I cannot think how that dear General came to live there, except that Col. Reed and Mr. Archd. Reed, near relatives of his late wife's, lived on their fine properties in the immediate neighbourhood.

After the happy week spent at the General's we set off for Sydenham, near Kelso, where lived another first cousin of my Father's, Admiral Dickson,[1] a brother of the General's. What a marked difference we saw even before we arrived at Newcastle, between the lower class of people as to their dress thus far North, and still more now, particularly in the females;—without shoes and stockings, no caps, short petticoats, and bedgowns with short sleeves.

When we arrived at the Lodge at Sydenham, we were kept waiting so long till an elderly woman came slowly resting on a stick, apparently lame, to open the gate. I got a reprimand most deservedly from my Father, when I expressed impatience by saying, "I wonder how the Admiral could put an old slow creature like that at the Lodge."

We were heartily welcomed by the Adml., his wife and family. The Admiral appeared much older than

[1] Admiral William Dickson died in 1803, having married first Jane, daughter of Alexander Collingwood of Unthank, who died in 1792, and secondly in 1786 Elizabeth, daughter of James Chatres of Eton College. Admiral Dickson was the great-grandfather of Lord Islington.

his brother, was shorter, and altogether not so fine a looking man. Mrs. Dickson was his second wife. Miss Dickson, the only one at home of the first family, three boys[1] and two girls of the second. They all called Miss Dickson "sister Nelly." She was not at all like her sister Jane, who I have mentioned before as being married lately to her cousin Capt. Archie Dickson. Nelly was much older, looked delicate and had a cross expression, indeed, I believe she was not happy at home, poor soul! She had lost her position in her Father's house when he married again, and to a person of her own age, or rather younger, and the children seemed to treat her with rudeness. Mrs. Dickson we did not like at all, a sort of fidgety flippant character. Mary Anne I preferred to any of the others. She was younger than I was, and a very good natured girl.

After dinner, Mrs. Dickson told Mary Anne to take some flannel down to Jenny Duncan and I accompanied her. I felt quite sorry when I found that the lame woman at the Lodge I had been so impatient with, was the poor rheumatic person for whom the flannel was intended. When we went into the Lodge, after wiping the chairs with her apron, and asking us to sit down, Mary Anne told her she had brought her some flannel and she was to wear it, as it would make her pains better.

"Are you in pain?" I enquired. "'deed am I fra' heed to fet, but I dar' na compleen." "But have you no one to help you?" "On, aye, Geordie whiles, when he is na throng we the Ca-ridge or up at the hoose." "But have you no children?" I asked. "I h'anna ony the noo, they are a'gane," and then with her poor old heart almost too full for utterance, and putting her apron up to her eyes, she added, "the last deed eighteen months since, a big useful lassie. She was just saxteen

[1] Commander David John Dickson, R.N. (1790–1870), Captain Rowland Cotton Dickson, Bengal Artillery, born 1793, and Robert Dickson.

years auld," and then she said, again, whilst sobbing, " but I dar' na compleen."

I felt overcome myself to see her distress and said, " Oh ! Jenny, how can you help complaining ? " She suddenly withdrew her apron from her face, and turning towards me, said, with great solemnity, " Oh ! I dar' na for has na' the Lord left me Geordie yet ? " Dear old Jenny Duncan, what an example of patient resignation. I cannot tell you what an effect it had on me, and I will own the remembrance of her has in many instances checked my impatience when comparing my lot with hers, and thinking with all her bodily sufferings and deprivations, how much more reason she had to be discontented than I had, and yet, how much more thankful she was for one blessing, than I was for many. We remained several days at Sydenham and I never failed to visit Jenny every day.

We were not sorry to leave that family that might have been one of the happiest in the world, from the apparent comforts that surrounded them, but certainly was not, owing to Mrs. Dickson's curious disposition, and her youngest boy, Robert, whom, entirely out of a spirit of contradiction, I am confident, she spoilt. The day we arrived, I observed this boy had a horrid expression which marked a dure, determined disposition. When my sister and I spoke of him at night in our bedroom we said he looked like a robber or murderer, not that we had ever to our knowledge seen such characters. At dinner the first day, we were there, Rowland and Louisa, two elder than himself, did not dine at table, nor indeed did he, but to the great annoyance of the Admiral and the horror of old George Duncan and the other servant, the boy came into the room with his face and clothes all mud, as if he had been cleaning out a ditch, and went and sat himself down on the great Jug of beer, (called a black Jack) and which was under the side-board.

" Go out of the room, Sir," said the Father. " Do let the poor boy alone Admiral," said Mrs. Dickson.

" My dear, you do so spoil that boy." " That's what you say," added Mrs. Dickson. Old George slipped outside the door, and I saw Rowland holding up something and beckon Robert out. In the evening the Silver Snuffer tray was wanting, and no where to be found. At last one of the servants remembered seeing Master Robert with it in the garden. A lanthorn was taken to where he had been making a mud hole, and there they found it. He had been using it as a trowel, and not very unlike one did it look, being very old-fashioned, and with a handle.

That boy who was about ten or twelve years of age was a constant source of contention. I believe if the good old Admiral had tried to spoil the boy, his Mother would have been the one to correct him, she had acquired such a habit of opposition, I may call it.

One day in the midst of a disagreement, the Admiral said, " Oh ! my dear do but reason upon what you are doing to that boy. I may not live to see it, but he may one day break your heart." Alas ! poor woman, he did not break her heart but he destroyed her peace of mind, and at one time it was feared she would become insane. Fortunately the dear old Admiral did not live to experience the misery his wife had to suffer. His first family were well brought up by their Mother, and all of the second very well except Robert who unfortunately was the Mother's favorite, and, of course she would not see his faults.

Robert went for some time every day to a school at Kelso, with his two brothers ; your Uncles Tom and John were boarders there. But Robert often absented himself and went rambling about no one could tell where. By and by his stepbrother, Sir Archibald,[1] took him on board his ship. He ran away more than once, and at length was dismissed the Navy. It would not be very edifying to tell you of all the misdeeds I heard of him. Finally, after giving my Father, and every body else who

[1] Sir Archibald Collingwood Dickson, 2nd Bart. (1772–1827).

was connected with and interested in his family, much trouble and anxiety, he went abroad, and was never more heard of.

Now, before proceeding further, I must give you some account of Sydenham which was in the parish of Ednam. It had little beauty in itself, but was much respected as the family seat of the Dicksons' for many generations. They had at one time possessed the Village and nearly the whole Parish of Ednam, but like most old family estates, in portioning off large families it had been by degrees reduced nearly to the single property of Sydenham, which I think is not very large.

An Uncle of the Admiral's built a large house at Kelso, called Ednam House, but it does not belong to the family now. In the Village of Ednam, the Poet Thomson was born, and when we went there, a seat round a large Elm tree was shown, where it was said he sat when he wrote the "Seasons." Between Sydenham and Kelso there was a large swampy piece of ground, called the Berry Moss. Every spring it was covered with Gulls, till the ground was almost white. Amongst the rushes the Gulls had their nests, and boys used to wade in and get the eggs and sell them at 2d. a dozen. They were not unlike Plovers eggs in flavour, but different in appearance, as they were not spotted, which Plovers' eggs are. It is now many years ago, since that Moss was drained, and made into an excellent Race course.

There were three brothers of the Dickson family alive when we were in Scotland, Sir Archibald Bart. who was living on his property in Hampshire, the name of which I forget. He was also an Admiral and lived there when not employed. He had only a daughter who married her cousin William[1] of Sydenham, the Adml.'s eldest son, who died a few years after and left no family, so his brother Archibald succeeded to the title and both properties, and his eldest son, a Commander in the Navy, is the present possessor.

[1] Captain William Dickson, 22nd Regiment (1770–1795).

SIR ARCHIBALD DICKSON, BART.

ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE

From a picture at Rushbrooke Hall. By kind permission of Lord Islington

Admiral Dickson of Sydenham had three sons and two daughters by his first wife. I have mentioned all but the third son, Alexander,[1] who was in the Engineers and made himself so conspicuous in the Peninsular War and also at Waterloo by his skill and bravery that he was created a K.C.H. and some years afterwards was Master General of the Ordnance. When I was at Sydenham in 1804 he was there with his wife, a Minorca lady. He left no family. General Dickson married a Miss Collingwood from near Morpeth, of the family of Lord Collingwood of honour and renown.

Now Hugh, the way we were related is this. The mother of Sir. Archd., the Admiral, and General Dickson was named Smith, and she was a sister to my Paternal Grandmother. I remember well going to see an Uncle Smith (my Father's Uncle) somewhere near London, but I do not at all recollect the name of the place. It was a long way off we thought on the other side of Westminster bridge, and at the end of a Village. On going there the first time it was merely for a call. My Father, Betsey and myself then went. My Father told us we might not see our cousin Betsey Smith, as very often she would confine herself to her room, particularly when strangers called, as she was subject to lowness of spirits since the death of the gentleman to whom she had been engaged to be married. He had died suddenly the day before that fixed for the Ceremony and since that she had been hypochondriacal, although the sad event had happened many years before.

On arriving at the house the servant said Miss Smith was in her room but that his Master was in the Garden. My Father told us he would show the way so we passed through the house and went out of a door leading into the "garden," as it was called, but I saw nothing to agree with what I should have named a garden, but

[1] Major-General Sir Alexander Dickson, K.C.B., K.C.H. (1777–1840). Director-General of Artillery and A.D.C. to the King. Married Eulalia, daughter of Don Stephani Briones of Minorca.

there was a large space of ground most beautifully laid out, and not far from where we entered stood a pretty looking, but small cottage, with trellised front and porch, covered with Roses, Jessamine and Honey Suckle. As we went towards it we saw a large white gander rise from where it had been sitting outside the door, and coming to meet us, hissing in the most threatening manner, forming semicircles with its beak on the ground as much as to say, " Thus far and no further."

My Father parried it with his cane, which made it the more outrageous. Uncle Smith, hearing the noise, opened the door and scolded the gander which walked sideling away with a gentle hissing, and movement of the beak, as if thinking to himself that he had performed his part in introducing the Strangers. Such a benevolent looking old man was Uncle Smith, who received us most kindly. I supposed from the books and writing materials we saw around him and the comfortable furniture, such as a sofa, and easy chairs, that he must have made the room his favourite sitting room.

My Father showed us round the enclosure, (I must call it) there was a Pond, and near it on the one side was an immense Pear tree, with quantities of half grown fruit on it, and at the end an old looking weeping Willow, with its branches dipping in the water. The grass was close cut on the slope around the piece of Water. Under the Willow was a seat painted white, of Chinese fashion, as it was then called, formed of diagonal bits of wood, and further on across the stream which flowed from the Pond, was a pretty little white bridge of the same make as the seat, and beautiful shrubs in flower in all directions.

Whilst we sat on the latter, admiring every thing around us, my sister and I told my Father we thought every one must be happy that lived there. " Alas ! " he said, " It is not our dwelling nor the beauties that may surround it that can alone give us happiness. My poor Uncle has fortunately been blessed with strength

of mind, or he must have sunk under the many trials he has met with, and from the state of his daughter's spirits is still enduring. And these very beauties that you admire have many sad associations connected with them. In that very Pond was my poor cousin John drowned. A lovely boy adored by both his Father and Mother. He had taken a little boat (the servant had made for him) to the Pond without having been perceived. He was missed and on seeing the little boat on the water the sad catastrophe was suspected. The Pond was immediately dragged, and the body soon found, but too late to restore animation. Poor Aunt Smith whose garden before was her chief amusement, and delight, would never go near it. She had been in delicate health before and this shock was too much for her. My Uncle wished to travel with her for change of scene, and they set out, but they were not long absent before she wished to return home, when after a few months she died. She was a most amiable person and had been the comfort and happiness of her poor husband's life. They had had two sons who died abroad, one in the Navy and the other in the East India Company's Army. His son Samuel the only one left, is now at Cambridge, and poor Betsey who from the affliction she has met with is now more a source of grief than of happiness to him."

My sister and I felt now as if that lovely spot was not as cheerful looking as we thought it at first and sympathised much with our poor old Uncle, whom we found at the Cottage door, ready to conduct us back to the house that we might have some luncheon before we left.

The gander followed Uncle Smith and he told us it was fortunate we had not brought pattens with us as it was an article the gander seemed to have a great antipathy to, for if ever he heard the sound approaching the back door he was on the watch and when the coast was clear and the pattens left outside, he would go deliberately towards them, take up one and would carry

it dangling from his beak and deposit it in the middle of the Pond, and go back for the other, and drop it in the same way. Many was the time he had seen him, and many were the new pair of pattens he had paid for. "Oh!" he said, "my gander is an old and faithful friend. I have had him several years now, and his eccentricities are the only amusement I think I have."

He begged we would come again and he would persuade Betsey he hoped to see us. He would write and let us know and we should spend the day there. We neither of us thought we should like it. However, about ten days or a fortnight after came the invitation, and we went, sister Jane accompanying us this time. We found Betsey Smith in the Drawing room. My heart felt quite cold at the solemn manner in which she received us. She was tall with handsome features, but so dreadfully pale and with such a sad woebegone expression of countenance, that my merry hearted sisters were struck dumb as well as myself.

Luckily after dinner my Father and Uncle had the War to talk about, and we looked towards them as if we were interested. When we arose from table instead of taking us into the Drawing room she said, "You will come up stairs with me." We followed to her bedroom, a nice large room beautifully furnished and round it were shelves on which were a splendid breakfast and tea set of China, a quantity of shells, cases of stuffed birds, and a variety of curiosities, but I did not see a single book the want of which I thought must be the cause of her long continued melancholy.

I did not then miss in particular that book of all books that would have shown her that by her great error in having worshipped the Creature and still in memory, instead of the Creator, she had forfeited the assistance of that Great Being who alone can give comfort and relieve the sorrows of the most afflicted in the hour of trial. Her feelings had become a sort of morbid selfishness, for she had allowed her mind to be absorbed by one grief

which belonged to her alone, to the exclusion of every consideration as to her duty to her good old Father, who might require more and more as he advanced in years the attention she had unfitted herself to bestow on him, and instead of being a blessing to him she was now his greatest sorrow.

When we got up stairs into Cousin Betsey's room, instead of showing us her curiosities and at least in that way trying to amuse us, she sat down on the side of her bed, we standing and looking on, whilst she, clasping her hands above her head, rocked herself to and fro,—did not shed a tear, but made a sort of moaning, till we became perfectly frightened, and sister Jane began to sob and cry. This was too much for me so I ran down to the Dining room and told my Father Jane was crying up stairs. Uncle Smith exclaimed, "Bless me, Tom, run up and bring the girls down, for this will never do," which my Father did, and then ordered the Carriage. On our way home he told us he was afraid cousin Betsey might get into one of her paroxysms, which were quite frightful. When we left our good Uncle he looked so sorrowful. We never went back again.

We saw Samuel Smith sometimes and he came down to Scotland to visit us about three years after, perhaps with the idea of picking up a Cousin, but he was too inanimate. We told all our young female acquaintances that he was a young man of good fortune, but it seemed as if some other qualification was required, as he returned home as he came, a bachelor, or "Cœlebs in search of a Wife."[1]

[1] This book by Hannah More was originally published anonymously and became very popular; it ran into thirty editions.

CHAPTER XII

MELROSE

BUT to return to our journey. When we left Sydenham, we proceeded to Benrig, where resided my Uncle and Aunt Cochrane, the latter my Father's sister. They had three girls and two boys, one of them an infant ; at that time my Grandmother was staying with them. We met with the kindest possible reception and all appeared so gentle in their manner, but I was particularly struck with the expression of my Grandmother's countenance, and remember it well to this day. She was tall and upright as possible, although 80 years of age. She had on what it was the fashion for all Widows to wear then, a small plain close fitting white cambric cap, with a very narrow border, crimped each side of the face, and plain across the forehead, above it a small black silk hood, with a narrow lace border. No hair seen, so that it must have been particularly unbecoming. No doubt, she was once very handsome, and she had still expressive dark blue eyes. As did all old people at that time, she spoke very broad Scotch, so that neither my sister or I could understand her when she spoke to us, which she observing, seldom addressed us, but we constantly saw her looking at us, and if we caught her eye, she would smile, and bow her head so complacently as if approvingly.

Uncle Cochrane was I think rather shorter than his wife, of a quiet contented disposition, as was my Aunt, who was a tall, fine-looking woman. Neither of the three girls were pretty, but quiet in their manner. I think they were rather younger than my sister and myself.

The eldest boy was a perfect pest in the house although only about 5 years of age. A more uncomfortable dinner there could not be than we had that day, owing to the behaviour of that horrid child ; for being his Mother's favorite he had been allowed to sit beside her at dinner, always, I suppose, and she having no doubt got accustomed to his disagreeable ways, did not consider the annoyance he might occasion to others. His spoon was constantly darting into his Mother's plate to take from it what he fancied, in spite of her remonstrances. My Grandmother shook her head. His Father kept saying, " Tut, tut, Jemmy," and his sisters looked quite abashed, he screaming out every now and then and making such a noise. There was little conversation. Betsey and I saw my Father looking quite angry and uncomfortable.

Poor Uncle and Aunt, although they both died before the eldest had attained his majority, they had experienced a great deal of vexation from the unmanageable conduct of the boys. Firmness and gentle discipline at first instead of over-indulgence, might have made them as good as their sisters, but their faults not being seen, were not, of course, corrected, till they became beyond all management.

The girls, who at first had a Governess, and then went to a boarding school some distance from home, were all three well educated, and married well. The two boys were sent to the school in the Village, where there was an exceeding clever Master, but on the slightest excuse, they were allowed to stay at home, or little fault found with them if they played truant.

These boys grew up, one to be " a naething," the other to be " a ne'er do weel," for on James becoming of age, or not long after, he sold Benrig, built a house in Lessudden, and lived on the interest of his money, and was doing so, when I was in Roxburghshire in 1836, little known or cared for in the Society in which he ought to have moved ; and Alexander, who had a nice little property kept company with cattle dealers and went

about to Fairs, and markets. He was a remarkably handsome young man, and every one grieved to think these two boys had not been properly brought up, and trained to some profession. The last thing I heard of Alexander was that he had been ruined by entering into some speculation and was living with his brother.—Neither of them respected, although their Parents had been so much so before them.

As the house at Greenwells[1] was partly furnished, my Aunt had hired two female servants and laid in a stock of everything she thought we might at first require. We went there in the evening. We had no small difficulty in making the Servants understand us, or in understanding them. My Father being often obliged to act as interpreter. After breakfast the next morning, Betsey went to order dinner. She returned in a few minutes laughing most heartily and said, "Why Susan, we are come amongst Cannibals." "How so?" I enquired. "Because," she answered, "when I asked the Cook what meat my Aunt had sent, she said, 'There's a muckle roast of Beef, a jiggot of mutton, twa Dukes, twa Fools, and a Poney'." "Goodness upon me, what can she mean?" and I ran off to see, and I laughed too, when I saw a couple of Ducks, a couple of Fowls, and a Turkey.

In these days families in the neighbourhood had to send to Kelso 13 miles from us for Beef, or Veal, on Fridays the Market days. Mutton you might have got sometimes at Melrose but you had to bespeak it some days before. I heard Sir Adam Fergusson[2] say that he remembered the times when the Drummer (the Crier) was sent round Peebles to say a sheep was going to be killed, "and wha wants ony?" was asked; that one day the Crier said,

[1] The residence of the Mein family, on the Eildon Hills Estate, before Eildon Hall was built.

[2] Son of Dr. Adam Fergusson, the historian and philosopher, was a life-long friend of Sir Walter Scott, near whom he went to live on his retirement from the Army. He was Deputy-Keeper of the Regalia in Scotland, and was with Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A., knighted on the occasion of the King's visit to Edinburgh in 1822.

" There's a Yowe coming doon fra' the hells, two o' her legs are ta'en, and if the other twa ar' no bespoket, she'll jist gang back again."

Betsey and I were shocked the morning after we arrived at Greenwells to see our Maids going about without shoes or stockings, short petticoats and bedgowns, the latter with short sleeves, and no caps on. My Father having hired a pr. of horses at Kelso for the time we were at Greenwells, we drove into Melrose the next day to get stockings, caps, &c., for our servants, and to our astonishment in this Town of " Meuress " as it was commonly called, we only found " twa Chops." One kept by " Yeddy " (Andrew) Brown and the other by " Tammie " Taylor, containing both of them a multi-farious collection of articles such as you generally see in small village shops, but not what we required, as they said it was no use their getting them, as they were never " spierd " for, so we had to wait till we went to Edinburgh.

How different the people, and Melrose became some years after when you knew it, dear Hugh. At one time when better days were dawning and a stage coach ran between Edinburgh and Newcastle, via Galashiels and Melrose, there was a shopkeeper in the first named village called " Wully Trumbel " (William Turnbull) who was best known as " Wully a'things." As invariably if you went into his shop which was very small, and crowded with such articles as Cottagers might require, he would come towards you rubbing his hands and say, " What wad ye please to ha ? I have a'things, jist a'things," and almost always he had not the article required. He would then say, " Loshe me now, think o' that, 'tis the verra thing I've jist rin out o', but I'm expecking some the morn." You left the order with the Swatch or pattern and the next afternoon you were sure to get it. We have matched trimmings, &c. &c. in that way without further trouble.

One day a gentleman from England was staying at Torwoodlee, when the above shopkeeper was mentioned.

This gentleman laid a bet that he would ask for something that he would own he had not got. Accordingly two or three went with him to William Turnbull's. He came towards them rubbing his hands as usual, and saying, " I've got a' things gentlemen." " I'm afraid you have not got what I want," said the Englishman, " which is a coffin," mentioning one of a gigantic size, with silver mountings. " Loshe me that ever I shou'd have jist rin oot, when sic a thing is jist wanted, but I'm expecting some the morn." Of course the order was not given, but the gentleman lost his bet.

When I first visited Scotland people must have generally remained at home, without they had Carriages of their own. No coach passed through Melrose then, and no post horses were kept there ; the only vehicle to be heard of in the neighbourhood was the one called " the Fly " at Drygrange bridge, which afterwards went by the name of the Fly bridge in consequence, and is to this day most likely, although it is now many years since that conveyance was done away with. It was a most wretched concern, it had two horses certainly, but of the most miserable description. They were lean, and lame, and with only three serviceable legs between them, so people called it the " Three legged Fly." It only went to Lauder, an eleven mile stage, and leaving Drygrange bridge early in the morning, you couldn't reach Edinburgh till late in the evening, although the distance was only 36 miles.

Before going into Edinburgh we spent some days at Mount Teviot, a very pretty place on the river Teviot, three miles below Ancram. It belonged to the Marquis of Lothian,[1] but had been rented by Admiral Elliot for many years, who resided there with his sisters,[2] two

[1] William John, 5th Marquis (1737–1815).

[2] Jean and Marianne Elliot, daughters of Sir Gilbert Elliot, 2nd Bart. The former, a very accomplished lady, wrote anonymously, " The Flowers of the Forest " (included in Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*), inspired by the thought of the destruction of youth at Flodden. She died at Mount Teviot in 1805, and her sister died at Edinburgh in 1811.

maiden ladies, and delightful kind people they were. The late proprietor of Greenwells, Governor Elliot was their brother, and from the daughters of the latter, Ladies Cathcart and Carnegie, my Father purchased Greenwells and the Eildon Hills, which once had belonged to my Grandfather.

A few days before we went to Edinburgh, Aunt Cochrane invited us to Benrig to witness a marriage between one of their ploughmen, who was their Grieve's son, and a favorite housemaid who had lived with them many years.

It was customary we were told when a female servant had resided for any length of time in a family although she had gone home for six months to spin her blankets and make ready what was expected as " the Bride's providing "—to return to her Mistress' house the evening before her marriage. There the ceremony would be performed. And if her new home was not too far distant there would be a dinner given and a dance in the Barn in the evening. Accordingly, my Father, sister and I went to Benrig at the time appointed, and were told that a Messenger had arrived from the Minister[1] to say that he was not well and therefore the ceremony must be performed in his bedroom.

Great was our astonishment, and my Father could not conceal, but expressed his, and said, " Surely, Mr. Scade might come down to his Parlour," and thought he should be requested to do so. " Na, na," answered my Grandmother, " that wad na do, he's the Minister ye ken, and maun 'a' his way ; he's a cankerous sort o' bodie, an' he might say he cou'd na marry the puir folk ava." " And then you see," chimed in my Aunt, " the denners a' provided but the fac' is, the puir mon has no been his sel' sin he couped i' the Pu'pit the Sabbath afore the last.'

" How ? " we enquired. " Oh ! " answered she, " ou

[1] The Rev. John Scade was minister of St. Boswell's for many years, and died in 1810. He was so diminutive that when he preached a high footstool had to be placed in the pulpit for him to stand on.

puir Minister is na bigger than a bairn, an' has to ha' a high stule that he may be seen ower the cushion ; weel he has a way wi' him of ganging fra side to side an' popping aboot, na doot thinking twad keep the congregation fra' sleeping, or mak' them mair attentif, an' it happened when he was aboot the midst o' his discoorse, an' mair animated than usual, that he leaned ower, o'er muckle to the tae side, an' ower he went, clean out o' sight a' the gither.[1] Nae body dar' gang to see what had become o' him, but waited afeard like, an' presently he went on wi' his discoorse as if he was no the waur but he wad na mount the stule again, an' a' we cou'd see of him was his bit tappin[2] wagging to an' fro' like a birdie's tail. Nor wad he the last Sabbath, an' now the Elders are going to tell him, he may ha' a shorter stule but he maun be seen, as the folk canna hear him sae weel when he's out o' sight, but he's unco blate puir bodie, sae we may as weel humour him this time, sae come awa."

Neither my Father or Uncle would go so my sister and I followed my Aunt who headed the procession.

The marriage party were assembled in the dining room and as we passed the door it opened and the people came out and all fell in in proper order and followed us. The Manse was not far off and when we came to it we found the Butler[3] (as Bachelors' housekeepers are called where no man servant is kept) waiting at the front door and she escorted us straight up to Mr. Scade's room. As we entered, my Aunt first, as I said, so we passed round and as many as could find chairs sat down. There was no other furniture in the room but a four post bed with dark green Moreen Curtains, which was in a corner of the room

[1] " A remarkable circumstance connected with this catastrophe was the fact of Mr. Scade's uttering at the time it happened, ' And they shall see me no more,' his disappearance actually taking place then to the astonishment of the people " (*Border Memories*, by W. R. Carre).

[2] At that time some men wore their hair combed up on each side of their heads and meeting at the top in a ridge called a " toppin."

[3] Mr. Scade subsequently married her, it was supposed out of gratitude for her kindness and in order to place her on the " Ministers' Widows Fund "—she was an annuitant of the fund for forty years.

behind the door and against the wall. The curtains were closed all round except a piece open in front, the Minister perfectly invisible.

When all had entered and the door shut, a voice issued forth as if from under a feather bed from its deep dull sound and asked, "Ar'ye all assembled?" Being answered in the affirmative he said, "Ye who wish to be joined together in the bonds of Holy Matrimony, stand forth."

Up jumped four young people and arranged themselves in front of the bed, according to the directions of some of those who were behind them, the best man on the Bridegroom's right hand, the Bride on his left, and the Bridesmaid on the Bride's left.

After an exhortation from the invisible Minister he said loudly, "Join hands," and then such a bustling took place, such a tugging at the gloves from the right hand of the Bride, and Bridegroom, as we were told it was always a contested affair between the best man and bridesmaid who should have the glove off first as the successful one would be married first, at least, so it was hoped or expected. However, after the right hand gloves were off the couple were desired to join hands. Then the Minister asked them sundry questions; no answers were required and then another sort of exhortation or advice, at the end of which a bow and a Curtsey from the happy couple towards the bed, and all took their departure, those nearest the door going out first, so we, of course, were last. I quite strained my eyes in looking into the bed as I passed, hoping to see "the puir bit bodie," but in vain. He must have extinguished himself under the bedclothes.

Sometime after we had returned to the house, we were informed that the dinner was ready, and the party all seated, so we must go down to the servants' hall and drink the Bride and Bridegroom's health. They were seated side by side and a large party round the table which was loaded with joints of meat and not forgetting

in the midst a large brown milk dish with a wooden ladle in it and full of broth or " kale," made of a " singed sheep's heed " and which article was in one of the side dishes garnished with " trotters."

On the opposite side a large " Haggiss." " Now Jock ma mon," said my Uncle, " My gude brother wad like to see if that is a proper haggiss." With that a man nearest it stuck a knife into the top of it, and the liquid fat spurted over the table cloth and on those on each side of him, amidst shouts of laughter.

My Uncle then had a glass of wine handed to us visitors who were only lookers on, and we drank the health of the newly married couple after which my Father went up to the Bride and presented her with his donation, my sister and I followed with ours. She was such a nice rosy cheeked girl, with sparkling eyes and no doubt a little lustre was added on receiving our presents. We then left them to enjoy their dinner and remained to see the Bride taken home with her " providing " to which my Aunt's family had largely contributed, and although it was but a short distance, still the form must be gone through.

In about an hour we were informed that the procession was soon to pass the gate so down we went, good old grandmother and all, " to see the folk gang by." First came the bridegroom a little in advance leading a very quiet looking cow, a colley or sheep dog following, and then the cart, the best man leading the horse, the Bride sitting on a large " kist " or chest containing the blankets, &c., white ribbons on her bonnet and also on the spinning wheel that was on one side of her, which was called the " sma' wheel," for spinning wool ; at the back a churn, and at the bottom of the cart lay sundry other articles, not quite so conspicuous, but no doubt equally useful.

The friends were walking behind with the exception of the Bridegroom's Father and Mother who with the bridesmaid had gone before to the Cottage in which the couple were to reside, that they might give the Bride a

proper reception, by breaking a bannock above her head as she entered the door and throwing the pieces behind her for good luck and for which, of course, a scramble took place by the lads and lassies. This my Grandmother described, " an' wiles some folk wha had bawbees to spare," she added, " wad send some fleeing ower the Bridegroom's heed, when he cam' in."

The people all came back in the evening to dance in the Barn which we did not wait to see. In those days in Scotland the above mentioned class of people always married on a Friday, saw their friends the next day, and were " kirked " on the Sabbath, when their holidays were over and they set about their work on the Monday as if there had been no interruption.

CHAPTER XIII

EDINBURGH AND LONDON

WHEN we went to Edinburgh it was to visit another cousin, a Mrs. Smail, a half sister to Sir Archd., Adml. and Genl. Dickson. She was a Widow with two sons, at that time Midshipmen in the Navy, and four daughters, two of them about my sisters' age, and two younger, and most kind and amiable girls they were. Their father's property of Mains, from which Mrs. Smail derived her excellent jointure, was in Berwickshire, and the house in which she resided in Dublin Street was hers while she lived.

My sister and I enjoyed ourselves very much in Edinburgh. Betsey, the eldest and her sisters were so cheerful and we were delighted with their Scotch music. We thought the Italian and other songs and duetts we had been learning in London were not to be compared with them and I think so still, and indeed as I have often heard it remarked the generality of Italian music requires a peculiar style of singing, only to be acquired in Italy, or by being taught by a Native of that Country.

At that time were published two volumes of Scotch Songs and Duetts, the words chiefly by Burns and collected and edited by a Mr. George Thomson. Each volume was a guinea and well worth the money, two other volumes were published afterwards. Dr. Wolcot contributed to several of the songs and to many there were two sets of words. Our good cousins sung to us as

often as we wished and took such pleasure in teaching my sister and myself that before we left them we had acquired sufficient knowledge of the style of music which in itself is so pretty and simple as to enable us to please others as well as ourselves.

"Duncan Gray"[1] so much delighted Dr. Wolcot that after singing it over to him two or three times he took the back of a letter out of his pocket and with his pencil wrote the following lines, suitable to the air, humming the tune to himself the while :

"Susan, I have lost my heart,
Yet thou pitiest not my grief.
Ah ! sweet maiden, do not start,
Susan, thou'st the cruel thief ;
Must I sigh, alas ! in vain—
Wilt thou be for ever coy ?
Should'st thou kill a harmless swain,
What will people say at Fowey ? "

Very different was Edinburgh then to what it is at present. From Mrs. Smail's drawing room windows could then be seen the Firth of Forth, the coast of Fife and a great extent of intermediate country, altogether a most magnificent view, and quite out of the way of any bustle or noise. In about ten or fifteen years after the whole view was shut out by a row of houses and now Dublin Street is as if in the midst of another Town. We remained a fortnight in Edinburgh, returned to Greenwells for a few days and then set off for London.

I believe there were few happier at our return than the old Doctor, such innumerable questions he asked about Scotland and where we had been staying, &c. &c. He wrote the song of "O Greenwells thy hills and thy Vales,"[2] the words I forget and I very unwisely some

[1] "Duncan Gray came here to Woo," written by Robert Burns for Thomson's *Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs*. The music is by Kozeluch.

[2] There is a copy of this song in the British Museum. It is called "The Smile of Tweed," the words by "Peter Pindar, Esq.," and is stated to have been "Composed and dedicated to the Miss Meins by M. P. King." There are two verses, as follows :—

years after acceded to Dr. Jamieson's wish and gave him a Manuscript collection Dr. Wolcot gave me in his own handwriting, in which was the above song and many others. However the words were set to music and dedicated to us by M. P. King,[1] our music master, who was afterwards a Mus. Doc. and styled himself a Professor and became a celebrated man in the musical world.

Now I must mention here by way of illustrating difference in taste that we thought this M. P. King the ugliest little man we had ever beheld in our lives, and still he was extremely conceited. He had not only one leg shorter than the other, but he put me in mind of a frog. However, notwithstanding his ungainly appearance, he contrived to win the affections of, at any rate he married, a very lovely girl of a good family, so Dr. Wolcot informed us, who had seen her.

Now began the preparations for dear Betsey's marriage. Every day out shopping, and such going to dressmakers and milliners, &c. Mrs. Edgar was an excellent person for

(1)

Oh, Greenwells, thy hills and thy vales,
The flocks that enliven the plains,
The grottoes, the fountains, and dales
Were once the delight of the swains.
Here the pipes of the shepherds were heard,
Here the nymphs danc'd in bands on the green ;
Here love and fair friendship appeared,
While beauty gave soul to the scene.

(2)

Tweed mourneth his valleys along
That the pleasures are flown from his shades,
That he hears not the pipes nor the song,
Nor marks the gay dance of the maids.
But soon will the virgins appear
With the loves the dull hours to beguile,
And since beauty to Tweed is so clear,
His cheek will be cloathed with a smile.

[1] Matthew Peter King (1773–1823) published several musical works, including *A General Treatise on Music.* In 1816 his oratorio, "The Intercession," was produced at Covent Garden ; one of the songs in it, "Must I leave thee, Paradise ? " became very popular. He composed several dramatic pieces, chiefly for the English Opera House, Lyceum (*Grove's Dictionary*).

that sort of thing and took the chief management. We seemed to be living in a constant state of bustle and excitement till (to me) the sad day of the wedding, which took place in the month of October. Maria Edgar and I were the only bridesmaids. Mr. Coutts Trotter[1] of Coutts' Bank and a Mr. Hutton, the bridegroom's men. The ceremony took place in St. Marylebone Church before breakfast. The Edgars the only family invited.

It was not the fashion in those days to have six or eight bridesmaids and a number of people at a Dejeuner ; no marriage cards or gloves or cakes sent about, as it has been the custom since, but after we came from Church before the door came a number of butchers' boys with "Marrow bones and Cleavers." A more doleful sound in imitation of Church bells could not be imagined, but perfectly in unison with my feelings. It was the custom at the time to play before the house in which was a wedding. A guinea was sent them immediately to bribe them to disperse. There were only night watchmen then, police would prevent them now, I suppose.

After breakfast, the happy pair set out for Bath, leaving me perfectly miserable at the loss of my companion, dear amiable Betsey. My father and I followed them in a week and we all went on to Fowey, where my mother was residing in the large brick house which you will recollect seeing when you were at Fowey and in which my brothers and sisters as well as myself were born.

At that time your Aunt Jane and Aunt Smith with her two children were residing with my mother. I do not remember how long we remained there, but your Aunt Smith and her two children accompanied us back to town. Your Uncle and Aunt Wilson went to their house 49 Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square, and we to ours, 36 Glo'ster Place, Portman Square. Uncle James was much with us that winter and we had gaiety without end.

[1] Sir Coutts Trotter of Westville, 1st Baronet (1767–1837), senior partner of Coutts & Co. In 1802 he married Margaret, daughter of Lord Rockville.

So many parties given to your Uncle and Aunt Wilson on their marriage and which of course were returned.

Dr. Wolcot, who was an artist in his own style, was a patron of Mr. Owen,[1] a portrait painter, who was rising high in the estimation of the public, and having persuaded my father to have the likeness of your aunt and myself in the same picture, he was to be employed ; and as he always preferred to see those whose likenesses he had to take in their natural characters, and so that we might not feel under the scrutiny of our portrait painter, the Doctor was invited to dinner to meet a party at our house and to bring Mr. Owen as his friend.

Now, I shall never forget what occurred before dinner and in Mr. Owen's presence too. You must know, Hugh, the fashion that Winter was to wear a great deal of false hair, and without at all wishing to disguise it, for ladies would wear two different color'd wigs the same day. Black in the morning, dressed in short curls, and in the evening and in full dress flaxen in a most elaborate style.

Now your Aunt Wilson had got as her evening head-dress what was called a hair cap the same color as her own hair, which was a beautiful dark auburn. It was dressed before it was sent home and when put on, a plait or two round the head hid where it was joined to her own hair. The hair of the cap was formed at the top into an open bow in which was stuck a large full-blown rose and another at one side of her head. Now thinking the head-dress was extremely becoming to your Aunt Wilson, I flattered myself it would be equally so to me, so I must needs get one likewise, and put it on for the first time that day, unfortunately.

As the Doctor always came early, he and his friend and one or two others of the party had arrived before I had finished my toilet, being longer than usual in trying

[1] William Owen, R.A. (1769–1825), the eminent portrait painter. He first exhibited at Somerset House in 1792, with a "Portrait of a Gentleman." In 1806 he became a full member of the Academy, and in 1810 was appointed portrait painter to the Prince of Wales. He was offered a knighthood but refused it.

WILLIAM OWEN, R.A.

From a self portrait in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy
By kind permission of the Council.

to adjust my new head-dress to set it off to advantage, as I thought. At last, supposing I was, as I should be, down I went, but had not gone far into the drawing room when to my great consternation, Uncle James came towards me and said, " Who in the world are you ? Go along upstairs with you and take off that new fangled gear and come down as you ought to be." There was no disputing the matter with him, and I am sure I know not who grumbled most at his want of taste, the maid or myself, for fashion we thought ought to be considered before everything else.

I was vexed to return to the drawing room with only my crop, which, however, I was obliged to do, and no doubt I looked very silly, as it must have afforded amusement to the whole party. The old Doctor expressed pleasure in seeing me " as myself again." Your Aunt Wilson's hair was so beautiful that it was coveted by an Italian head dresser, who was sent for one evening when she was going to the Opera. Her maid saw him when he was frizzing her mistress's hair—every now and then put his hand into his jacket pocket. But as she saw no difference in the appearance at the time, she said nothing till at night, when lo and behold ! on combing her mistress' hair, she found she had lost more than half of what she had before.

After dinner the ladies had not been long in the drawing room when Uncle James and Mr. Owen entered and found me kneeling on a chair and speaking to your Aunt Wilson over the back of it, and in which position my likeness was taken, and in the same dress, crop and all. My sister's dress was altered, as just after your Uncle Wilson lost his sister Marion, so that she was in mourning, as you may have observed.

In speaking of the disappointment I received about the head-dress, it occurs to me, dear Hugh, as something very extraordinary that some wish to dress in a way to make themselves look older than they really are and others that they might be considered younger. The first

was my inclination certainly, although I sometimes got laughed at in consequence. I particularly remember once, when I went to visit Governor and Mrs. Yeo, when trains were in fashion, that I had one like my sister's, and accordingly practised and acquired the way of sweeping it elegantly around on entering a room to prevent it being caught in the door.

Well, the day of our arrival, on dressing for dinner, my sister and I put on our light blue " ploughman's gauze " with satin spots (that material had just come out and pretty it was), and as I entered the drawing room, which was full of strangers, and had made, as I thought, the proper sweep of the train, the horrid old Governor, who used to say I lisped, called out, " By Jove, here comes Thu, as a Tragedy Queen, Mithuth Thiddenth, perthonified."

Now, fancy my dismay, which you may well do, for his bantering did not stop there. In consequence, my pride was not a little humbled, and my train discarded for a time. I did not think then how much more suitable that style of dress was to my sister, who was nearly three years my senior and much taller, but fashion was the only thing generally considered.

I remember one evening at Drury Lane being much struck by seeing in the next box a lady who was deformed, and extremely plain, dressed in the very height of fashion and wearing her hair " à la Madonna," that is, with the hair quite smooth over each temple, and back behind the ears and without curls. I thought I had never seen anyone so ill looking in my life, and to wear my hair in that way I never would, and yet ere long I was obliged to do as others did and to me it was thought suitable.

But the most uncomfortable style of dress was when they were made so scanty that it was difficult to walk in them, and to make them tighter still, invisible petticoats were worn. They were wove in the stocking loom, and were like straight waistcoats, at least such as I supposed, but only drawn down over the legs instead of over the arms,

so that when walking, you were obliged to take short and mincing steps. I was not long in discarding mine and, of course, shocking my juvenile acquaintance by my boldness in throwing off such a fashionable restraint.

It so happened that one day, walking with my father in Scotland, he stepped easily over a little stream of water. I made a spring, but receiving a sudden check from the tightness of my garments, I fell with my face in the water. My father had to come to my assistance, and laughed so immoderately that although feeling quite disconcerted, I could not help joining him, at the same time begging him not to tell any one.

Now when speaking of the fashions of 1801 and 1802, I must mention that to rouge highly was then all the rage, and without your cheeks were the color of a peony you were not à la mode, but that was a deception neither my sister or I would or had the courage to practise, but I must tell you how I was once taken in.

One day when Adml. and Mrs. DeCourcy were staying with us in Glo'ster Place, the latter, who regularly rouged, was going to call on the Marchioness of Donegall,[1] and wished me to accompany her. When I was quite ready and the carriage at the door, she sent for me as wishing to see me in her room, and there she made me sit down whilst her maid, under her directions rouged my cheeks and put a little touch on my chin to match. No one can fancy how foolish I felt, as she hurried me downstairs and into the carriage. I am sure I should have betrayed myself by my manner, if I had met my father. Luckily the Marchioness was not at home and on my return, I immediately rushed upstairs and removed the false color, I felt I ought not to wear, as I had sufficient of my own, but it was the age of deception as regarded personal appearance.

Aunt Kitty's first essay was one evening when we were going to a private ball in Russell Square, the first Winter

[1] Wife of George Augustus, 2nd Marquis, and mother of the 3rd and 4th. She was the daughter of Sir Edward May, Bart., and died in 1849.

she had left School. We were all in the carriage and waiting for her, which she meant we should do that she might escape our observation before setting out. When we arrived and were in the blaze of a well lighted room, we could not for a time make out what made her feel so shy, and her countenance have such a different expression. At first she seemed always inclined to turn her back towards us.

At last, I said, " Kitty, what is the matter with you ? " " Oh, Susan, what shall I do. I have rubbed my eyebrows with a burnt cork and now I feel quite ashamed, and fear everyone will see what I have done." Having light hair, her eyebrows before were certainly not very visible, but showing her that there were many around us who had the same color'd hair as her own, and who appeared likewise to have darkened their eyebrows, she became re-assured, but never to my knowledge did it again.

At that time, gentlemen also wore rouge. I have often seen them when they were going to the drawing room in George the third's time, as we frequently drove down to St. James' to see the elite enter the Palace.

After the long digression I have made from our first interview with the portrait painter, I must return and tell you that I used to call for your Aunt Wilson about two or three times a week to accompany me to Mr. Owen's, where we had to sit three hours each time. He made a most excellent likeness of her, and no wonder. She was so amiable and even in her temper, that her sweet expression varied but little, and her side face being taken, she was not required to look at Mr. Owen, as I was so often desired to do, and which however cheerful I was before, immediately, in spite of myself, made me look so serious, that it annoyed everyone who came there to talk and amuse me, as well as the painter, who six times drew his brush across the face because he could not catch the expression he wished, which to me was extremely tiresome, having to sit thirteen times, and

after all being found fault with for looking so stupid, I suppose.

My father as well as Uncle James and others, were not pleased with my portrait, and thought it not like me, but the painting being considered good, it was sent to the exhibition at Somerset House.[1] But to prove that it must have borne a resemblance—a strange gentleman your Aunt Smith had known at the Cape, called one day to see her, and was shown into the drawing room, where I happened to be sitting alone. Whilst waiting for my sister, he said, " Will you not think I am taking a liberty in asking if your likeness is not at present in the Exhibition in the same painting with another lady ? " I answered, of course, in the affirmative. Now this showed that the serious look I naturally put on when speaking to a stranger must have been the same I always or generally wore when I was obliged to look at Mr. Owen, and which was different to the lively expression I should have when with my own relatives or intimate acquaintance.

Mr. Owen also took the likeness of Uncle James that winter. I did not think it good looking enough and certainly few handsomer men could be seen than he was ; 6 feet 2 inches in height and very striking in his appearance ; he had very dark hair but it was powdered then, as at that time it was worn so, by both Navy and Army as well as by Civilians.

Now before I tell you about the enamelled picture of your Aunt Wilson and myself, I must give you an account of the Artist, Mr. Bone.[2] He was first an Itinerant

[1] This picture was No. 207 in the Exhibition of 1802.

[2] Henry Bone, R.A. (1755–1834), was born in Truro. He acquired the art of enamelling, in which he became so eminent, through his employment in a china factory. In 1778 he removed to London, and became distinguished by copying in enamel " The Sleeping Girl," by Sir Joshua Reynolds. His most famous works are the *Portraits of Illustrious Englishmen*, which he enamelled after the original pictures in the Royal and other collections. In 1811 he received 2200 guineas for an enamel of Titian's " Bacchus and Ariadne." He was appointed in 1801 painter in enamel to George III, and afterwards to George IV and William IV. In 1811 he became a full member of the Academy. He married Miss Elizabeth au de Mullen in 1779.

Miniature painter and when we resided at Devonport he took the likenesses of my Father and Mother, and many other members of the family and also of Capt. the Honble. Michael DeCourcy, who was staying with us at that time. At last he discovered the art of enamelling and which he kept a profound secret so that his Miniatures were very expensive being 21 guineas each. He gave up taking likenesses himself generally and only copied. My Father was quite his patron and got him recommended to the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family, which brought him such constant work that he had little time for other employers.

He felt so grateful to my Father that he not only did at his request a miniature for each of his daughters, taking my Father's likeness on purpose, but seeing Owen's painting of your Aunt Wilson and myself at the exhibition he offered to copy it in Enamel, and make a present of it to my father as a token of gratitude ; my Father was too happy at having so large a specimen of his art, the size about 6 or 7 inches I suppose, not to accept readily his offer for the execution of it, but insisted on paying him the usual price for such a sized enamel, which was 90 guineas, exactly what Owen's was for the original. The enamel I have just mentioned is the one I have in Canada. About six years since Uncle John received a letter from the Revd. Michael DeCourcy, a protestant clergyman in Ireland, wishing to know if he had in his possession the miniature of his late Father Admirl. DeCourcy ; if so, he would feel greatly obliged by a loan of it, to have a copy taken. Your Uncle John very properly sent it to him, at the same time expressing his affectionate remembrance of the kindness his Father had shown him when he first went to sea, and was under his command and begged Mr. DeCourcy's acceptance of it.

Mr. Bone had a large family ; the eldest son[1] was delicate, and in some way assisted his Father who communicated his secret to him as he was to continue in the

[1] Henry Pierce Bone became prominent as a miniaturist.

HENRY BONE, R.A., ENAMELLER TO H.M. GEORGE III

From a painting by John Opie, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery

same profession. How he succeeded I have no idea, never having seen any of his work. The second son was called Thomas Mein after my Father, and went into the Army.

We several times called at Mr. Bone's who then lived in Berners Street, on purpose to see his enamels. They were done on Copper which was 12 or 13 times passed through red heat, we saw some before they were put into the fire and some just after being taken out. It was wonderful how the heat changed the colors, from blue to green, from red to brown, or otherwise. No damp could destroy the colors. It not only took a considerable time to finish a piece, but during the process of heating it, or the last time of putting it in the fire it might crack which was a great reason why they were so expensive.

Two winters following paintings were taken similar to your Aunt Wilson and mine by Owen, your Aunt Jane and Aunt Smith in one,[1] and your Aunt Pattison and Aunt Kitty in the other.[2] The first is in New Zealand and now with your Aunt Smith's eldest son, William. The second you remember is in Canada. They were all good likenesses.

Poor Mr. Owen, who was still a young man and so high in repute, that he was getting more employment than he could manage, died suddenly, having by mistake taken oxalic acid instead of Epsom salts (the same as caused the death of poor Susan Austin, which I have mentioned). Mr. Owen left a widow and children—I do not know how many, but one of the loveliest little boys I ever saw used to be brought into the painting room or studio to amuse me. He was about three years old, and in most of his Father's fancy pieces; where cherubs or children were introduced, there was the likeness of that beautiful boy. We invariably stopped the carriage at Perry's, our favorite confectioner in Oxford Street, to get a packet of something for dear little Harry. I wished much to have had him taken standing by my side on the chair on which

[1] Exhibited in Royal Academy in 1803 (No. 269).
[2] Exhibited in Royal Academy in 1804 (No. 122).

I was kneeling, but I was laughed at for the idea. Poor little fellow, he died before his father.

In the Spring of 1802, Peace was proclaimed. Admiral, Mrs. DeCourcy and Agnes were staying with us at the time and we all went to Mr. Whipham's, my Father's silversmith (who, fortunately lived in Fleet Street, not far from Temple Bar), to see the ceremony of the Heralds demanding permission to make the proclamation in the City. The Lord Mayor was there in state. The old gates had been closed with great difficulty owing to their decayed state, and after the sounding of trumpets and some parleying, they were with as much difficulty opened, when a formal Proclamation was made, and the whole Cavalcade proceeded through the City to make the Proclamation in different parts of it.

To describe the crowd would be impossible. Several children were smothered in their mothers' arms. There was a general illumination at night, which we went out to see, although at great risk of the carriage and horses being injured, if not ourselves, by carriages running against each other. To walk would not do on account of the squibs, which are not allowed now.

CHAPTER XIV

MORPETH, SYDENHAM AND MELROSE

IN the month of May, 1802, I set out alone with my Father for Scotland, only accompanied by a female servant. We visited General Dickson by the way and then went to his son, Capt. Archie's at Morpeth, merely to dine at an early hour, and to remain an hour or two afterwards. We were much struck, on entering the drawing room, at the sight of a little man, in fact so diminutive was he that but for his old-looking face and the fashion of his dress, he might have been taken for a child five years of age or less. His hair was very long, much powdered and pomatumed, brushed back from his face and tied in a queue behind. He wore a green swallow-tailed coat with gilt buttons, lemon color'd Kerseymere waistcoat and small clothes, white silk stockings and buckles which shone brightly on his shoes, frilled shirt and lace trimmed ends to his little neck handkerchief—altogether he was the neatest and most gentlemanly looking little man that could be, both in appearance and manner.

Such an elegant bow he made to us when he was introduced (which my cousin did with much formality) as the Count Boruwlaski.[1] He stood with his hands behind his

[1] Count Joseph Boruwlaski, the celebrated dwarf, was under thirty-six inches in height, but was perfectly formed and was a talented linguist, wit and musician. He was born in Poland in 1739, married Isalina Barboutan in 1779, and died at Durham in 1837. He lived in England for many years, was very popular in Society, and was presented to the King and Queen in 1782. The following lines referring to his death appeared in Bentley's *Miscellany* in 1837 :—

" A spirit brave, yet gentle, has dwelt, it appears,
Within three feet of flesh for near one hundred years ;
Which causes wonder, like his constitution strong.
That one *so short alive* should be *alive so long*."

back looking as pompous and conceited as possible. He spoke a good deal, but in broken English, and his voice was astonishingly loud.

Before the servant announced dinner, the Count left the drawing room, and when we entered the dining room, we found him seated, with some music books on his chair on the right hand of Mrs. Dickson. In a most connoisseur like style, he conversed on the Art of Gastronomy, which he seemed well versed in. After dinner, he delighted us extremely by playing on his guitar, behind which he was mostly hid, but his little fingers swept swift and strongly over the strings, and his singing was marvellous—German and French songs.

After Mrs. Dickson and I returned to the drawing room, she said that the little Count had given them in a most pathetic manner the reason of his present wanderings, which, as far as I can recollect was that he had sold his property in Germany, had received the money, and was preparing to leave his Chateau in a few days ; that his Countess, who was a very tall woman, entered the room where he was, and after quarrelling, as they often did, about her extravagance, and finding that she could get no more money from him, suddenly seized him, and placed him on the top of a very high chimney-piece, so high indeed that it would have cost him his life or limbs if he had jumped down.[1] There being no bell near him, and the apartment being in a distant part of the house from the domestics, he could not possibly be heard, and of course had to remain until discovered by accident. In the meantime his wife had leisure to rob him of all his money and jewellery and to decamp with some one she liked better than her lilliputian Husband.

[1] Boruwlaski's wife did not, in fact, desert him in Germany, but accompanied him to England and remained with him until her death ; but she evidently used to put him on the chimney-piece when displeased with him. Sir Walter Scott refers to this in a letter written in 1814, and Wilson's *Eccentric Mirror* records that when Daniel Lambert, the celebrated "fat man," asked Boruwlaski in 1806 if his lady was alive, he replied, "No, she is dead (putting his finger significantly to his nose), and I am not very sorry, for when I affront her she put me on the mantelshelf for punishment."

COUNT JOSEPH BORUWLASKI THE POLISH DWARF

From a painting by Hastings. By kind permission of the Mayor and Corporation of Durham

However, he was left penniless and after living for some time with those relatives who sympathized with him, all at once he felt a spirit of independence rise within him, and hearing much of the hospitality and kindness of the English, he determined upon crossing the German Ocean and thought himself fortunate in being able in these war times to be landed in safety on the East coast.

He was to have a public concert in the Morpeth Assembly Rooms the next evening, which our friends were anxious we should stay and attend. But we could not do this as my Father had written to Admirl. Dickson to say we should be with him on the morrow by dinner-time, and even that night we were going as far as Wooler, as in those days it was slow travelling across the Cheviot Hills.

When we arrived at the Lodge at Sydenham, I did not fail to look out for poor Jenny Duncan and give her a friendly nod of recognition as she came hirpling towards the gate, as formerly, to open it, and to go down after dinner to give her a shawl I had brought from London for her, and with which she seemed much pleased. When I asked her " How are the pains ? " she answered, " At times they're na waur than they were, sae I'm well content an' thankfu', an' muckle obleedged t'ye for speering." We thought the Admiral fallen off in his appearance since we had seen him, and poor sister Nelly, as Miss Dickson was called, was suffering much from a fall she had had, that horrid boy Robert having pulled a chair suddenly back on which she was in the act of seating herself. From the injury she then received in her back she never recovered ; having been delicate before made her feel it the more severely, no doubt.

When we arrived at Greenwells, we found my kind Aunt had everything arranged comfortably for our reception, and not long after we were settled, my Father asked my grandmother to come and reside with us, which I believe she did not dislike the idea of doing, as she had let her own house soon after my grandfather's death, and

since lived at Benrig, which might have been very well at first, but as the children increased and were much spoilt, the two boys in particular, the continual noise must have been irksome to her. With us she had a quiet, comfortable apartment, from whence, if she liked she could go up and down by a separate stair. She generally remained in her own room between meal-times, and I loved often to go and sit with her, the expression on her countenance was so mild and she appeared so contented.

She had a spinning wheel, which was the employment of most females, old or young, rich or poor, in that Age, and she taught me to spin, and no slight assistance did she give me in spinning thread enough for a dozen pocket handkerchiefs, which I was vain to wear and to show, not for their fineness by any means, but because I helped to spin the thread of which they were made. Much amused was my grandmother when I brought into her room the spinning wheel which I used after having learnt on hers. She could not use mine, which was a highly finished Tunbridge ware one that had belonged to Mrs. Elliot (Governor E.'s wife) and been left in the house with several other articles. My grandmother's was much larger, and she said she liked to hear the burring noise it made.

A small round table stood by her side on which was a large Bible that appeared to have been long and much used. It always lay open and her spectacles laid on it, if I did not find her reading when I entered her room. One day when wondering I did not see any other book there, I asked her if I should bring her one. "Na, na," she answered, "there's na other Buke can do ane the gude this can." "But then Grandmamma, you must have often read it through." "Aye, 'deed ha' I, mony's the time, an' yet I ha'na got a' the gude out o' it, that I hope still to get, for this I ken the oftener ane reads it the muir ane learns, an' you Shusan whan ye ha' your share o' this World's troubles, which ye maun ha' if ye live, maun gang to that Buke in your time o' sorrow, an' ye'll fend

it will be the first thing that can comfort ye an' gie ye peace of mind." Yes, dear Hugh, and well can I testify that she was right.

She would seldom dine with my Father and myself, if we had even only one guest and regularly enquired who we expected. One day when I told her it was Mr. —— "a't weel, I sha'na' gang doon the day." "Why Grandmamma?" "I dinna like to meet Mr. ——. I wuss to keep at peace wi' a' the warld an' to be sae, it's best to keep out o' the way of ony ane that may raise the ill feeling ye ha' tried to get the better o' an' forget for mony a year noo', but which wad return in spite of a' if ane saw the mon wha caused it."

"But, then, Grandmamma, the Bible tells you you must forgive injuries." "A't well an' sae I deve; I forgie him wi' a' my haert, an' peety him, puir mon, for I ken weel by the Bible also, that the ill a mon does to his niebor, will return till his ain breest, conscience, aye conscience, is the thing that will humble the speerit o' the evil doer. He wranged my family. But I s'ou'd na think if I was him that the valu' o' the wrang wad pay me for a' the repentance I s'ou'd he' had, for what cou'd be waur than robbing the widow an' the fatherless?"

I did not like to say any more on the subject or show my inquisitiveness to the dear old lady, but one day enquired of my Aunt, and from her I learnt that Mr. ——, who was a W.S., was my Grandfather's man of business, and after his death had the sale of his property. Every morning while my father was reading his letters, the newspaper or writing, which he employed himself in doing after breakfast, I went to my Grandmother's room and sat with her. It was laughable the mistakes we made at first, but soon we could carry on our conversations very well. When I told her how fond I was of Scotch Songs she was much pleased and would repeat the words of many to me, and got as far as to intone (I could hardly call it singing, however she might have sung formerly) the words of "Tak' ye're auld cloak about ye," which

I knew, and a song I did not; the only words I can recollect were:

"To caird it weel, and spin it sma'
Tarry woo's the best of a'."

She was very fond of music and in the evening when I heard her door shut and knew she was coming to the Drawing room, I would rush to the Piano, which being a grand one I could make very loud, and as she opened the door she would hear a reel or some other lively tune, and then she would laugh and say, "Ah! Shusan, ye're a blythe lassie," and sit down by my side, and as I sang to my Father every evening, she would remain till I had finished.

She was so fond of one of Haydn's Canzonets which, was also one of my Father's favorites and the words are so beautifully simple; as you may not know them, I think you would like me to write them here.

"My mother bids me bind my hair,
With bands of rosy hue,
Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare,
And lave my boddice blue:
For why, should you sit still and weep
Whilst others dance and play?
Alas! I cannot go or creep
When Lubin is away,—
Is away, is away.

How sad to think, the days are gone,
When those we love dwelt near,
I sit upon this mossy stone,
And sigh where none can hear.
And when I spin my flaxen thread,
Or sing my simple lay,
The village seems asleep, or dead,
When Lubin is away,—
Is away, is away."

But nothing delighted me more than to hear my dear old Grandmother speak of "the year '45" and "the young Pretender, or Prince Charlie, as some ca'ed him." "Aye they were unco times then, the hale country was astir; sic riding and rinnings aboot; we had horses

ta'en oot o' oure stables i' the night and unco anes left, which was na sae bad as it showed it maun be other folk concerned an' no us, for the puir beasts that war left were half deed wi' riding an' then after seeking we wou'd fend oure ane at some distant farm in na better condition, an' folk i' some other gate wad come an' claim there's."

" But a' were no as fortunate, for at Clarilaw and Halladean they lost their horses a'thegither, the anes that war left too, deeing fra hard riding, but they cou'd show ye ken, that folk had come an' ta'en their horses awa'. Noo, there was a Miller up Ettrick that was ta'en up as a Traitor or Rebel, puir mon, and had his mill an' a' ta'en from him because his horse was ta'en and nane left, an' that caused him to be suspec'ed, but whan it was faund oot that he was a Mon that cared for neither freend nor foe, nor fashed himsel' with ony body's bisness but his ain, he was set free, but did na get his horse again."

" But it was an unco thing that the ambeetion of ane, s'ou'd cause the misery it did in a' the countrie, aye sae mony families, an' mony that were noble, an' weel to do, brought to ruin an' deeth, an' he hi'sel' after ha'ing to rin in disguise an' begging aboot fra' place to place, hardly escaped wi' his life, an' na doot wad a' his days feel wae for the bluid that was shed in his cause, an' the ruin he had brought on the freends wha had fought for him, an' then wad he not ha' hated his life when he thought how his ambeetion had led to sae muckle ill, an' say to hissel', " Ah ! King Solomon, ye're right in saying what I may say noo, ' Then I looked on the works that (my ambeetion) has wrought, an' behold, all has proved to be vanity, an' vexation of spirit.' "

And then she would soliloquize, as she generally did on serious subjects, and much edified I felt at her beautiful sentiments ; true and sincere piety, and morality, were fully established in her heart and mind. Very many anecdotes she told me of " the year '45," but it is now so long since I heard them, and having read Sir Walter Scott's thrilling and heart-stirring accounts of

that sad time, I am afraid I should only repeat what you also may have read.

It was strange my Grandmother would never go any where in the Carriage, not even to the Kirk or to Benrig. There had been few carriages in her day, the roads hardly good enough even for riding on, but at any rate she had been used to riding and liked it best. So on Sundays soon after breakfast, " Auld David Cady " would make his appearance on the big black horse " Farmer " and draw up close to the " louping on stane " at the side of the wall not far from the house and there he would wait for the " Auld Ladie " as quietly as one of the mounted Sentinals would do at the entrance to the Horse Guards in London.

David's Sabbath days' " shute " was, his Coat (with large white buttons) of Galashiels blue (which is of a lighter shade than Waterloo blue), his Waistcoat and small clothes of the same, iron grey worsted stockings, very broad-toed shoes, and brass buckles, a gay colored handkerchief round his neck, and a rather flat-crowned hat.

Behind his saddle was a Pillion for the " Auld Ladie," and a leathern strap round his waist for her to hold by. David was a great favorite with her, as he had lived with my Grandfather at Greenwells before he died, and had been employed there since by Governor Elliot and still continued with my Father. David was called a Laird because he had a house of his own in Eildon, the only " selated " house in the Village, just two rooms in it, " a but and a ben," and to this house and his wife Jenny he went home every evening.

David had a Colley called " Whitefet " because it was entirely black with the exception of one white foot, and Whitefet always went to Kirk with his Master, as Collies did in those days. I do not know if they are permitted at present. Now this Whitefet was, as I believe all Shepherds' dogs are, considered to be wonderfully sagacious, and when we had visitors staying with us we would go to the front of the house and turning our faces

towards the fields on the hill-side, watch for some of Whitefet's performances.

I think I can see Auld David now, with his feet turned out in a horizontal position, the heels touching, and looking delighted at being asked to show off the "cleverness of his dog." No doubt David had learnt to dance as all Scotch did, in whatever grade of Society, and therefore his feet being far beyond what Dancing Masters call the first position, I fear he must have found the three most favorite steps "dooble shuffle," "cut the buckle," and "Pigeon's wing" rather difficult. David would call out to Whitefet authoritatively, "Whitefet come her-r-re, noo mind what ye're aboot, an' dinna be a Gomeril or I'll fell ye whan ye come doon"—the dog sitting the while, with his head on one side the upper ear lifted as if to catch perfectly his Master's orders—as David continued, "noo dinna ye see the Gows the East side o' yon park?" (pointing with his hand) "noo ca' them weel awa amang the ithers o' the Wast side" (waving with his hand to the other direction), "noo awa wi' ye," and away went the dog, and presently we saw him doing as his Master desired him, and then come to David's feet, appearing not in the least elated, at the success of his mission nor at our caresses, feeling, no doubt, within himself that he had only done his duty.

"Gang o'er the dyke and stop yon gap," and sundry other performances would delight the spectators as much as it did the Exhibitor, but a feat performed by another Colley is worthy of record. I think it was mentioned in the *Kelso Mail*.—A Farmer boasting of this said dog, a bet was made with another Farmer that the Colley would bring out one of his Master's sheep if it was amidst a thousand strange ones without the least assistance. Great was the interest excited one St. Boswell's Fair day, when the bet was to be decided.

Crowds of people assembled round the sheep market whilst each shepherd attended his flock, his Colley lying down at his feet. Then a sheep was taken from its own

flock and driven in amongst another; presently the shepherd came forward with the Colley, and bid him "gang in an' bring him oot." After some time wandering through and disturbing and perplexing the vast number of sheep, the dog found the stray sheep; but how was he to bring it out from amongst so many, and it running here and there through the other sheep? The manœuvring of the Colley and his patience was said to be wonderful, when every now and then when it was near the outside, other sheep coming in the way the stray sheep ran back again. However, after a while, the dog appeared driving it gently before him, till he took it up to its own shepherd.

CHAPTER XV

MELROSE

NOW, Hugh, as you mentioned a wish that I should give you an account of the people in the Neighbourhood of Greenwells, in those days, at least of those we visited, I must begin with the Minister of Bowden, the Revd. William Balfour, and his wife, who were the first to call on us. A part of my Father's property was in that Parish, Springwells, Whitelea, and Hayfield. The Eildon Hills, Greenwells, Chesterhall and Eildon Bank, were in the Parish of Melrose.

Mr. B. was an extempore preacher, as all Scotch Ministers at that time were obliged to be. He was extremely kind to his parishioners, and they appeared to love and respect him. But I could never think they were much edified by his sermons as when I looked round the Kirk, I could observe most of the congregation fast asleep, in spite of the Southern wood and peppermint they would try to keep themselves awake by applying frequently to their noses. The morning and afternoon Service were together as people had far to walk from different farms and during the Lecture, which was the reading of a Chapter, and explaining the different verses the Minister thought necessary, the people were kept awake by having to look at their Bibles, at the Prayers when they stood, and at the Psalms and Paraphrases, which every one sang, whilst sitting.

The Mauds or Plaids which they wore, Summer or Winter, were kept up about their faces, the eyes only seen peering above. As soon as the Text had been read and

the Minister commenced his Sermon, the heads were drawn into their Mauds as a tortoise does his into his shell, and there they would take a comfortable nap till the end, when they would be aroused by a more wakeful neighbour. This was customary at other Kirks as well as at Bowden, but remember that was about 50 years since. When last at a Scotch Kirk in Ayrshire in 1853, I saw no Mauds, but the people were all dressed very smartly, and as Morpheus frequented the Scotch Kirk and could not well hide himself, he was seen to nod his head about, often under a smart bonnet.

Mrs. Balfour, her Mother, Mrs. Mein, and her sister Anne Mein, who lived with her Mother, were three of the most simple-minded, kind-hearted and contented women I ever saw in my life. Mrs. Mein lived at South Bank, a very neat small house inside a wall on the right of the road, going down from the Village to the burn, across which was a low walled bridge and a short hill on the other side led up to the Kirk and Manse.

Mrs. Mein would often dine at the Manse and be escorted home by the Minister in the evening. One day when I called at South Bank, Mrs. Mein told me she " had gotten sie a gliff " the last evening, and she thought " it sic a peety that Mr. Ba'four had sie wee feet, as he was aye couping, and maistly at nights, whan he was ta'ing her hame fra the Manse. Last night he lost my puir bit lantern."

" How ? " I enquired. " Weel we had come doon to the brig, he caring the lantern an' was jist crossing it, an' being nar the tae side he ga'ed sic a coup, I thought we war ower a' thegithir, bet at ony rate ower went the bit lantern, puir thing. I was wae for it, as I looket an' saw it gang glinting, glinting doon the Burn ; then 'twad stap agin a stane, gang roond an' roond an' the water, then on again till it went oot a'thegither, the verra licht was knocket oot o' it, puir thing."

" Do you think Mr. Balfour's shoes are too large for him ? " I asked.

" I'm soore I dinna ken what gars him coup sae." But Anne Mein and I did, and so did all the Village, for at night, too often would be seen " the Minister's Telegraph," as the Villagers called it, which was a light in an upper window at " Wully " Bickets, at the sign of the once Red Lion (the color being somewhat mellowed down by age), and there the Minister went sometimes to meditate over a tumbler of Toddy.

Mrs. Mein was the Widow of a Minister of the Parish of Roxburgh, a few miles from Kelso, no relationship could be traced to my Father's family.

Mrs. Balfour had two sons and two daughters, quite children when I first knew them. The boys went to the Village School.

I must relate for your amusement what happened one day and as Mrs. Balfour told it to me, one forenoon when I was at the Manse. " I had sie a gliff wi' ane o' the callants enow. I was up the stair sorting some claes when Jock cam' in fra' the Scule greeting sae lood an' for his verra life an' ca'ing oot, ' Mother whar ar' ye ? ' ' Why'me here, what's a' this stir aboot ? ' When he found oot whar I was he ca's up, ' Mither com' doon canna ye ? I'm sae bad, I've sic a pain i' my side. Oh ! Mither, Mither, what sal I do ? '

" ' Hoot laddie, its jist a bit wund, ye ha' been eating o'er mony green groselles i' the gearden, no doot, but wait a wee, an' I'll gie ye a drap peppermint on a bit soogar.'

" ' Mither peppermint wunna do, its waur than that I tell ye. Oh ! come doon, will ye ? ' I was quite anger'd wi' him for making sic a din, an' whan I cam' doon, I faund him rowing aboot the floor as if he was ganging off the face of the yearth.

" ' Come get up mon, an' tak' this drap of peppermint, ane wad suppose ye war' deeing.'

" He got up off the grund, stopped greeting then looked solemnly in my face an' said, ' Mither, its a bad job but I'm ganging to be ma-rid, that's waur than deeing.'

"'Ma-rid? Losh sakes callant ye're gane daft. Wha'ever heerd o' a laddie twal years auld, gaing to be ma'rid. Well I never did ye ever?'

"A twitch coming on he ca'ed oot, 'Oh! Mither, Mither, what s'al I do, the pains just coming i' my side agin an' the wife wull be coming oot.' I kenned then that he had been reading at Scule the 2nd Chap. Genesis, and 'lang did it tak' me afore I could pacifee him an' mak, him believe that there never was but one Wife born in that way i' the World, at least that ever I heerd o'."

Old Mrs. Mein, like my Grandmother, had her spinning wheel at which she worked most industriously and her large Bible was on the table by her side. In those days as there were no spinning Jennies (as the spinning machinery was called) the spinning was done at home or old women in the neighbourhood were employed for that work, and as then also, there were no steam power looms; in every Village there were more Weavers than all the other trades put together. But in the country for Table cloths they seemed to have but three general patterns, for as Mrs. Gambier once gave me a quantity of thread of her own spinning to take to Scotland, being very fine and a particular description of pattern required, I went all over the neighbourhood, even to Earleston and Lillies leaf, and the only answer I got, was, "these ar' a the patterns I ha' gotten Dambrod (chess board pattern), Birds'ee and Barley pickle." So I had to send it to Edinburgh.

It was such a matter of course that women servants should spin, that when your Aunt Wilson and I went first to Scotland, with other articles our Aunt had got for the house, there was a quantity of flax for the women servants to spin—each besides her cooking or house work, had to spin two cuts a day and when the family were from home a slip (12 cuts); besides the small wheel every house had a large one for spinning wool. After machinery was employed it was found to be much cheaper to buy linen and blankets than to spin at home and employ the

Village Weavers, but Maid servants were not in consequence allowed to have idle hours for all plain work such as shirts, &c., were invariably done at home, even the Cook, after her cows were milked, " pet on her goon, and sat doon to shew." They had no time then to braid their dresses and aprons and make up flaunting caps, and looked much more tidy than they do at the present day.

According to rank, dear Hugh, I ought to have commenced my little biographical sketches with the Earl and Countess of Buchan.[1] They lived at Dryburgh Abbey, as it was called, though the house they resided in was a short distance from the ruins of the Abbey. It was reckoned about two miles from us to the Tweed, which was crossed by a ferry boat, there was no suspension bridge then. When the river was too full to allow carriages or people on horseback to cross the ford they had to go all the way round by Drygrange bridge by Gladswood and Bemersyde, a circuit of about four miles. I often went to Dryburgh when the river was fordable.

" The Earl " as he liked always to be called was a most extraordinary, stingy, crabbed, old man.[2] He would dine out as often as he was invited but I never knew him to give a party during the summer months that they resided in the Country and when Lady Buchan has ordered in the tray and desired her meek faced looking Butler (called Lion) to bring some peaches, his Lordship, if present, would look quite discontented and say, " I advise you not to eat them ladies, you may as well eat a turnip." The advice was generally not taken, as it was a known fact

[1] David Stewart Erskine, 11th Earl of Buchan (1742–1829), was the elder brother of Henry Erskine, the well-known Scottish Advocate, and of the famous Thomas, 1st Lord Erskine. Lockhart, in his *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, tells how when the Earl was boasting one day to the Duchess of Gordon of the extraordinary talents of his family, Her Grace asked him very coolly " whether the wit had not come by the mother and been all settled on the younger sons."

[2] Sir Walter Scott writes in his *Journal*, under date 20th April, 1829: " Lord Buchan is dead—a person whose immense vanity, bordering on insanity, obscured or rather eclipsed very considerable talents. . . . His economy, most laudable in the early part of his life, when it enabled him from a small income to pay his father's debts, became a miserable habit and led him to do mean things."

that the fruit grown on the ruins of the Abbey was better than any other in the country.

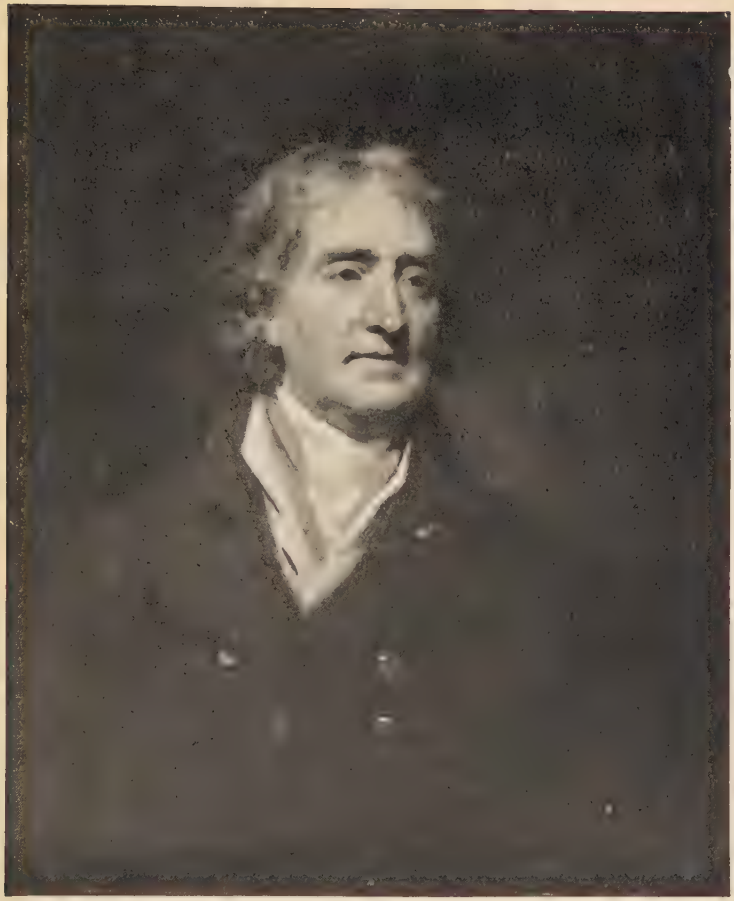
He seemed to take pleasure in walking you round the ruins, the remaining walls of which were desecrated by having fruit trees nailed on them, and which hid many a bit of ornamental sculpture. The Cloister garden was so well sheltered, peaches ripened beautifully there. Once when your Uncles Tom and John and James Simpson[1] (then school boys) were walking with the Earl round the garden he told them one by one to feel how ripe the Apricots were but did not let them judge by tasting them. He sent his fruit to Edinburgh to be sold, that could not find purchasers in the neighbourhood. He often sold a penny worth of gooseberries himself to the village children. Once when he told a little girl to say to her Mother that the Earl gave them to her himself, "Aye wull I," she answered, "an' tell her the Yearl tuk the bawbees tho'."

Lady Buchan was a most delightful person beloved and respected by every one, a perfect contrast to her husband. I always found her spinning, which appeared to be her chief employment. In the Abbey was one large apartment, the only one quite perfect, round which Lord Buchan had placed busts in plaster of Paris of ancient and modern Poets and his own. He had an extremely fine head and profile which he must have been proud of as he had two other busts, one of marble in the entrance Hall of his house and another carved in stone outside.

The large apartment in the Abbey above mentioned Lord Buchan named the Poets' Hall. Being arched it was easy to sing in it and many a time particularly if there was any one there besides myself, Lady B. would take us down to the Hall that I might sing "Auld Lang Syne," her greatest favourite.

At the Melrose balls, or if I was in Edinburgh in the gay

[1] General Sir James Simpson (1792–1868), son of David Simpson of Teviot Bank, and Mary, daughter of John Elliot of Borthwickbrae, succeeded Lord Raglan as Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea. He married in 1839 Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Robert Dundas, Bart.



DAVID STUART ERSKINE, 11TH EARL OF BUCHAN

A print by Messrs. T. and R. Annan and Sons, from the picture by Sir Henry Raeburn

season she was always my Matron. During the winter they regularly resided there and to pay off their debts in the visiting way, Lord Buchan would give one ball which was crowded in the highest degree, by all the elite of course. A most ludicrous affair happened there once which however was anything but a joke to the poor Earl. In cold weather Lady Buchan had always a large canteen of hot water put into her bed, which was taken out before the Maid left the room after undressing her Ladyship. The night I allude to, amongst the immense party was the Duchess of Gordon,[1] a person of great notoriety then. Something or other had put the Earl into bad humour, and to bed he went without his Valet, or even a candle.

Presently a most dreadful roar or outcry was heard issuing from the bedroom. The Duchess who was sure to be the foremost in everything being near the door of the dancing room seized the candle and rushed up stairs followed by several others, and there found the poor man in his "sark" sitting on the floor and writhing in pain, having come suddenly on the Canteen when he got into bed, and, of course, being much scalded, but the violence of his anger against the Duchess and other sympathisers was the cause of much merriment for some time.

The next person to be introduced is Sir John Buchannan Riddel[2] of Riddel. When first we knew him, his Aunt, Mrs. Buchannan, lived with him. Soon after he married Lady Frances, daughter of Charles, Earl of Romney, I forget her family name. She was not handsome but extremely frank and amiable. Sir John was both, and very tall.

Carre of Cavers[3] was an elderly gentleman, his wife

[1] The celebrated beauty, Jane Maxwell, second daughter of Sir William Maxwell, Bart.; she married in 1767, Alexander, 4th Duke of Gordon.

[2] 9th Bart. (1769–1819), M.P. for Selkirk Burghs; married in 1805 Lady Frances Marsham, daughter of Charles, 1st Earl of Romney.

[3] Alexander Carre of Cavers, for many years in the E.I. Company's service, married in 1800 Ann, daughter of Robert Boswell, W.S., a cousin of James Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson. He died in 1817.

much younger than himself. They were very agreeable and hospitable. They had no family.

The Riddels of Camieston, lived in the Summer at Prior Bank close to Melrose. I do not think Mr. Riddel[1] was as much liked as his wife who was of middle age when I knew her first. By the by, I do not know exactly what is considered " middle age." If half the days of our life (said by the Psalmist to be three score years and ten), very few females at the age of 35 would like to be called " middle aged." However, then Mrs. Riddel must have been much more, as she had two grown up sons[2] and three daughters, the latter most agreeable companions, and very much we were together.

Col. Edgar Hunter[3] (a relative of the Riddel's and also of our friend Admiral Edgar's) lived at Linthill, a very pretty property on the Ale river, in the Parish of Lilliesleaf. He had also a fine estate in Berwickshire. He was a Bachelor, very handsome, the life of every party. Indeed he was so fascinating in his manner to ladies that no party was considered by them as being agreeable without him, and more over he was very hospitable, saw a great many people in his own house and to many a dinner and dance have I been, at Linthill, and often remained all night.

Now, I have told you he was a favourite with the ladies and would I must own have been, indeed was, with me also, but fortunately I may say he could not conceal his temper which was a very violent one and easily roused. On one occasion he showed it towards me most unwarrantably, the circumstance I will relate.

At the time Sir Archibald and Lady Dickson were staying at Greenwells with us the weather being

[1] William Riddell of Camiestown (1746–1829), married in 1776 Elizabeth, daughter of John Carre of Cavers.

[2] Admiral Robert Riddell-Carre and John Riddell of the Madras Civil Service.

[3] Son of Dr. Hunter and grandson of Rev. William Hunter, Minister of Lilliesleaf and Laird of Union Hall. Colonel Hunter was killed by a fall from his horse at Clarilow Burn in 1807.

extremely fine, it was proposed that we should have a Picnic between the Middle and West Hill, on the south side. Col. Hunter, Tod's of Drygrange, Tod of Friars Haugh, Riddel's of Prior Bank, &c., should all join us. Well, we had all met and the servants were bringing up from the different carriages left on the road, the usual contributions. Presently was observed a heavy thunder cloud rising behind the West hill ; in a hasty consultation it was agreed we should all go down to Greenwells being the nearest place of refuge, and eat our picnic dinner there and remain the evening. Such scampering down the hill took place but run as fast as we could a " thunder spate " overtook us and before we reached the house, we were completely wet from head to foot.

As the morning was fine no one could have expected such a catastrophe, and therefore, no one brought a change of garments. It was most laughable to see the gentlemen clad in apparel belonging to Sir Archibald and my Father who were both taller than most of those they had to clothe. The ladies were if possible worse fitted, as Lady Dickson was taller than many and I was less.

However, the time we took in our amusement of dressing others as well as ourselves delayed the dinner and the Cook supposing she would have time, dressed some green peas and new potatoes, which she thought we should like as it was early in the season and all were well pleased but Col. Hunter, who had shown some impatience before the ladies made their appearance, and, when he saw the hot vegetables gave me a regular and rude scolding saying I ought to have known better than have such things at a picnic dinner.

This ebullition of anger checked for awhile the cheerfulness of the party, and as he was sitting by my side and would not listen to my explanation, I told him I thought he was taking a great liberty with me and although we often met as before, we were never on such friendly terms as I was afraid of him. Notwithstanding, I was much

grieved at his sudden death which took place about ten months afterwards.

He had been dining out and on returning home at the turn of the road about a mile from Linthill, he bade Mr. John Campbell good night, and galloped off. The next morning a farm servant coming down the road found him lying dead, and his horse grazing near him. As he was lying at the side of the road with his head on a block of stone, it was supposed his horse must have started suddenly when Col. Hunter was off his guard, and that he was killed by falling on the stone. He was a sad loss to the County, as he was an active Magistrate, and interested himself much in Parish business, both of Lilliesleaf and Bowden. Mr. Riddel of Prior Bank got his fine properties.

CHAPTER XVI

MELROSE—*continued*

DURING the war and before the invention of Railroads, people travelled very little, and many of my young female acquaintances, as well as my sister, and myself, knew very little of the country beyond about 100 miles round London and, of course, little of rural occupations, but what we read in books, a great part of which was fabulous, and written more for amusement than instruction. Therefore, you must not wonder, Hugh, that after reading the *Shepherdess of the Alps*, and such like publications and seeing coloured engravings of Shepherds and Shepherdesses tending their sheep, we thought there should be such in Scotland.

We did not suppose certainly that they were as represented in Arcadia, the Shepherd sitting on the ground in a fanciful Albanian dress playing on a flageolet or pipe, the Shepherdess in a gay jacket and petticoat, with a smartly trimmed hat, holding a little lap dog with a ribbon, with the sheep close around them as if listening to the music. No, we did not expect quite that, but when my sister and I returned from our visit to Scotland and had ascertained that there were Shepherds there, it seemed a matter of course, so we all concluded, that there must be Shepherdesses also, and as I was going to Scotland in the Spring to stay some months, it was thought that I should buy some sets of a new musical instrument just invented called " Pans pipes " or " Shepherds Reeds," which I did.

A few days after we arrived at Greenwells, my Father was going up to the old Fir plantation which my Grand-

father had made many years before, and he wished me to go with him. After he had marked as many trees as the Forester thought would be required for paling, seeing the sheep were at the bottom of the East hill, he opened the gate and went out to speak to the Shepherd. I followed, of course, at a short distance ; up rose an elderly looking man, who, as he came towards us I observed was lame ; he had a Maud about him and on his head a Scotch bonnet (or lowland bonnet as they are called). " Goodness upon me ! " I exclaimed to myself. " Is this the kind of Shepherd of this Country ? "

When my Father enquired his name and he said " Wully Carruthers," worse and worse ! alas ! what a downfall of all my romantic expectations. " Pans pipes or Shepherds reeds," of what use would they be now ? If there was no Damon, no Cymon, or other Sylvan Swain to play on them, no other to be seen but " Auld Wully." I thought the next time I came that way I would ask him.

When my Father went to mark out the new plantations that run along the foot of the hills and are now so fine a feature in that part of the Country, I, as he wished, generally accompanied him. Whilst he and his Forester were busy I used to go and sit down beside Wully, who invariably spread his Maud on the ground for me, " for fear the grund s'ou'd be damp, ye ken " and for that reason and as the Maud was large enough, I made him sit on it too. My Father thought we looked very cozy and so we were, and much amused my Father was when afterwards I gave him an account of all we had been talking about, and from which he judged that my companion must have been a greater Philosopher than one generally meets with in our every day intercourse with the World.

I always found Willie reading[1] as he subscribed to the circulating Library at Melrose, and he knew more of Ancient and Modern History I am ashamed to own, than

[1] All Scotch children had the opportunity of being educated. The heritors paying the schoolmasters' salaries as well as the minister's stipend.

I did, although I had left School only eighteen months before. I did not forget to ask him if there were any other Shepherds or were there any shepherdesses any where.

" Na, I've nae body but mysel' here an' if ye hae been expec'ing to see ony other kind, I think ye maun hae been reading Allan Ramsay's ' Gentle Shepherd,'[1] or the like."

" No, Willy, I never read Allan Ramsay, but I have heard there were Shepherds in Scotland."

" Aye, weel, there ar' mony o' them, as there maun be, on a' they bonnie hells that ye see roond aboot, but ha' na ye them in the Sooth ? "

" Not where I came from, to the South of the Cheviot hills, there are no hills worthy to be compared to them."

" Then I canna think the Warld can be as bonnie as I ance thought it, for ye ken as I am a lameter I ha'na been able to travel myself an' I didna doot but it wad be i' the Sooth as it is here. They hills and Valleys pets me in mind o' the ups an' doons o' life ane reads o', an' yet the hells an' Valleys ar' as God made then, but the ups an' doons o' life ar' maistly o' mon's creation. Was mon but contented wi' the station the Lord has placed him in, an' wad do as he ought to do in a'ways, he wad be as if leeving in a pleesant valley, but whan ambition gars him wuss to claim the hell he ofttimes fends it over steep or selithery, for after trying to clim and slipping agin and again, doon he gangs a' the gither as ane sees the folks do that try to clim the middle hell at least maist paert o' them."

" Well, but Willie, you in your way must feel some of the disagreeables of life if you are obliged to sit out here when the weather is bad, and must wish to change your condition. Do you never feel discontented ? "

" Hoot, bad weather is naething to me, it's my duty. We canna expec' the sun's aye to shine on us. We maun tak' the evil wi' the gude, an' be thankfu'. I never fashed

[1] Allan Ramsay (1686–1758), the poet. His " Gentle Shepherd," a pastoral was highly thought of.

mysel' aboot a rainy day, but haud my plaid the closer aroond if th' wund's cauld an' the sheep gangs Wast. I pet mysel' under the field o' the fauld ; if they gang East, for sheep wull aye gang contra' to the wund. I lays mysel' doon aside the horseshoe planting and folks i' the world wad mak' their troubles the lighter if they wad meet them wi' a gude haert and think a' is meant for oure gude, though we dinna see it noo'. If the sun was aye to shine, we s'ou'd no feel the blessing o' him as we do now after a wet day."

" At what time do you go home, Willie ? "

" No till I have pet the sheep into the fauld at night. It wadna do, ye ken, for me to leave them afore ; they ar' na like me lameters an' obleeged to bide here ; they'd be, as is the case wi' mony folk, wandering aboot expec'ing to fend something better than they can get at hame, and then they wad gang intil anither mon's grund, wha wad feel as I s'ou'd if his cam' here."

" But how do you get your meals ? "

" Oh, I tak' my parridge afore I leave hame i' the morning, the gude wife's aye early astir ; then she brings me some cheese and breed an' a soup milk for my dinner, an' a piece for my foor hours, then at night when I gang hame, I get some champit tatas an' milk for my supper, steek to the door, read a chapter to the gude wife an' the callent, the young-est the only ane that's hame, an' then to bad, to rise afore the sun i' the morning."

" But have you no warm dinner when the weather gets colder ? "

" Na, till Martimas, an' then, I kill ane o' my yowes, for I ha' sheep o' mine ain, as a' Shepherds ha', an' then it is sauted doon for oure Mart, as its ca'd, an' that sars till Whitsunday, an' then we ha' kale maist ilka day, an' get a soupe hat broze whan I gangs hame at night."

One day he said, " Ye s'ou'd come here the morn, the hunds ar' to be oot, an' ye wad see a' the hunters, there's Corenal Hunter, a fine mon, the twa Mr. Tods, Mr. Riddel, them o' Langlee an' mony others "

" But I've seen them already."

" Well, I dar-say, but as nane o' them ar' marid, ye s'ou'd tak' ane o' them."

" Oh, I would not marry a hunter for the world. I should fear he would break his neck riding over these hills."

" There na, ye might say of a soger wha's business 'tis to fight, that he might be killed, an' o' a sailor that he might be drooned ; no, I dinna think it's right expec'ing evils that way that may never come ; dinna ye mind that we ar' telled, ' Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof,' and if folk ar' aye expec'ing trouble, they'll never be content wi' their present state, an' a cheerful heart is pleasing to Him wha gies them a' things richly to enjoy—dinna ye ken what that bonnie hymn says—

' Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
But not the least, a cheerful heart,
That tastes these gifts with joy.' "

When I took leave of Willie before leaving for London, he said, " Sae ye ar' ganging awa', I'm wae to parte wi' ye, but ye ar' coming back i' the Spring, ar' na ye ? but dinna be getting ma'rid."

" No fear of that, Willie, I'm too young."

" Aye, that's what mony lassies say, that maybe dinna think sae, after a' ; fare ye well then. I think I sal ca' ye Sophia, and wuss ye a happy meeting wi' Tam Jones."

" Who is he ? "

" Ah ! ye will ken him some day."

When I told my Father what Willie had said and enquired who Tom Jones was, he laughed and said, " He is a young gentleman I have no wish to introduce to you."

You mentioned that Hugh Sibbald[1] had been promoted

[1] Brigadier-General Hugh Sibbald, C.B. (1791–1857), son of William Sibbald of Gladswood, was killed at Bareilly in 1857, during the Mutiny. He was present at the taking of Java and capture of Fort Cornelius, 1811 (medal) ; siege of Bhurtpore, 1826 (medal) ; served throughout the Sutlej campaign, including Sobraon (medal and clasp), and com-

to the rank of Major-General, and asked me when I first became acquainted with his family. It was the Summer that I have just been writing about—(1802). His Father[1] and sister accompanied by a Miss Dixon, a ward of Mr. Sibbald's, whom he afterwards married, came out from Edinburgh to look at Gladswood (or Gledswood, as it should have been more properly called) before purchasing it, and hearing that my Father, who had been a schoolfellow of his at Selkirk, was residing at Greenwells, they called early one afternoon, and as you wish me to mention the style of dress worn in my early days, I must tell you Margaret Sibbald spoke more than once of the dress she saw me in that morning they called, and as the fashions did not travel as fast from London to Edinburgh as they do now, she thought much of it.

I remember it perfectly, but you will not know what I mean if I say I had a white "curricle dress," so I must tell you it was a short, open garment showing the petticoat in front, which was trimmed in the same way as the dress with short sleeves, the body open and low, showing an embroidered "French habit shirt," now called a chemisette and a small white chip hat, gipsy shape, around which was a wreath of small pink roses. I think now I must have been very conceited then, but I was not 19 and I daresay girls generally are at that age when they are allowed to dress as they like. However one may now be amused at the idea of short sleeves and low dress in the forenoon, that was the fashion that Summer certainly—the afternoon or evening dress the same, but of thin plain or figured muslin, the petticoat of silk or satin trimmed with lace, as was the upper dress.

manded the 15 N.I. at the passage of the Chenab and at the battles of Chillianwallah and Goojerah (medal and C.B.). He left three daughters, who married respectively Surgeon-General Sir Benjamin Simpson, K.C.S.I., Major-General A. H. Paterson, and Captain George Gordon, R.H.A.

[1] William Sibbald of Gladswood, "Admiral of Leith," married first in 1778 Katherine Grieve of Branxholme Park, and secondly, in 1806, Clara Elizabeth Dixon, of Jamaica. He had fourteen children by his first wife and five by his second. He died in 1818.

BRIGADIER GENERAL HUGH SIBBALD, C.B.

By kind permission of Lady Balfour

But to return—Mr. Sibbald purchased Gladswood, and resided for two Summers in the farm house whilst building an extremely pretty house above a wooded bank overhanging the Tweed, which took a turn there and ran round on three sides of the peninsula forming the property of old Melrose then belonging to Col. Elliot. On going into the house, Mr. Sibbald made Miss Dixon his second wife. She had been brought up in the family and the children of the first were very fond of her. They came to the country every Summer. I knew eight of the sons that used to come there; four were school-boys, Hugh, the General was one of them.

This Summer (1802) I think it was in July, your Uncles, Tom and John, arrived, to my great joy. Tom must have been about 13, John 11; two boys more opposite in character there could not be, the first so gentle and quiet, the other with almost uncontrollable spirits, and constantly in mischief by playing tricks, but both equally affectionate.

They came down to Scotland with Capt. Campbell, R.N.,[1] and the latter brought me a brown spaniel, a most beautiful little thing without a white spot except on her breast about the size of a brooch worn by ladies of the present day (6 or 8 inches in circumference, more or less). I felt extremely sorry that he brought me that little dog, "Fanny," because I did not know how to refuse it, and I did not wish to accept it, as I did not like Capt. Campbell. During the past Winter he was too often at our house, I thought. My Father and others liked him from his being very lively and he amused them, I suppose. He would often come to Mr. Owen's when I sat for my likeness, and I daresay was partly the reason why I then looked so serious. He was a connection of Admiral Edgar's.

Now, Maria was always joking me about him, which annoyed me extremely, and she and Capt. Campbell were

[1] Captain Robert Campbell, R.N., son of the Rev. William Campbell, Minister of Lilliesleaf. He received £70,000 prize money for the capture of French ships in the Mediterranean.

constantly quarrelling. I told her several times she had better take him herself. She would answer, " Me have him ? No, indeed, I would not for the Universe, he is too bad tempered for me." However, to Scotland he came to visit his family. His Father was Dr. Campbell,[1] the Minister of Lilliesleaf, a remarkably clever man, and much esteemed by his Parishioners.

Capt. Campbell would often come to Greenwells and remain to dinner and he delighted my Grandmother amazingly by speaking Scotch to her, but I stayed in her room as much as possible. One day when I showed a little impatience at seeing him from her window riding towards the house, she said, " What ails ye at him, Shusan ? he's a blythe, canny sort o' man." " Maybe, Grandmamma, but to me he's a person somehow I cannot like."

One forenoon, he brought a request from Dr. and Mrs. Campbell that my Father and I should dine with them on such a day. Having no conveyance, they were prevented from calling. My Father accepted the invitation, and glad I was then to meet Col. Hunter, but never shall I forget the distress I felt on observing the difference between Mrs. and Miss Campbell's dress and my own, theirs neat, printed cotton, while mine was a full dress curricle, with bracelets, gold chain, and a half wreath of Lily of the Valley in my hair. Oh ! I could have crept into a nutshell. I am sure Col. Hunter saw my distress, in fact he told me so afterwards, and the old Doctor's appearance just as opposite to my Father's. And Dr. and Mrs. Campbell were immoderate snuff-takers.

If Capt. Campbell meant to introduce me to his Father and Mother as his bride elect, he was much mistaken, but I may as well tell you here that he married Maria Edgar after all, and the end of the following Summer brought her to Scotland, and as she always dressed very smart, no doubt she felt as I did on first going to the Manse at

[1] The Rev. William Campbell was a well-known and popular preacher, and owing to the loudness of his voice was nicknamed " Roaring Campbell."

Lilliesleaf. Of course, they often came to Greenwells. I did not think they were a very happy couple, and she seemed not very anxious about him when he was at sea. They had only been married a few years when he died, and too soon after his death she married a Dr. Tate. I never saw her from that time.

Not long after, Tom and John came to Scotland, my Father bought ponies for them and one for me, Tom's a sort of cream colour, he called Mary after your Aunt Smith ; John's was much smaller, named Betsey after your Aunt Wilson ; mine much larger than Tom's, a dark bay, I named after a very dear friend (Anabella) Mrs. Wood, a sister of your Uncle Wilson's. Our coachman, James Leatherspoon, or some such odd name who brought the carriage horses (Jack and Bill) to Scotland, took great pains to teach us to ride. He succeeded well with Tom and myself although Mary was a very disagreeable creature, for in the midst of a canter, if she was not allowed to go where she pleased, she would take the pet and turn round and round as if on a pivot.

As to John, he scarcely ever rode without tumbling off, for he was always playing tricks. Sometimes he would sit with his head towards the back of the pony, particularly in going through a Village that he might make the children laugh. Betsey had very small ears, on which he would stick his hat, holding the bridle up and pretending he was playing the fiddle. He rather got into a scrape once on going to Kelso. Luckily, the coachman was with him. It happened in this way. Going through a Village, sitting as I have described him, with his back to her head, Betsey made a sudden dash in at the back door of a baker's shop, seized a roll off the counter and tumbled others with John on the floor, and was running off, when the coachman arrived in time to catch the Pony and rescue John from the angry baker, who was pacified by being well paid for the stolen roll.

I felt sorry when the boys were sent to school (Mr. Dymock's, Kelso). David, Rowland and Robert Dickson

of Sydenham were also there, William, Henry and Robert Ogilvie of Branxholm,[1] James and John Simpson of Teviot Bank,[2] and indeed most of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood had sons there. Every other Saturday the three ponies were sent to Kelso to bring up Tom, John and any other boy they liked. David Dickson, James Simpson and William Ogilvie were the favourites, so either one or the other came, and they returned early on the Monday morning.

This Summer arrived from Fowey a servant man who had been in our family since a boy. Hearing that my Father resided in Scotland, he came with the hope of being taken into his service again, and brought with him our beautiful little Italian greyhound, "Flirt." It was a light fawn colour, and a most perfect beauty of its kind. Governor Yeo sent us at that time two fine greyhounds, "Yeo" and "Spruce," also a fawn colour, but darker than "Flirt." It was amusing to see the latter when out coursing. If the hare ran straight before her, she would give tongue and be as brave as possible, but if she saw the hare double, she would put down her tail and run back, and would spring up into my Father's arms or those of anyone that would receive her. When riding out, if she followed, and the roads were what she thought too muddy in any particular spot or was tired, she would sit down, hold up one foot and shiver and whine, as if in the greatest distress. If my Father or the servant stopped and called to her, she would spring up on the front of the saddle and seem quite contented.

We were all sadly distressed one day when on returning home from a ride and stopping to speak to some one on the road, Flirt came too near my pony who kicked out and struck our little pet dog, who shrieked most sadly. On the servant alighting to see what was the matter, he found one of the poor little thing's legs broken. The man carried her till he came to a cottage, when my Father

[1] Sons of Adam Ogilvie, Chamberlain to the Duke of Buccleuch.
[2] Sons of David Simpson of Teviot Bank.

WILLIAM SIBBALD OF GLADSWOOD, "ADMIRAL OF LEITH"

From a painting by Sir Henry Raeburn. By kind permission of Lady Balfour

braced up the leg, and took her home on his horse before him. This, I may say, Hugh, was my first care, as she slept in my room on a cushion, and often I got up in the night to see if she was comfortable.

I had two pets in my apartment, as little Fanny, the brown spaniel I have before mentioned, had slept there ever since I had her, and however foolish it may appear, I must own I slept better in having her there than I did before. Why? I can hear you ask. Then, to tell the plain truth, I was a coward, fearing I know not what and my sisters were all the same, and if the truth was known, so was every young person of our day, everybody being more or less superstitious. Ghosts making their appearance was a very common occurrence, but what they were like could never be defined.

That I recollect happening but once, and that time old Dennis, our Butler, hearing a great rumbling of wheels one night, looked up and saw a carriage and four pass along the floor of his room and go out at the door, the coachman and horses were without heads. Of course, the dread of seeing such a horrid spectacle deterred us from slipping down to his pantry by the back stairs to beg for or to take almonds and raisins &c., and from the time we were born we were kept in a constant state of fear.

I remember perfectly when both the nursery maids at Fowey wished to leave the nursery one evening, that a string was tied to the cradle—John was the baby then—and Betsey was desired to rock it if he awakened, and he did awake and she kept on rocking, rocking, but he would not go to sleep, and she, being inclined to do so, began to rock much harder, and over went the cradle and baby. Such a scream he gave. We all got up to put him right again, and whilst we were laughing, we were silenced by hearing the most dismal groanings and scratchings outside the partition next the stairs. The door was thrown open, and oh! horrors, there came in a figure, tall and dressed in white, with fire coming

out of its eyes, nose and mouth it seemed. We were almost thrown into convulsions, and were not well for days, but dared not tell. Now I have mentioned the above as one instance out of many, from which we suffered terror, not daring to tell our parents, as we were threatened that if we did, we "should suffer for it." No wonder from what we suffered in our childhood that our minds became enervated and superstitious. It is a wonder that we had any sense left.

While on this subject, although rather anticipating the course of events, I must tell you of a foolish alarm your Aunt Jane and I had one night at Greenwells. As my Father would not let us read any of the Romances or novels he had in his library, Jane subscribed to the circulating library at Melrose, and read the books in her own room, and having Mrs. Radcliffe's most horrible Romance of the *Mysteries of Udolpho,* she would read so much of it to me in mine before going to bed and after the maid was dismissed, taking care, however, to leave off before the dreaded hour of 12 when ghosts were supposed to wander abroad till past 1. But on this night we were so much interested, and curious about a certain black curtain, behind which it was suspected there was some mysterious spectacle, that we forgot to look at our watches to notice the hour, till just as the curtain was going to be lifted, when we observed it was past 12.

Fanny uttered a low and solemn growl. Presently we heard a distant rolling noise, which as it came nearer and nearer increased Fanny's growling, till she became quite furious and we without taking time to finish undressing or considering what the noise could be, jumped into my bed, where we lay half smothered till broad daylight. On my father asking us in the morning the cause of Fanny's uproar, I could not tell. On enquiring of the man servant, he said that after he had been in bed some time, he remembered that he had promised the brewer to put the empty beer barrels out near the

gate as he was to pass before daylight, so that our fright was simply caused by the rolling of empty casks out of the cellar.

I believe in my own mind that formerly moral instruction was as good as at the present day, Religious instruction certainly not, and what a blessed thing it is for the children of this age that they have instilled into their minds the knowledge that, having a Divine Guardian and Protector in Heaven, they need never fear for any supernatural appearances on Earth.

CHAPTER XVII

MELROSE, LONDON AND BEMERSYDE

I HAVE mentioned before your Uncle John's fondness for playing tricks, although he often got into disgrace in consequence. One evening, when the boys were at home from school, I was going to the dining room to fetch a book I had left there. When passing the kitchen door, which was a little open, I was arrested by hearing John Webber (the old Cornish servant) reading in this way :—" and e-n-a, ena, b-l-i-n-g, bling, and enabling him to show the world how well he could f-u-l, ful, f-i-l, fil, fulfil its dooties, w-h-e-r, wher, e-v-e-r, ever, wherever, p-l-a, pla, c-e-d, ced, placed &c., &c.," and remembering I had something to say to the cook, I entered and saw her sitting by John's side sewing whilst he was reading, the candle being on the lid of the oven which opened from the top, and was down resting on the projecting hinges at the bottom.

They both rose as I entered and after speaking to the cook, I turned to John and said, " That was a nice book you were reading, John ; who wrote it ? " " I'll tell'y directly Miss." So he turned to the last page and spelt " f-i, fi, n-i-s, finis. One finis writ it, Miss."

" No John," said cook, " it is *Paradise Lost.*"

Now, fancy that woman, who, like nearly all Scotchwomen, could read extremely well, bearing to sit by John's side to hear him spell and drawl out every sentence in his broad Cornish accent. What a deceiver she must have been. She hoped no doubt to make herself agreeable to John by that show of attention. However, you may recollect my having mentioned that he once said that before he married, he should try and find

the young woman out by walking and sitting with and talking to her, and in that way, I suppose, he found out the cook, whose patience certainly ought to have made up for many defects, but notwithstanding, she did not become Mrs. Webber.

That evening my Father was dining out, and as soon as I had mentioned how I had heard John Webber read, brother John left the room and presently returned laughing, as I thought at hearing the reading which had amused me so much, but in a minute we heard a sudden noise, a scream and a confused sound issuing from the kitchen.

On running to know what it was, neither the cook or John Webber could explain, except that while the latter was reading a noise like a pistol put the candle out. He jumped back, knocked over his chair, which upset the cook and hers. I returned to the drawing room and finding John still laughing immoderately, I guessed in a moment, or rather, I was confirmed in my suspicion as to the cause of the confusion downstairs, and the boy owned that whilst he was speaking to John, unperceived he had put a glass cracker into the side of the candle, which as soon as the candle had burnt down to its level, the heat caused to explode.

I was very angry as John had frightened us before in the drawing room once in that way. It was a most dangerous joke, as the splinters from the glass might have put out John Webber's eyes. I never knew it to be practised again, and it must have ever continued a mystery to all those below stairs, and no doubt must have caused much cogitation to unravel it, but in vain ; whether it was thought it proceeded from the book or not, I cannot say, but certainly we never heard John Webber read to the cook again.

Of course, living in the country, I thought I must have pets. The first was a lamb that had lost its mother, and the cook fed it with milk from the spout of a tea-

pot. It grew beautifully; it was tethered on the green in front of the house and it allowed me to stroke and fondle it for some time. By degrees it got very bold and not heeding my Grandmother's warning, I went one day as usual and untied the tether that it might follow me about; instead of that, it went backwards, and then rushed towards me, and butted me so fast and hard that before I could get out of its way, it had tumbled me over. One of the servants, hearing me scream, came to my rescue. That pet was discharged.

Then there were five ducks that fed out of my hand, one an exceedingly beautiful one that I called "Dr. Drake." I used when I fed them to sit on the step outside the porch at the front door. One forenoon, when feeding them, I was stooping my head very low, and saying "Dr. Drake you're a greedy fellow," when he seized me by the nose and I had to beat him to make him let go. He had bit so hard that it bled, and was sore for many days. My Father could not help laughing when he looked at me, and my Grandmother said, "Shusan, ye maun be carefu', for neither beast or bodie ar' a' or may be at a' times canny." Then the ducks were dismissed.

Afterwards the mowers when cutting hay found two small leverets. These, to my delight, were brought to me and put into the rabbit house and were my delight. I fed them regularly, and they were getting quite tame, when one day, returning from a ride with my Father, on passing near the stables, I heard one of them cry. I jumped off my pony, gave it to the servant and ran into the rabbit house, when, lo and behold! I saw one poor little thing dying and the other dead. A weazle had found its way in, and killed both.

After a mason had made the house all secure again and the court which was attached to it, the boys and I had many beautiful rabbits that were quite tame, would rush out to meet us when they heard us open the door, would nibble our feet and pull at the basket, and fond

we were of these animals, but alas ! on my return from London the following Spring, I found they were all dead and gone. As no very satisfactory account could be given about them, it was natural to suppose that the Grieve and his wife, who had charge of them, were fond of rabbit soup, so I would have no more pets but those belonging to the canine species, and as you say they are your greatest favorites, I must tell you of those that were particularly interesting to me.

I have already mentioned little brown " Fanny," " Flirt," " Yeo " and " Spruce," and now I must tell you about " Chance." Uncle James was one day walking in Hyde Park having one glove on and dangling the other in his hand, when a dog ran up and snatched it away, and as my Uncle pursued him, he ran the faster. When my Uncle stopped he came back a little way, still with the glove in his mouth, as though to tempt him to another chase. After remaining out longer than he intended in the hope of seeing the dog's master, my Uncle returned home, the dog following him, and as he was a very pretty one, was taken care of, and taken out every day that the owner might be met with, but in vain ; he was advertised and as no claimant appeared, he was transported to Scotland.

In London we had a very valuable, sensible Newfoundland dog called " Terror ". Uncle James had him when on board some ship (I forget her name). When on the North Sea Station, and the ship was at anchor off Hull, he went on shore, the dog with him. The Inn being full, he got a bed at a lodging house and " Terror " lay at the outside of his door. About one or two in the morning, the whole house was aroused by a horrible noise made by the dog. My Uncle and the landlord opened their doors at the same time and there discovered the dog holding a man by the leg, and although poor Terror had been stabbed in five places, he would not let go until the man was seized by his master and the landlord. The burglar was tried and transported.

Poor Terror's life was long despaired of from the terrible wounds he had received and loss of blood. When Uncle James came to London after that event, he brought Terror to us, the most solemn looking dog I ever saw, but so clever.

The Winter after he came to us, in the morning before breakfast, Kitty, Fanny and I used to go to Hyde Park accompanied by our maid and Terror, and taking with us a small china jug and some bread, the first to get each a pennyworth of milk and the bread to give to a swan that was in the Serpentine river and was so tame that if ever so far off it would come sailing towards us and take the bread from our hands, looking much more beautiful when sailing than after it had landed.

When we had no more, it would make a sort of hissing noise and shake our muffs so violently that Terror would rise up from where he had been lying, and look at us as if asking whether he should not drive the swan away. Some mornings we found the river frozen from the edge so far in, but not where the swan was, who went sailing about endeavouring but in vain to come out.

On telling Terror to go and fetch him he would make a dash and a plunge and curious it was to see him, raise himself and break the ice down with his breast, the whole way till he got into the open water when he would turn and come back again, having made a channel for the Swan to come through, who perfectly understood Terror's kind intention and took advantage of it immediately by following him out and was never in the least afraid of him apparently.

There was a little old woman who had a wooden leg and carried a basket on her arm containing sundry little useful articles for sale. As there was no outlet at the head of Gloster Place she would go up one side of the Street from Portman Square and down the other. She had a shrill and extraordinary way of crying out, although perfectly plain, the contents of her basket, thus, " Do you want any pins, or needles, or threads, or

tapes, bodkins, or ironholders ? " then in a much lower key, " or staylaces, bootlaces, garters, or sus-pen-dors," ending with a quiver.

As soon as old Terror, who lay on a mat at the foot of the Area steps, heard the old woman begin to call out at the bottom of the Street, he would bark and scratch at the lower house door. He was quite understood and the Area door was unlocked for him, when he would run down to meet her and walk quietly behind her. As shops were a great distance off the old woman had many customers amongst the servants, and as she stopped at the different Area gates to sell or have a little chat, Terror would lie down and rest his chin on his paws, and as she moved on so did Terror follow, till he saw her safe into Portman Square.

That summer my Father and I went alone to Scotland, your Aunt Smith remained in Gloster Place till after July. One day the housemaid was taking a bundle of your Aunt's fine muslins to a friend of hers who was a clear starcher, Terror following. As she passed through Grosvenor Square about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, then the fashionable dinner hour, it was quite deserted, with the exception of one person who was coming towards her, and who from his dress and Opera hat she thought was a gentleman on his way to a dinner party. When he came up to her he stopped and asked what she had in her bundle. She told him. He then enquired if she had any money on her. Saying she had not, he was going to take the bundle when quick as thought Terror snatched it away, put his foot on it and seized the man by the leg.

The maid screamed whilst the man knocked the dog across the nose with the end of a pistol, which made him let go the man who tore the maid's shawl off her shoulders and ran off. Poor Sally returned home in a sad state of mind, having been much frightened, and distressed at the loss of her shawl, it being her best. She had another given her, of course.

Now, Hugh, you must not wonder that such an event

should happen in Grosvenor Square in broad daylight as in 1802 it was the most Aristocratic part of London and nearly all its general inhabitants would at that season be in the Country, and those still residing there would with their servants be engaged within doors.

Two families in our neighbourhood in Scotland I have not yet mentioned, the Tods of Drygrange and Haigs of Bemersyde. Mr. Archibald Tod, W.S. married just before we came to the country, Miss Pringle, daughter of Sir James Pringle of Stitchel.[1] They spent their winters in Edinburgh. His brother John was in partnership with him, and lived with another brother Tom, an Advocate, in the summer, in a pretty cottage they built and thatched with heather at Friars haugh on the Banks of the Tweed, exactly opposite to Melrose. The Messrs. Tod, afterwards Tod and Romanes, were my Father's men of business.

We saw a good deal of them and I went often to Drygrange as Mrs. Tod and I were very great friends. She was very lively and a perfect contrast to her husband who was a dry serious sort of person, particularly in Edinburgh, and when in the Country always in a fidget about some thing or other, never joyous in the sort of way that one has seen people who have been glad to throw off the restraints of a Town, but he must have been very good-tempered or he would have been angry at a trick his wife and I played him once.

I went to Drygrange one forenoon to spend the day with her. Whilst sitting in the drawing room, Mr. Tod came in rubbing his hands and speaking in a more lively tone than usual saying, " Well, Eliza, I shall send and tell Sandy we will cut the hay tomorrow, the Indicator is quite clear," and away he went to send orders to his grieve.

Now this said Indicator was a glass tube suspended on the wall near the window in his dressing room, and which contained a liquid that would be like pure water

[1] Sir James Pringle of Stichell (1726–1809), 4th Bart., was H.M. Master of Works for Scotland and M.P. for Berwickshire (1761–1779).

BEMERSYDE

From a painting by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.
By kind permission of Field Marshall Earl Haig

when it was going to be fine weather, and would be filmy looking and thickish before rain, and as gentlemen Farmers always make more fuss than the thoroughbred ones, so did Mr. Tod, before his field of hay was cut, ordering and countermanding for days according to the appearance of the liquid.

When I went with Mrs. Tod to her room to dress for dinner, we thought what fun it would be to give the tube a shake. No sooner said than done and dreadfully thick did the fluid rise up and had not subsided again when Mr. Tod went up to his dressing room to prepare for dinner. Down he came again looking quite miserable.

"Bless me, my dear, I must send to Sandy and tell him we cannot cut tomorrow and he will have sent to the Mowers too. Tut, tut, what a sad climate this is, we are never sure of the weather."

"Why will you not cut hay tomorrow?" asked his wife.

"Why my dear, the fluid is quite thick, and you Miss Mein may make up your mind to stay here all night, for I am sure by the evening it will be too wet to send the Carriage for you."

"But, Mr. Tod, I don't see a cloud."

"Then it will be a thunder spate," he said.

Seeing the difficulty his wife and I had to speak seriously, he guessed at the trick and joined us in our laughter more heartily than I ever saw him do before or after, and did not seem the least angry with us.

You must remember, Hugh, to have read Thomas the Rhymer's prediction of "betide befa' whate'er betide, Haig sal be Haig of Bemersyde."[1] Well that is one of the most perfect old houses in the country. The dining room is in the "keep," the outside walls of which are

[1] Considerable uneasiness was caused among the country people when in 1854 James Haig died without issue, as he was the last direct male descendant of David Haig, the 20th Lord of the Barony of Bemersyde, and it was supposed that this non-fulfilment of Thomas the Rhymer's prediction might result in some direful calamity. At the funeral (20th June, 1854) this uneasiness turned to real alarm as just as the coffin was being lowered into the grave a terrific storm broke out accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning and loud roars of thunder.

above 7 feet thick. The apartment is low and the windows are quite in recesses, like those we saw at Walmer Castle you will recollect ; in one of the Windows of the dining room at Bemersyde is the Motto, " Tide what may——". The drawing room and many of the bed rooms must have been built many years later.

When I first knew Mr. and Mrs. Haig,[1] they had three sons and three daughters. Barbara, the eldest, and I used to sing duetts together whenever we met, which was very frequently.[2] At the bottom of a woody bank ran the Tweed and they had a little boat which they paddled across to a short distance below old Melrose and then it was scarcely a mile to Greenwells. It was three miles either by the Ford at Dryburgh or by Drygrange bridge. They were an extremely hospitable family.

One day when dining at Bemersyde with a large party, all had arrived but Mr. Hume, the Earlston Doctor, who was a frequent guest in most houses on that side of the Tweed. Just as Mr. Haig had said, " Betsey," to his wife, " I think we will not wait for the Doctor," the door opened and in he walked.

I always thought him the queerest little stout man I had ever beheld, and on that occasion to add to the oddity of his appearance, he had forgot to unpin the tails of his coat and being quite innocent of the cause

[1] James Zerubable Haig (1758–1840) succeeded to the Bemersyde Estate on the death of his father, James Anthony Haig, in 1790. He served in the Border Yeomanry, the 35th Regiment and the 93rd Regiment, and on his retirement in 1790 took up his residence at Bemersyde. In 1794 he married Isabella, daughter of Samuel Watson of Edinburgh, and had five sons and four daughters. On his death Bemersyde devolved on his eldest son James, who survived all his brothers and died in 1854, leaving the estate to his sisters, Barbara, Sophia and Mary Haig. Miss Sophia survived her sisters and died in Rome in 1878, the last of the direct descendants of David Haig (died 1634). On her death Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Balfour Haig, C.M.G. (of the Clackmannan family) succeeded to Bemersyde by virtue of a joint disposition made by the three Misses Haig in his favour in 1866. Bemersyde now belongs to Field-Marshal Earl Haig.

[2] Sir Walter Scott writes in his *Journal* : " Miss Haig sings Italian music better than any person I ever heard out of the Opera-house. But I am neither a judge nor admirer of the science. I do not know exactly what is aimed at, and therefore cannot tell what is attained."

of merriment to the company he went bowing and shaking hands with all around, exposing to view more of his little fat figure, and smart pair of light fawn color inexpressibles, than he had intended, and his light blue silk stockings over two ball like calves to his legs, made it impossible for any one to look serious.

Mr. Haig at last told him when the good natured little man joined with the rest in a hearty good laugh and said, " That Tibbie was aye sae carefu' o' him that she wad preen up his coat tails when he had his best ane on, but she didna expec' he s'ou'd a walked into the room before the Ladies in that way.

" Now Ladies and Gentlemen," said Mr. Haig, " the Doctor's Tibbie is the finest character in all the Country side, she is his butler, cook, groom and is in fact, I may say, his Jack of all trades, is she not Doctor ? "

" Ou aye she's been a that to me for more than sax and twenty years the noo. I'm soore I dinna ken what I s'ou'd do wi' out Tibbie, its nae ma'ter what time I'm called up i' the night she aye gets me the beast a'ready saddled an' bridled for me to munt, an' then its nae ma'ter when I come hame, she's doon as soon as she hears me gie the bit chap at the door, tak's the beast, gies him his corn, an' wa'ter, and currys him doon as weel as ony groom i' the Country."

After the gentlemen came into the drawing room and wishing that every one should be acquainted with a character he himself esteemed much, Mr. Haig began, " Doctor, how is the Cow gettin on ? "

" Ou, verra weel," then giving a little laugh, he added, " Aye that was ane of Tibbie's fancies, a bawbee's worth o' milk wad sar us baith, but she wussed for the cu, as she thinks an' I ken she is right, that folk that ha' and to spare s'ou'd gie to them that wants it, an' we've mony in Yearlston that ar' the better of a wee bit help, but she disna gie milk to a', she gars them pay that can, an' the siller she pets i' her charity box as she ca's it, an' sae she buys what's maist needfu' for them that she

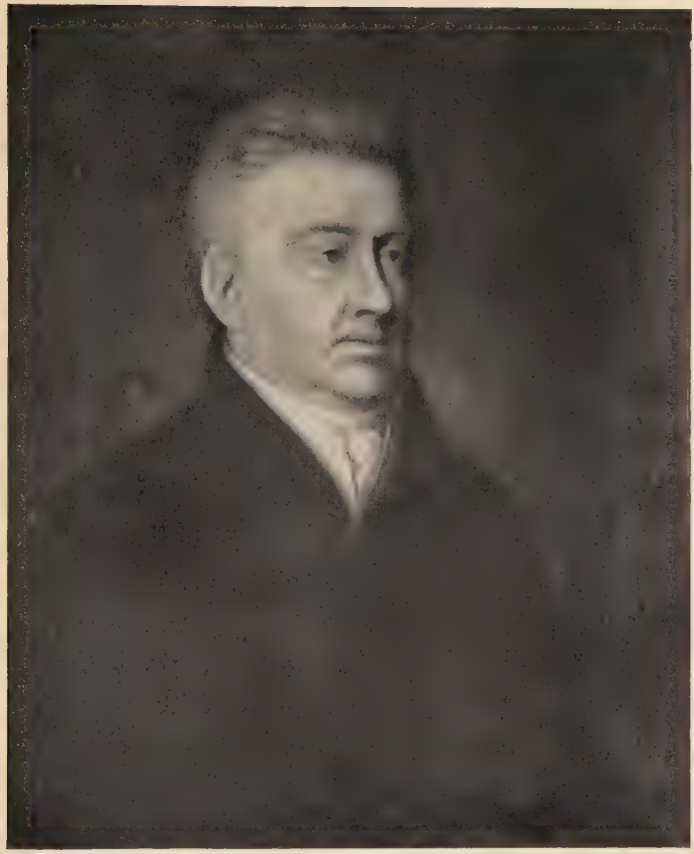
sees is doing their best to help theirsel's. Tibbie's correc' there, as ye ken a' soud do their best i' the station Providence has placed them, and them that wunna wark maun fend oot the meezeries o' poverty, an' whiles Tibbie tells them, if ye're na weel the Maister will gie ye Pheezic but he wunna gie meat to the idle. Noo Ladies an' ye bonnie lassies, ye maunna think ye ar' to be exemp', every ane i' this world has some dootie to perform an' that ane does it best that does it maist cheerfully and that ane, an' mony a ane I've seen, that gangs grum'ling aboot, an' thinks her lot a hard ane, mak's it a' the heavier to bear. Hoot, but I'm getting a' the crack to mysel'.

"Come Miss Barbara, gie us ane o' your bonny songs, or wha' will dance a reel wi' me. Come Jems ma mon, up wi' your paertner, I sal tak' Miss Sophia," and away he would go, spinning round the room and cracking his fingers; "Highland Fling," "Pigeons Wing" and "Cut the Buckle," all performed most wonderfully for so stout a person.

Every one was fond of Mr. Hume that knew him. He was remarkably clever in his profession and well read. His charity and kindness to the poor were unbounded, he would never take a farthing from them for he said, "those that can afford it, gie as much as I want. I've na Parents to help, I've neither wife or bairns, an' ony ither kin may wark for theirsel's as I have worked, they a' ken that, an' as they'll be no the better when I'm deed, they wunna care how long I may leeve."

"I have not yet mentioned the Tullohs[1] of Ellieston. Mr. and Mrs. Tulloh were both from Aberdeen; he made his fortune in India, and purchased Ellieston from the Executors of a Mr. Brown. They had two sons and three daughters, the eldest went to India, John into the Navy,

[1] Mr. Thomas Tulloh of Ellieston was the third son of a famous Jacobite, Robert Tulloh of Bogton, Forres. He entered the Indian Civil Service in 1769 and retired in 1785, having made a fortune. He was made prisoner by Hyder Ali in 1779, and has left an interesting account of his experiences. He died in 1815. Mrs. Tulloh was a daughter of Professor John Leslie of Aberdeen University.



CAPT. JAMES ZERUBABEL HAIG

From a painting at Bemersyde. By kind permission of Field Marshall Earl Haig

and the three girls, particularly Jane, I liked very much. Mr. Tulloh could play admirably on the Violin when he was in the humor, but he was always complaining and his ailments mostly imaginary. Indeed people meeting him were afraid to ask him how he was, he had such extraordinary illnesses to tell of.

Mr. Tulloh had a very curious attack at Linthill when Col. Hunter was alive. He dined there one day with the Scots of Linton, my Father, myself and several others ; the Scots remained all night as they were some distance from home and also Mr. Tulloh, although Ellieston was nearly adjoining. Early in the morning he rang his bell. When the servant came, he said, " Oh ! Thomas, I am very ill ; I have swallowed some of my teeth."

" What d'ye say, Sir ? "

" Why some of my teeth came loose and I must have swallowed them in my sleep. I feel them, Thomas. I feel them, they're causing me great pain already. Send some one to Ellieston for the Carriage to take me home."

Thomas went to his master to tell him that Mr. Tulloh was ill and wished to go home. Col. Hunter put on his dressing-gown and slippers and hurried in to enquire what was the matter although he could hardly refrain from laughing at what his servant had told him. " Why, Tulloh, what is the matter that you wish to go home before breakfast ? "

" Oh ! Hunter, my good fellow, I am very ill. I have swallowed some of my teeth and I am sure I shall never be able to digest them. My digestion in general not being stronger than an infant's there is no knowing the consequence. They already pain me seriously and so I had better go home whilst I can be removed."

" In that case you can have Linton's carriage, it will be back long before he requires it."

Accordingly he was sent home, before breakfast, and shortly afterwards Thomas came to his Master and said, " If you please, Sir, Mr. Tulloh has na' swallowed his teeth ; here they are, Sir. Jean found them when she

was pu'ing the claes off the bad." Col. Hunter had them wrapt up and sent immediately to Mr. Tulloh, just saying in a note that he hoped that now the cause of his illness had been discovered he would soon get better.

This little affair caused much merriment wherever it was mentioned in the neighbourhood. It was the first time I can recollect ever having heard of false teeth. The second was when your Aunt Kitty going one forenoon into the kitchen to see the cook at Eildon Hall saw her doing something about her mouth. When asked what was the matter, she said, " It's ower bad. I gied a guinea to the dentist for this tooth that's come out, and I canna' pet it in again."

What a sad pity it is, Hugh, that a person is not aware of a growing weakness in his mind, so that he might try and conquer it before it becomes too deeply seated. Now Mr. Tulloh was so much engrossed with his own fancied ailments that he seemed to take no notice of any person or thing in his own house or out of it.

We seldom meet with a happy medium in any way and I will give you an opposite case in which I was in some manner concerned. You must remember our man servant, Willie Richardson, and his sister Bell at Whiterig who was our Cook. One evening after Willie had come in and sat down, having come off a journey, he said to his sister, " Loshe me Bell, I've sick a bayting i' my breast, I dinna ken what tis."

" A't weel Wully, that's a bad paert, that's war' Jean had the inflammation, an' had nearly deed o't. I'll rin an' ask the Ladie to come oot," so forthwith I was called into consultation, and hearing of Jean's inflammation and finding Willie's pulse rather quick, and as he would not hear of my sending for a Doctor, I had a large mustard poultice prepared to put on immediately and ordered a strong dose of salts & Senna to be taken in the morning, and being Sunday he was to lie in bed and Bell should take him his breakfast. I must own that during the night I felt very anxious about him, so arose early and

sent to enquire how he was. The answer came " that he was na waur an' that the bayting nae sae bad as it was yestreen."

" Very well," I said, " if he has that beating when he gets up I will send the boy over to Melrose for the Doctor."

When I left for Bowden Kirk I gave particular directions to Bell to that effect, as Willie was not up in time for me to see him myself. When I returned, I went straight to the Kitchen. There was Willie seated.

" Well, Willie, how are you now ? Have you sent for the Doctor ? "

" Na, Ma'am, I didna see the ouse o' that as the pultice gied me the pain, the bayting gied nane, sae I went o'er to the Doctor mysel'."

" Well, and what did the Doctor say ? "

" He didna say muckle but he gied me this bottle."

" Weel, but what's in tilt ? " enquired Bell.

" It's naething but a leequid he gied me to rub on't when the pain cam'."

Feeling his pulse again, after he said he had still a little of the bayting, and finding it calm and regular, I said, " Well, Wully, this beating puzzles me. It surely cannot be your heart all this time ? "

" My haert ? " as if astonished at the suggestion.

" Ye gawk, Wully, dinna ye ken ye ha' a haert, Mon ? "

" Well Bell ye needna speak sae angered like aboot it. I ken I ha' a haert, for I seed ane ta'en oot o' a sheep ance, and folk say we ar' a' made alike, sae I ken I maun ha' a haert, but I dinna ken what paert its in."

" Why in youre side, Wully."

" But whilk ? "

Being satisfied on that point, while Bell laughed, he looked quite unconcerned, not seeming to care one bit whether he had a heart or not, a happy insensibility respecting himself. And I am sure if anyone had asked him how it was he did not know more about his heart, he would have said, " I dinna fash mysel' aboot sic things."

CHAPTER XVIII

LONDON AND MELROSE

BUT to return to my narrative. The time having arrived for leaving Scotland for London, my Grandmother went to Benrig till our return the following Spring. The boys were to spend their Christmas Holidays at Sydenham. My Father and I set out on our journey accompanied by my London Maid, making visits as before to our cousins at Sydenham, Morpeth, and Newcastle. Great was my joy I must own in getting back to Town, and especially in finding your Aunt Smith, her two boys (William and Tom), your Uncle and Aunt Wilson, and their little Susan all so well, and glad to see us back again.

But poor Uncle James had been extremely ill in Haslar Hospital with Rheumatic fever and as soon as he was able to travel my Father went down and brought him to Gloster Place. He was very lame the pain having settled in one knee and being advised to walk as much as possible I used to go out with him, followed by old Terror, and happy was I when we could go further than round Portman Square, and back. It was so distressing to see him so lame leaning one hand on my arm and the other on a stick. Many ladies as they passed looked out of their Carriages, pitying no doubt so handsome a man for being in such a case.

" Uncle," said I, one day, " the ladies are looking at you." " No, Susan, they are admiring your frill," which certainly had they not worn such themselves, might have attracted their attention for the fashion then was to wear ruffs something like Queen Elizabeth's, only one frill fully

quilled stood out round the neck, another much wider lay down on the shoulders.

My Father went into Cornwall to fetch your Aunt Jane, and brought your Aunt Kitty and Fanny from Bath, so that we had the house quite full. We did not see much of the Edgars that winter as the poor Admiral in stepping into his carriage one day slipt his foot on the icy pavement and falling struck one of his knees against the step and broke the knee pan. He suffered much, good old man, and was always lame after.

We had several parties, routs (now called " Soirees ") and dances both at home and abroad, and Dr. Wolcot was frequently with us and then such playing on the Violin, both by him and my Uncle. Now, the Doctor could speak scientifically on music but he could only play, that I ever heard, two or three Welsh airs, " Ap Thinkin," and " The Rising of the Lark," being the chief favourites, and I believe I have before mentioned that he used always to take a brass bridge out of his waistcoat pocket and put it on the bridge of the Violin, then putting on a solemn look begin to play (with his head all on one side and apparently thinking of something else) the tune over and over again till we were tired and glad to arouse him in some way or other.

To Uncle James he would say, " Captain, do you hear that cadence, those soft soul-inspiring notes ? Oh ! the beauty of true harmony," &c., &c. " You must get a brass bridge when I play with one, I call it my love fiddle."

" With me Doctor it would likely be a love of a fiddle, or a fiddle de dee, for I never could play by note in my life," said my Uncle.

" Is it possible when you play so well ? "

" It is a fact, and yet my music has charms to delight even a mouse, and make it dance itself to death."

" How ? "

" When I was a Lieutenant on board the *Russell*, I often to amuse myself in my Cabin would play on the fiddle. I observed at times that a mouse would come

nearer and nearer whilst I was playing, and fidget or run about in an odd way. When I left off it would escape into its hiding place. After seeing it do the same thing several times I mentioned it in the Wardroom. Few would believe me so to prove my words it was agreed that after playing a short time in my cabin with the door ajar, I should continue to play as I went by degrees into the Wardroom, everyone present keeping perfectly quiet.

" I did so, and the mouse followed me and as I continued to play so it became more and more excited and ran here and there and round and round showing no sign of being tired, when all at once it fell down. On lifting it up it was found it was quite dead. You have heard that we sailors are reckoned rather superstitious and I believe more than one thought that the mouse must have been an Opera dancer transmigrated into that little Animal."

As my Uncle was to go to Scotland with us in the Spring, and my Father not wishing to take his Violin, Dr. Wolcot was commissioned to procure him one, as, he said, to get a real Cremona you must go into the City and poke about in the old Pawn brokers shops and the shabbier the violin and the more mended, the cheaper you will get it, but it might be the more valuable in itself. I forget how many Violins the Doctor said he had got in that way and " would not part with for the World, or love, or money," was his general expression. What he could wish to have so many for, no one could conjecture, but every one has his hobby, and poor old man, that was his.

Early in the Spring my Father, Uncle James, your Aunts Jane, Kitty and self set out for Scotland. We had a post chaise as well as my Father's carriage and your Aunts and I took it by turns to travel with my Father or Uncle. I did not wish to take the Maid back with me so parted with her before leaving Town, as in Scotland she was much fonder of going to amuse the people in the servants' hall by singing to them, than of minding my work, and having a good voice she was too anxious we should hear her also. She particularly annoyed us in the

drawing room by singing my songs and which, although great favourites, like the continued playing of the prettiest airs on the hurdy gurdies in London, made us soon tire of them. I had requested Aunt Cochrane to look out for a steady person who could make dresses, which the other could do extremely well, and I had paid to have her taught hair dressing, but I did not require such an accomplishment from good Nelly Lockie, who we found at Greenwells waiting our arrival.

Immediately after our return our good old Grandmother came back to reside with us. She had not seen Uncle James for many years and proud she seemed of him.

I forgot to mention that a short time before my Father and I left Greenwells for London, Major Sibbald,[1] his mother and sister Charlotte,[2] arrived at Whiterig. Major Sibbald had belonged to the 2nd Battn. of the 35th Regt., which was at Malta before the war was concluded with France, in April, 1802, when that Regt. was ordered home and like many others reduced.

Major S. came home over land, visited Rome en route, where he saw the Pope, and wishing to bring some curiosities with him he presented some rosaries of glass beads to his Holiness with a request that he would bless them. The Pope made him a present of a Rosary of Agate heads of his own with a Medallion suspended. When Major Sibbald went through Paris he attended the first Consul's levee (Bonaparte) who asked to what Regiment he belonged, and being told the 35th said, "Oh! in Malta?"—so well aware was he of the distribution of the British Army.

As the Sibbalds were such near neighbours we saw them very frequently. The Major and his sister joined our

[1] Lieut.-Colonel William Sibbald of Pinnacle and Winterigg (1771–1835), married Miss Susan Mein (the writer of these *Memoirs*) in 1807. He entered the Army in 1794, was promoted Captain in the 35th Foot in 1797, and became Lieut.-Colonel of the 15th Foot (East Yorks Regiment) in 1807. He served in Holland (1799), in the blockade of Malta and siege of Valetta (1800), and in the West Indies (1805–1807).

[2] Charlotte Sibbald married Archibald Scott of Howcleuch in 1804, and died in 1849.

riding parties which consisted sometimes of eight or ten. Our general ride when we were joined by the Riddels of Prior Bank and Tom and John Tod was through Melrose, cross the Tweed by the Bridge and returning home by Drygrange, crossing the Tweed again by the latter bridge. Many a merry party we had and after a Picnic always finishing the evening at Greenwells. The Sibbalds of Gladswood frequently joining us.

I did not fail soon after we came back to go and see my Philosopher as my Father called him, accompanied by my two little favourites, Flirt and Fanny only. Great pleasure was expressed and felt I am sure at meeting again, and the Maud as formerly was spread on a soft spot of heather for us to sit on, his two dogs Captain and Laddy on his side little Flirt lying on my lap and little brown Fanny coiled up at my feet.

I can not explain how it was that the conversations I had with that good old man and the sentiments he expressed on serious subjects made a greater impression on me than anything of the kind I heard from any one else, except my dear old Grandmother. Perhaps it was that the expansive view before me added a charm to his conversation, but the seeds then sown in my mind have never yet been eradicated, although for a time they may have lain dormant.

On that day seeing two books lying beside him I, as I always had done, asked him what he was reading that I might have his opinion of them. "Oh! I'm reading *Josephus* the now, ha' na ye read it?"

"No, Willy, but I will some day."

"Weel ye soud for Josephus was the Jewish Historian, and gies an' account of a' an' mair than we ha' in the Testaments, in fac' gies a mair reg'lar history of the Jews, an' if the Buke had na been presarved muckle o' history would a been lost, a'thegether it is wonderfu'."

"But Willy what is that other book covered with paper?"

"Oh! that's the Testaments I refer to whiles, when I'm

reading the other, but I may as weel pet it oot of the sun."

Then taking a piece of printed cotton he wrapped the Bible in it, and then put it under the corner of his Maud. "The sun cannot hurt it now I am sure Willy," I remarked.

"Na nor sou'd I like ony thing to hurt it, I aye keep it this way i' the hoose for fear o' the reek, for it is the word o' God ye ken, an' if we dinna show respec' for it, we soud na show ower Reverince for Him, wha caused it to be writ, and which is gi'en us baith for precep' and example, to mak' us what God expec's an' wusses His Redeemed soud be."

I must now stop in my conversation with Willy to tell you how forcibly that little incident of his respect for his Bible came in to my mind once. Having gone into the house of a family you know, to look at the Register in the old "Family Bible," I was told it was up in the Nursery. On going there I found it certainly but felt much shocked at seeing it so sadly torn and soiled. Was that not a desecration of the word of God? And would the children who had that Holy Book as a plaything ever reverence it afterwards as they should do? I fear not, and yet their Mother sent these children to Church at least three days in the week, she not always going herself and the only pleasure these children had in going was that they escaped their lessons. But such is the inconsistency of people who wish to be considered pious by the World.

I have always had a sort of instinctive aversion to seeing any book of a religious character tossing about as a thing of no value, which is too much the case in the present day, when books for almost infants are filled with the sacred names of God, and our Saviour, which I think ought not to be, but as I am old and, of course, old-fashioned in my ideas, and knowing how much people differ on this very subject, I will give no more of mine, but this I may say—that ten of my children learnt Watts

hymns and I had never but two copies, one given to your brother John by my Father when he was between three and four years of age, and the other by Miss Mary Davidson of Belses.

The latter had many engravings in it, one of which was the cause of your making a most laughable mistake, it representing a man lying on the ground, as if dead, and another as a thief with a pistol in his hand, his hair most conspicuously "standing on end," looking as if with horror at the man he had just slain. This said engraving had made a great impression on the children who I daresay thought, as a matter of course, that a thief must also be a murderer, and one day, when you were about three or four years old, you were coming out of the dining room with the intention I suppose of going up stairs, when the front door opened, and James Grieve entered. You had never seen him before, and when he was going to hang up his hat you observed his hair, which being of a very wiry nature, generally stood nearly erect.

Instantly you ran to the stairs and while you did your best to climb them to get out of his way, kept screaming out, "Mamma, mamma, there's a thief come, a thief come, Mamma," to James Grieve's astonishment as well as mine, and to the great terror of the children up stairs, who would not have gone down for the world, till I had discovered who the said thief was. James appeared much amused but I dare say in future he would patronise Rowlands Macasser to soften his hair so as to prevent a similar mistake.

I have made a long digression so to return to Willy. When he had continued some time speaking about *Josephus*, which I read afterwards, I asked him if he could leave his sheep on Sundays to go to Church.

"Na, I canna leave them the noo, nor afore the lambing, nor till after the lambs are spayned, for mony o' the yows are bad Mithers an' wad let their lambs greet theirsel's to death, no caring to fash theirsel's about them, jest as I have kenned some weemen do whiles, wi' their

puir bairns, but though I canna gang to the Kirk, I mind aye to ha' my ain Sarvice, I wanna neglec' that for ony thing, for ye ken that coulna be right, I tak' my lecture fra my Testament an' for my discoorse or Sermon, canna I look roond me and fend subjec's enow for meditation ? Aye I can for whan the minds inclined for contemplation it may ha' plenty o' employment in that way."

" Well, but Willy, in that way, you must put your text last instead of first."

" Na, you need na do that neither as I might tak' my text first and then tak' subjects suitable for it, fra' objec's aroond us."

" Tell me, Willy, how would you begin one now ? "

" Weel, let's see, there's a tex' I'm verra fond o', 16 verse, 5th Chaptr. of Mathew, ' Let your light so shine before men as to show your good works and glorify your Father in Heaven,' " and to my astonishment he first of all pointed to the many gentlemen's houses we could see and then to the cottages that were scattered about, bidding me to look at them and then said,

" Noo, we'll tak' the Laird o' Bemersyde as an example, dinna ye think, he in the state God has been pleased to place him is like a City set on a hill, that canna be hid ? Soorely he is an' a his actions gude or bad, will be obsarved by the Warld, an' judged, as they will be one day by Him, to whom he maun gie an accoont. Noo, there's the Cottager wha has only what he earns by his daily labour, wha gangs oot i' the morning to his wark, an' comes home at e'en to enjoy his rest, sou'd not he by his example of contentment and thankfulness glorify his Father in Heaven ? There is no man be he Prince or Peesant but sou'd by his conduct endeavour to show forth the Glory of God."

I have only as you may suppose, Hugh, given you but a part of Willy's Sermon, just to show you the subject of it. After he had finished it, he said, " And as to the Psalms an' Paraphrases, I sing mony o' them, but look at yon Lavrock up high i' the lift, as if to ca'ry his praises to

the verra gates o' Heaven ; we canna flee as he can but what a blessing 'tis for us to ken, that if we even whisper ours fra' this, God will hear us as weel."

After telling Uncle James about Willy he felt anxious to see him, so accordingly one day he accompanied me to the foot of the middle hill where he was then sitting, the sheep straying to a short distance from him. Soon was the Maud spread for all three, and seeing that Willy was trying to put a book into his pocket, I said, " That is not *Josephus* you are reading now Willy."

" Na, when I had read it, I sent the callent back to the Leebrary wi' it, and they sent me this ane, 'tis but a navel or nonsense buke as I ca' them. My reading is like the Warld, sometimes grave and sometimes gay, its weel whan we can ha' them deveeded, an' no o'er muckle o' ane or the other."

" I am afraid Willy," said my Uncle, " if we could manage the affairs of this World as we would wish, we should have more of the gay, than the grave ? "

" I dar' say to look at you ye wad," answered Willy, " I'm reading *Sir Charles Grandison*,[1] na doot there ar' mony lees in't, but I think ye maun be like him, an' to be grave wad na' suit you at a' Coptin."

When he pronounced the last word, up jumped the oldest of the two dogs and stood before him, as if waiting for orders. " Hoot, mon," said Willy, " ye're aye maist ready when least wanted, lie doon again, ye're a Coptin too na doot, but no' o' the same profession."

However the " Coptin " was wanted for on looking to the right Willy saw the sheep had strayed further than he had intended so jumping up and seizing his Maud which obliged us to rise also, for to go a step without it seemed out of all question, he threw it over his shoulders and said, " There's that auld jad again leading the gimmers into mischief, gang weel afre them Coptin keep to the sooth side, ter-r-ra, ter-r-ra," which he called out as long as the dog was to go straight on.

[1] Written by Samuel Richardson (1689–1761).

" Noo, gang farther wast and mind what ye're aboot, keep them weel awa fra Faugh hills dyke, there na bring them cannily back this way, an' ye Laddie (to the other dog) wha keeps rinning here an' there, doing mair ill than gude, wussing to do something, yet doing waur than naething, gang ye a wee roond by the North, there na, bide sae, presarve us had that auld yow ta'en they gimmers, she's wussing to lead into mischief, ower Madder o' Faughhills dykes in amang his sheep, he'd think I'm as bad as he is, his sel', oure dykes a right but at his March, its a bit doon an' he kens it, yet no heeds to ha' it mended, sae his sheep whiles comes ower to oure grund an' I ha' a' the fash to keep them oot, he has na yet learnt, ' Whatsoe'er ye wad that man sou'd do to you, do ye even sae to them.' "

" But why, Willy, do you scold your dogs so much when they seem so willing to do as you bid them ? "

" Weel, I'll tell ye, Collies ar' like bairns, I'm no anger'd wi' the puir beasts, mair than I wad be wi' bairns, if they did as I tell'd them, but ye maun ha' a wee bit flighting noo and then, jist to show them ye ha' the master o'er them, when ance ye gie that up ye'll ha' the fash o' the warld to mak' them obedient."

Presently he saw one of the sheep limping along as if it had hurt itself. " There na ye auld ne'er do weel," said Willy, " that's come o' yere rinning aboot whan ye s'ou'd a been ganging cannily amang ye'ere neebors." Then after bidding his dogs bring her and those near into the angle of the dyke, he went and took his crook, which I had never seen him use before, and whilst the dogs kept barking to attract the notice of the sheep, Willy when he was near enough slid the crook along the ground till he knew he had a foot of the sheep in it, then he shortened it by degrees as the dogs dispersed the others, and when he had thrown the sheep on its back he drew a large piece of whin out that was sticking in the poor thing's foot. He then took out of his pocket a tin box that had some grease

in it, and after putting a bit on the wound, he let it run away saying at the same time,

" There na ye've easily got ower your troubles, if ilka ane that did wrang i' the warld soud get a thorn i' his fet, it wad be a better Warld than 'tis."

Uncle James and I were both delighted to witness Willy's management of the sheep, and dogs, and many was the time Uncle and I went together to have a talk with Willy, or to hear him preach as Uncle James called it.

I often went out shooting with Uncle, and used to mark in for him, taking great care, however, to get well behind him before he fired. He would not take the game-keeper's dogs being required to flog them if they ran a hare, but had Major Sibbald's pointer, Carlo.

Poor Carlo ! having better feeding than is generally allowed to sporting dogs, grew too fat and as he too had the propensity to pursue a hare when one sprung up, after running so far, he would tumble down in a fit. We would quietly wait till he got up and went on again, and by and by he would have another run with the same consequence and although he was well scolded it was of no use, he could not help it. I suppose it had become a habit not to be overcome.

One day when we were near Chester Hall we thought we would call and see Willie's Jean. As we walked up the side of the hedge before we came to the Cottage, we heard her " lilting " " O'er the muir amang the Heather," or " Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes," or some old Scottish song of that kind and when we came round in front of it, we saw her sitting on a three legged stool called " a creepie " with a creel of Potatoes on one side of her and a kit of water on the other, holding a knife shortened in her hand, scraping a Potatoe which as she finished she cut in two and threw into the water.

After her first salutation of " Hoo' ar' ye the day ? " and " wunna ye walk in by ? " which we would rather not— my Uncle sat himself down on a bench at the door and I beside him.

EILDON HALL, NEAR MELROSE, IN 1804

By kind permission of W. Martyn Sibbald, Esq.

" It is many years since I have seen any one scrape potatoes," said my Uncle. " If I recollect right a gude wife would boast of how many ways she could cook potatoes."

" Ou aye, there ar' mony ways of cooking tatties, there's first of a' peel an' eat, that's when they ar' boiled wi' the skins on them, then there's champit tatties, that's what I am scraping them for the noo, after they are boiled, the water is poured off them then they ar' champet wi' the champer in the pot, an' pet in the folks bickers an' eaten wi' milk like parritch. Then there's tata plash. The tatas after they're champet ar' pet on the fire again, an' milk or may be's a soupe ream pet in among them, an' stirred a'together till warm, the ream mak's them verra gude, but wi' only gie it to unco folk, it wadna dae ye ken to gie it to ilka ane. Then after we ha' oure Mart, than we ha' stove tatas. That's when they're pet in the pot wi'out water, wi' a bit shuet, some sibies, an' a pickle saut, a claith pet on the cover to keep the steam in, an' nae muckle fire under them. Then there's tata soup, wi' a bit flesh in it, an' some sibies ; then there's what folks call ' rumblety thump.' "

Seeing us laugh, she said, " Ou aye, it's an unco name, but a' things maun ha' a name ye ken, an' I suppose its ca'ed that way, as they're the peel an' eat left fra the day afore an' pet in the pan ower the fire, wi' a bit creeshe, and rumbled aboot to keep fra burning an' shou'd ony stick, the pan gets a bit thump to move them. There are mony mair ways of cooking tata's then I've been telling, but I never tried ony ither."

When Uncle James said he thought she must feel lonely, as there seemed no one moving about, she replied, " Na, na, I'm never lanely. When folks has muckle the dae, they never feel the want. Geordie Trumble leeves in ane o' they cottages and Jim Tamson i' the other ; the men ar' oot at the plugh an' their wives ar' singling neeps, I gang o'ot tae whan I've time, but awhile after the lambs are speyned, I've the yowe cheese to mak, but it'l soon be ower

noo'. The other weemen help to milk the yowes. And then the laming, monys the puir bit lamb the gude mon brings me to gie milk tae, whan the mithers ha' twa, an' has na eneugh for baith. I've had as mony as ten or twal' at a time an' sic a din ; it' unco wark gieving a soupe milk to ane an' then tae anither, fra daylight till dark."

" I don't think I should like to be a shepherd's wife," I said.

" A't weel, I dinna ken. I suppose ane maun be somebody's wife, an' ane might gang far afore ane might get a better gude man than mine, sae ye see ha'ing muckle wark tae dae, for others, ane never thinks o' theirsels, an' if ane had mony neebours, there wad be sic clavering that ane's work wad get neglected, an' there wad be na satisfaction in that, an' Wully wad ha' na pleesur in coming hame, if he faund a' things thru other an' the hoose in a confusion. If a wife wad like to see her gude mon look cheerfu' whan he comes hame, she maun ha' a things looking as if they said welcome tae him as he entered the door."

You will likely suppose, Hugh, from what I have written of Jean's conversation, that she must have been a talkative person, but far from it, she was rather shy than otherwise, but not having mentioned Uncle James' questions, she seems to have talked without interruption. She also answered his enquiries about her children. " Ou aye, I've jest three bairns, Sandy, Maggie and Jock. Na I had na muckle fash wi' them after I had cured Sandy's dour temper. I had to skelp him weel afore I cou'd do that, an' as he was the auldest, I had to mak' him gude that he might be o' right example to the ithers. As my Mither said to me, ' Jean,' said she, ' mind an' mak' the auldest gang in the straight path, an' then he wull lead the others.' An' sae it has been, for Sandy the noo is a canny lad, an' well liked by his Maister ower at Smailholm, an' Maggie is a gude lassie an' is daeing weel in her place, and Jock gangs to the Scule at Bowden, an' gies na fash to onybody."

CHAPTER XIX

EDINBURGH AND MELROSE

AS soon as Uncle James had quite recovered from his rheumatism, he went into Edinburgh to stay a while, and he had some Naval friends there, particularly a Capt. Ross. After he had been there a short time, he wished my father to bring me in to stay with him for a week or two. I was very glad, for I missed him sadly when he went away. He had most excellent lodgings, and the gay season not being over, I enjoyed myself very much.

I went to the George Street Assembly one night, Lady Buchan being my Matron, and I was also at some private dances. One at Miss Ainslie's, a rich maiden lady. It was amusing to see my Uncle lead off the first country dance with her, he being 6 ft. 2 ins. and she being not more than 4 feet and so small-looking altogether. She dressed in a most extraordinary way—everything so conspicuously fine. That evening she had a gold net on her head that hung down behind with a gold tassel, with a bird of paradise in front, perfectly out of proportion to her height. Unfortunately, at supper, a button on the coat of one of the servants caught in the net as he was hurrying past, and in an instant the little bald head was partly exposed to view. She had a wig on. Uncle, who sat next to her, did his best to adjust it again, and assured her it was all right, although every one was amused at seeing the little lady look so coquettish, as if her head-dress had been put a

little awry for effect. Her niece, Jane Ainslie, several times paid us a visit in the country. She had a very sweet voice and sang with great taste.

One evening before I went into Edinburgh, at one of the Assemblies, Uncle James was leaning on one of his elbows on the chimney piece and looking at the dancing, when a lady came up to him and entering into conversation after a while invited him to sup at her house after the Assembly broke up, without saying who she was or where she resided. He thought it odd. On mentioning the circumstances to Capt. Ross, he said, "Oh! that is the Mrs. John Dalrymple." My Uncle had never heard of her.

"It is a curious story," continued Capt. Ross, "and shows how careful men in Scotland should be not to get married against their will. As far as I understand the affair, it happened at a large dinner party, at which were Miss Gordon[1] and Capt. John Dalrymple. The gentlemen were late coming into the drawing room, and all being in a particularly merry mood, a good deal of joking and flirtation went on, when Capt. Dalrymple happened to say 'This shall be my wife', 'This is Mrs. John Dalrymple' or something in that way. However, whatever he said was considered enough to establish the marriage according to the Scottish law, and her father and relatives insisted on its being so. Dalrymple saw the error he had committed, and was so much disgusted with her for joining in it, that he left the house immediately and never saw her afterwards, but he had to make a settlement on her, and she took the name of Mrs. John Dalrymple."

Capt. Ross advised my Uncle by all means to go to her supper, as she gave capital ones and there would be many to assist in eating it. I have seen at Balls

[1] Miss Johanna ("Jackie") Gordon, daughter of Charles Gordon of Cluny and his wife Johanna Trotter of Morton Hall, Midlothian; married irregularly in 1804 John William Henry Dalrymple, afterwards 7th Earl of Stair. The marriage was annulled in 1820, but the lady continued to call herself Countess of Stair until her death in 1847.

EILDON HALL, NEAR MELROSE, NOW THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF DALKEITH

this Mrs. John Dalrymple, she and her sister,[1] were always in the Duchess of Gordon's party. Mrs. John Dalrymple, the most ladylike in her appearance of the three, but all alike noisy and bold[2] in their manner.

One evening when Uncle James and I were at the theatre, in the same box and at my Uncle's side sat a most cheerful ruddy-faced, elderly person, whose hearty laugh at whatever was amusing attracted my Uncle's attention, and in the intervals between the acts, they got into conversation. They seemed so mutually pleased with each other that he asked my Uncle to sup with him that evening, and the invitation was accepted. He gave his name as Mr. Alexander Cunningham,[3] I think; it certainly was not Allan.

After seeing me home in a sedan chair, my Uncle went to Mr. Cunningham's who, when supper was over, produced a black marble bowl,[4] which he said had been given him by Robert Burns. This bowl Mr. Cunningham filled with whisky toddy, and for some time was as cheerful as possible. My Uncle was delighted at his

[1] Charlotte Gordon, daughter of Charles Gordon of Cluny, married in 1805 Captain (afterwards Sir) John Lowther Johnstone of Westerhall, 6th Bart., and secondly, in 1820, Richard Weyland.

[2] The Duchess of Gordon's "boldness" is strikingly illustrated by her assurance that "there was not a drop of Gordon blood in Louisa," on the Marquis Cornwallis expressing some hesitation about marrying her daughter on account of supposed insanity in the Gordon family. (*Cockayne's Peerage.*)

[3] Alexander Cunningham, W.S., of Edinburgh, was a great friend of Robert Burns. In 1788 he became enamoured of Miss Anne Stewart, a celebrated Edinburgh beauty, who, however, married his rival, Mr. Forrest Dewar, in 1789. Mr. Cunningham married in 1792, but such was the strength of his affection for Mrs. Dewar that, long afterwards he would in the evening haunt the street in which she lived in the hope of seeing her shadow on the window-blind, and upon doing so he would burst into tears.

[4] Burns's famous black Inverary marble punch-bowl, now in the British Museum, was a wedding present from his father-in-law, Mr. Armour, by whom it was made. After Burns's death his widow gave it to Mr. Cunningham, who had it mounted in silver, and the following lines from "Epistle to John Lapraik" engraved on it:—

"Ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your being on the terms 'each aid the others,'
Come to my bowl, come to my arms, my friends, my brothers."
Burns.

merriment and wit, and many a laughable anecdote he told of the jovial meetings with Robbie Burns, but by and by the whisky toddy seemed to affect him in an extraordinary way. He became quite pathetic, and with tears in his eyes, told of an engagement he once had with such a lovely and charming girl, but that she married another.

He tried first to sing to the tune of " Robin Adair " the words Robbie Burns had written on the occasion, but could not manage it, so while actually sobbing, he repeated the following, (which you have often heard me sing) :—

" Oh ! had I a cave on some wild distant shore,[1]
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar,
There would I weep my woes, there seek my lost repose,
Till death my eyes should close, ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare,
All thy fond plighted vows, fleeting as air !
To thy new lover hie, laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try what peace is there."

Then putting his handkerchief to his eyes, wept bitterly.

Uncle James, having no sympathy in these matters, told him he was surprised that he should continue to feel so much the loss of a girl who had proved herself so unworthy his affection ; that he ought rather to rejoice that he had got rid of her, &c., &c. Whether the consolation my Uncle tried to administer to Mr. Cunningham dried up his tears or not, I do not recollect.

As my Uncle had been much invited out while in Edinburgh, he wished to give a dance in return. These

[1] These verses were published by George Thomson, with music by Haydn, in 1799. In sending them to Thomson, Burns wrote : " That Crinkum Crankum tune ' Robin Adair ' has run so in my head, and I succeeded so ill in my last attempt, that I ventured in this morning's walk one essay more. You, my dear Sir, will remember an unfortunate part of our friend Cunningham's story which happened about three years ago. That struck my fancy, and I endeavoured to do the idea justice, as follows . . ." In addition to the verses quoted, Burns wrote the following with reference to Mr. Cunningham's ill-fated attachment : " My God-like friend—nay, do not stare " (1788) ; " She's fair and fause " (1792), and " Anna, thy charms my bosom fire " (1793).

things gave little trouble to a Master or Mistress in that City who liked to be saved all the preparation for a dance and supper. As soon as you had ascertained how many guests you might expect, you went to one of the first rate confectioners who managed these things, and mentioned that on such a night you proposed giving a dance to so many, with tea, coffee and supper, and he would arrange and supply everything accordingly.

His people would come in the morning betimes, take up the carpet, bring forms and decorate the rooms ; the floor of the dancing room would be beautifully chalked ; the music engaged, and would arrive at the hour you mentioned. Not a servant in the house needed to be employed in these rooms during the evening, nor a single article of plate, glass or anything else used but what belonged to the person who supplied the rooms for the evening. The charge was made for the music according to the size of the band you required and for the tea and supper so much for each one of the party. In the morning you would find your rooms in the same order as before.

Mrs. Smail, as our relative, was the Matron of the party, as our young friends were nervous. Few other married people were invited. The Belles of the evening were the Misses Grierson ; they looked as if they felt they were admired and their dresses out-shone all others. These were indeed somewhat fantastical in their style, and would have suited the stage better.

We became acquainted with these girls through the Sibbalds of Gladswood, and Margaret, the youngest of the two, had been often at Greenwells ; she was so extremely lively and so fond of gaiety that " she would not live in the country for the world," she used to say. But, alas ! poor girl, the time came, and not long after, when her feelings in that respect underwent a most wonderful change. A slight eruption appearing on her face, which if I recollect right, was occasioned by a chill caught at an open window after dancing, she used some

cosmetic, which, instead of removing it, increased it to a frightful degree, and ultimately gave the skin a rough appearance and destroyed her beauty sadly. For more than two years she shut herself out from the world, and would see no one but her own family.

At last when she did mix with her old friends again, everyone was astonished at the change they perceived in her. It seemed that the beauty she had lost in appearance she had transferred to her mind. The tone of it was completely altered, for from the thoughtless and I may say giddy young woman she was before, she became so pleasant and mild in her manner, and instead of the gaudy dresses she before wore, she had ones which were neat and ladylike.

During the time she had shut herself out from the world, she had turned her attention to religious improvement, not only for her own benefit, but for others, particularly to modelling or remodelling Sunday Schools. She wrote the *Catechist* in two parts, *The Waldenses* and several other most practical little works, and excellent of their kind, for the Juvenile world. Her plans for the schools she personally attended in Edinburgh and Leith, were published in the newspapers, and she received invitations from several of the nobility and wealthy landed proprietors to visit them, and to form on her plan Sunday Schools in their parishes. Clergymen visited the schools she superintended from all parts of the country to observe her plan of instruction. I did not see her for many years after she became so much changed. The alteration in her appearance and manner was so great I could hardly recognise her, but she seemed extremely happy, so different to her beautiful sister, who made a most unfortunate marriage.

In the Spring of 1802, my Father had Eildon Hall commenced, on the spot where as a school boy he said he should like to build a house on account of the magnificent view, which was quite open to the Cheviot Hills 6 miles off. When he thought of that, he had the expectation

of the property coming to him after his Father's death, and no doubt it would have been the case had matters been properly arranged as to his brothers' and sisters' portions, but he was abroad some years and did not hear of his Father's death till his return to England. My Grandmother was never satisfied about the sale of the property, and always alluded to something being wrong in the agent's management.

At the first meeting of the Bowmen of the Border Club, after we returned from London, my Father was ballotted for and became a member. They dined together at the Cross Keys Inn at Kelso once a month. On the 4th of June we went to Kelso to witness the ceremony of drinking the King's health by the Bowmen of the Border, at the Cross in the centre of the Square. They were all in full costume—dark green coats with black velvet collars, gold arrows embroidered on them, pale lemon colored Kerseymere waistcoats and small clothes, silk stockings and buckles on their shoes. The procession came out of the Inn headed by the Minister, Mr. Lundie,[1] followed by John Duke of Roxburghe,[2] the Marquis of Lothian,[3] the Earl of Buchan,[4] Sir George Douglas[5] of Springwood Park, Sir James Pringle[6] of Stichel, Sir Alexander Don[7] of Newton Don, Sir Harry Macdougal[8] of Mackerston, in fact, all the nobility and gentry for many miles round the country, followed by

[1] Rev. Robert Lundie, appointed Minister of Kelso in 1807.

[2] Third Duke of Roxburghe (1740–1804), the famous book collector and friend of King George III. It is said that he and Queen Charlotte's sister being devotedly attached to each other, but not permitted to marry, both decided to remain single.

[3] William John, 5th Marquis (1737–1815), served for sixty years in the Army.

[4] David Stewart Erskine, 11th Earl (1742–1829), see note, page 159.

[5] Sir George Douglas, 2nd Bart., of Springwood Park (1754–1821), M.P. for the County of Roxburgh.

[6] Sir James Pringle of Stichel, 4th Bart. (1726–1809), H.M. Master of Works for Scotland and M.P. for Berwickshire (1761–1774).

[7] Sir Alexander Don, 5th Bart. (1751–1815).

[8] Sir Henry Hay Macdougal, Bart., married Mary Isabella, a sister of Sir George Douglas, Bart.

attendants carrying decanters and wine glasses; the lady spectators at the open windows of the surrounding houses.

First the Minister gave a prayer, when all hats were taken off. The old Duke, after the wine was poured out and every one had a glass in his hand, made a short and loyal speech, then said, "Here's long life to the King, and may God bless him, with cheers three times three," which were given with hearty goodwill and loudly echoed by the crowd, who seemed delighted at the scene and the occasion. Alas, times are altered. In that part of the country, there is scarcely a remnant of one of the old families left. As the heads of those families died off, so seemed to decrease the spirit of their age. No exhibition of loyalty has there been in Kelso for many a year, instead of which since the Reform Bill, contested Elections have been the cause of disgraceful scenes, of riotous brawls and contentions.[1]

About the end of June, your Uncle and Aunt Pattison, their three children and your Uncle Smith arrived in England from the Cape of Good Hope. Uncle James, having applied for a ship, accompanied my Father to London, and after staying two or three weeks there, the latter returned to Scotland with the Pattisons. They came by Berwick, as your Uncle Pattison's brother had purchased for him a place on the Tweed called New

[1] James Haig, in his *History of Kelso and Roxburgh*, writes: "The Society of the Bowmen of the Border is composed of Noblemen and Gentlemen residing in this quarter or connected with the Borders, and was instituted in the year 1788 by a diploma from the Royal Company of Archers of Scotland. The number of the members is restricted to eighty under a first and second captain."

James Haig also states: "The King's birthday is here observed as a holiday, with every expression of loyalty. In the afternoon the Chief Magistrate and Council, or deacons, with the most respectable of the inhabitants, joined by the Bowmen of the Border, assemble in the Square, where a table is placed set out with wines, etc., and drink His Majesty's health, and other loyal toasts connected with the day; and about the time this ceremony commences a large bonfire is lighted in the centre of the market-place, which is, during the evening, surrounded by a crowd of the younger classes who amuse themselves with firing squibs, etc.; and the bells are set a-ringing, which continue at intervals until the evening closes the scene."

THE THIRD DUKE OF ROXBURGHE, K.G.

From a painting by Thomas Patch in the National Portrait Gallery

Water Haugh, about two miles from the town, and your Uncle wished to give directions as to its being made ready for the reception of his family. In the meantime they were to stay at Greenwells with us. And great was our delight on their arrival.

Margaret, the eldest, was five years of age, Eleanor about three and Mary about one. Margaret was one of the most interesting children of her age I ever saw—very clever, I may say precocious, but not disagreeably so. She was the delight of the whole house, and the admiration of every visitor. I think I can see her now in a white frock and red morocco shoes, which children then wore, come dancing into the room, holding a basket on her head as if she were a Cape fruit woman and offering it to all around.

She was so fond of a little black woman (Theresa) that the family brought home with them and whom they called Mammy. She was extremely small, being a Bengali. She had good features and long shining black hair. Her dress was a long white jacket with short sleeves, gay colored striped gingham petticoat, and a neat white muslin turban. Whatever lesson Margaret learnt she immediately went to try to teach Mammy, who, although she always repeated it after her, never seemed in the least to improve, and to the day of her death 30 to 40 years after, never spoke better than she did at first when she arrived.

After little Margaret had said her prayers to her Mamma in the bedroom of the latter, a door of which opened into the nursery, my sister would sometimes leave the door ajar that we might hear Margaret instruct Theresa. Once we had a dinner party, and the child had been enjoying much fun, with the ladies in the drawing room. Her Mamma when she took her into her room had to talk to her a little before she said her prayers to make her attentive. As Margaret went into the nursery, some of the ladies listened to hear her speak to Theresa.

She began, "Now Mammy, if we were asking Papa

and Mamma to take care of us, and at the time we were speaking to them we were restless, looking about and thinking of something else, they would suppose we were talking nonsense and did not mean what we said, and in the same way God would believe we were mocking Him, and then He would be angry with us and would not care about us. Now, Mammy, let us kneel down, attend to our prayers and think of what we are going to ask God for." Then they knelt side by side at the little bed, Theresa with all the simplicity of a little child repeating in her way after her, first the Lord's Prayer, and then even " I pray to God to bless Papa and Mamma, and all kind friends &c., &c."

It really was an interesting scene, but our dear little girl that we all loved so much, was soon to be taken from us. One day she had been down in the Glen with her little sisters, Theresa and another servant. The day was extremely warm and they had remained out longer than usual, so that when the dear child in the evening appeared unusually dull and so very unlike what we had seen her before, we attributed it to over-fatigue. She was a little restless in the night, but nothing serious was apprehended, and your Aunt Pattison, when she came down to breakfast desired that Margaret should not be disturbed as she thought she was inclined to sleep. However, on going up again to the nursery a few minutes afterwards, the poor child had a fit of convulsions.

My Father had a warm bath and every remedy tried, but without effect ; one fit followed another, she grew worse and worse. Her father, who had gone to New Water Haugh to see if the house was ready, returned to see his darling expire, and oh ! what a scene of anguish ensued no one could describe. We could only suppose from what we learnt that our dear little Margaret died from obstruction caused by eating green apples when in the Glen. Ours was indeed a house of mourning for long after the death of our little favorite—so sudden, so unexpected, we could scarcely realize the event.

In losing her little Margaret, my poor afflicted sister thought more than ever of the sad prediction of the fortune tellers, which I have mentioned before, that she would die childless, as this was the fifth child she had lost, and in vain did my Father and your Uncle try to reason with her, her grief was too recent to be contended with, and it was, therefore, thought advisable that she should go to New Water Haugh when she was well enough to undertake the journey, for her sudden bereavement had made her very ill.

When the Pattisons left, sister Jane accompanied them, and not long after arrived a " sneak " (as school boys called a private letter) from James Simpson, saying poor Tom was very ill with rheumatism, as was also William Ogilvie of Branxholm, and begging that word might be sent to the Father of the latter to let him know, and praying us not to say how the information was received. We could manage matters very easily without its being suspected how we received the intelligence of the illness of these poor boys, as whenever we went to Kelso, we used to send to request Mr. Dymock to allow Tom and John to come to the Cross Keys. Therefore, Aunt Kitty and I, the day after we received the " sneak," went to Kelso, and as after the message had been sent, John only came, and said Tom was not well, I went to Mr. Dymock's and asked to see Tom, when I was shown into a large room with very little furniture in it, and there sat in one comfortless chair poor Tom, and in another, William Ogilvie, each with a blanket round him.

Dear fellows, on seeing me they burst into tears, and I could not help weeping myself to see their melancholy and perfectly helpless situation. I told Tom I should take him home with me. " Oh ! " says Mrs. Dymock, who was present, " They are much better than they were." Poor boys, how very ill, then, they must have been. How pitifully William looked when he heard me say to Tom that I intended taking him home, but I

relieved his mind, when Mrs. Dymock left the room to see about Tom's clothes, by telling him that my Father had sent a servant on horseback to Branxholm immediately on receipt of the letter, with a note to his Father, and that he might expect the carriage every minute.

I then hurried back to the Inn to order a basin of hot soup to be ready for Tom, which he would stop and take at the door as we passed, and then Aunt Kitty and I went down to the School in the carriage, and it took both the men servants to bring Tom downstairs and put him into the carriage, he was so perfectly helpless, and Aunt Kitty and I on each side of him supported him during the journey, and a very painful one it must have been to him, although the coachman was very careful and drove slowly.

For six weeks was poor Tom carried downstairs and laid on the sofa in the drawing room every morning and taken to his bedroom at night, and a more patient, gentle invalid I never saw, although at times one could not help observing he was suffering most acute pain. He had been twice at home with rheumatism, once for three weeks, another time for a fortnight. The reason that he and poor William Ogilvie had such severe attacks this time was, that it was usual when boys could not say their lessons, to make them stay in the school room in the evening instead of going out to play. Unfortunately, it so happened that these boys were kept in on a Saturday evening when the school room was washed out and their shoes taken from them to be cleaned for the next day, so, poor fellows, they had to sit in this wet room without even their shoes. It was no wonder they had such violent attacks of illness.

Poor William Ogilvie was always a delicate boy and from this attack he never recovered, and much grieved we were when some time after we heard of his death. He was a great favourite with us, having often been at Greenwells, and being of Tom's gentle disposition, they

were great friends. Tom was particularly fond of music and oftentimes said he felt less pain when I played and sang to him than when I read to him or he read himself.

He whistled most beautifully, and although it may seem foolish to mention it, particularly when knowing of the old adage, " that a whistling woman or a crawing hen, ar' no canny," I used to whistle with him, and duets too, accompanied by the piano, as I could whistle higher than he could, poor fellow. Sometimes when he has ceased, suddenly I have turned, and seen the tears running down his cheeks, or the perspiration standing on his forehead. What pain he must have suffered without a murmur.

CHAPTER XX

MELROSE AND EDINBURGH

WHILST Tom was an invalid, a Mr. and Mrs. Gibb arrived on a visit. Mr. Gibb was an old acquaintance of my Father, who, meeting him in London, and hearing him say that he was going to make a tour through Scotland with his wife, asked him to bring her to Greenwells on his way. My Father could not have been acquainted with her, or he never would have invited them. Mr. Gibb soon became a great favorite with us, as he was, what my Grandmother called, " a canny cratur," but his wife was every way the reverse. To be sure, she was by no means boisterous, and would please strangers, as she was ladylike in her appearance, and very insinuating in her manner when she liked, but after a little while to us she became what Miss Sinclair, a favorite authoress of late years would call " a wet blanket." Tom used to call her the Damper.

She seemed averse to join in any amusement another would propose, and as for her poor husband, she treated him as if he wanted common sense. Certainly he was very foolish to allow her to act towards him as she did. Even at table, if he sat near her, she would take from her plate what she could not eat, and say, " Here, Mr. Gibb." He would feel annoyed, and in spite of his " Betsey, my dear, I do not want it," she would put it on his plate, and when he contrived that he should not

sit next to her, which she wished him to do, she would throw a piece of bread across the table and say, " Here, Mr. Gibb, you need not call for bread, here's a piece I don't want."

Now, to prove that birds as well as animals are physiognomists, without having studied Lavater, as Uncle James did, and which I used to allege was the reason he never married, I must tell you that when Tom was something better, he would have the old parrot brought up to the drawing room in his cage and the door of it opened, and when Tom called to him, he would come out, walk up to the sofa, and climb up with his beak and claws, then go and nestle in Tom's neck, kiss him, bend down his head and say, " Scratch a poll, Polly," and coax in all sorts of ways ; and if Tom whistled, he would bend his head on one side and join in so cleverly. He could sing two or three bars of " God Save the King," only he would say, " Go Save a King ", and many bits of other songs.

Now, in the midst of his amusement, if he heard the rustling of Mrs. Gibb's gown, for she always wore thick, handsome silk, he would scramble down from the sofa, and try to get behind the door to seize her as she came in. But if in his hurry he should step on his own toes, and tumble over on his beak and so impede his progress, he would meet her, take hold of her demi-train, and as she screamed and ran to the other end of the room, would keep hold and be dragged along ; and when Mrs. Gibb could go no further, he would let go and give such a hearty laugh, and call out " You old rogue," and other unladylike names, as he went back to the sofa with his feathers all ruffled up, and to get him to whistle more at that time was impossible.

And then, little Flirt, the Italian greyhound, if any one, even Mr. Gibb, (of whom, indeed, she seemed fond), was to fillip his or her fingers, and say, " Come, Flirtie, dance," she would prance about on her pretty little feet, pretend to sneeze, and lift her upper lip, as greyhounds

do when pleased, as if laughing. Now, she would do nothing of the kind for Mrs. Gibb, who would call her a stupid little thing when she refused to do her bidding.

Now, Hugh, I have met with many inconsistent people in my life, and many who have vexed me by their indecision of character, but none that I remember who ever annoyed me as did Mrs. Gibb. If she gave her opinion in one way today, it would be different tomorrow without any change in circumstances to cause her to do so. Poor Mr. Gibb would stop an argument often by saying, " Well, Betsey, my dear, you shall have it your way, say no more about it."

But her indecision was worse, because it often upset our plans. At breakfast, if the weather was fine, it was generally settled where we were to go in the afternoon and the carriage ordered accordingly. As Mrs. Gibb was our guest, of course, her pleasure was consulted. I have known her when the horses were putting to, and we were going to put on our bonnets say, " No, I think I will not go today ", and courtesy would prevent us from leaving her.

One day in particular I felt annoyed, as we were to have gone to Dryburgh, and I wished so much to see Miss Fraser, Lady Buchan's sister, who was a great favorite of mine. The day was fine, and the Tweed so low that we could have driven across the ford, which would have saved us going round by Bemersyde. As from her indecision we had often been disappointed before, I must own I dreaded her change of mind on this day, which really happened, for out came the words, " No, I don't think I shall go today," without giving a reason for changing her mind. Now, what pleasure in life could she have in disappointing any one, as she must have known she did me.

As usual, I went to my dear old Grandmother to tell my grievance. As I entered her room, more annoyed than I had ever been, she must have observed I was vexed about something, as, before I spoke, she said,

"Weel, Shusan, what has been fashing ye the noo Mrs. Gibb again?"

After telling her what it was, I said, "I wish that woman was gone. I just detest her."

"Ah! Shusan, dinna say that, ilka day I see ye mair an' mair angered than anither, ye're no like yersel."

"Well, Grandmamma, I cannot help it for how can I help being provoked at her?"

"A't weel, it's sair na doot to bear disappointment when it is caused by selfishness, I may ca' it, for changing her mind as she does and which she maun see is annoying to others is often from the love of power, an' opposition which some folk like to show is fra' cauldness o' the heart too, as a kind heart wad rather pet itsel aboot than disappoint folk in ony thing that'll gie pleesur. But dinna distress yoursel' aboot her, she will na be here long, ye ken, an' I canna' bide to see ye lose ye're temper day after day in this way. It'll become a habit, an' as ye grow aulder, the temper'll become waur an' waur. Ill feeling will tak' place o' better things, Check it, ma woman, check it, afore ye meet wi' waur troubles.

"The mind's a bruckle thing, and whan ance it gangs wrang, it's no easy petting it right again. Ye've na been muckle tried afore, I dar'say, and what ills ye meet wi' enow, ye s'ou'd try an' bear as cannily as ye can, as they wull sar to strengthen ye're mind, and teach ye how to regulate ye're temper, sae if ye're spared to meet wi' onything waur, ye may be able to bear it patiently. But if ye gang on as ye're doing the noo, e'en for awhile it'll be to ye're temper like a canker, that begins like a wee speckit, an' gangs on spreading, and getting waur and waur, an' if ye're lang ca'ing in the Doctor, it may not be cured ava.

"Noo, mind, Shusan, if ye at ony time fend it's the case wi' ye temper, an' ye feel it's past ye're ain curing an' deed at ony time ye feel distressed i' the speerit, an' want help, ye ken the only Physeecian ye maun ca' on

that's willing an' able to gie relief, an' comfort to baith mind an' haert, an' He's aye nar ye when ye cry on Him. There's ane o' oure bonny Paraphrases on Job 5th Chap. Verses 6 to 12 that says :

'Tho' trouble springs not from the dust,
Nor sorrow from the ground ;
Yet ills on ills by Heaven's decree,
In man's estate are found.

As sparks in close succession rise,
So Man, the child of woe,
Is doomed to endless cares and toils,
Through all his life below.

But with my God I leave my cause,
From Him I seek relief.
To Him in confidence of prayer,
Unbosom all my grief.

Unnumbered are His wondrous works,
Unsearchable His ways,
'Tis His the mourning soul to cheer,
The bowed down to raise.'"

After repeating the above beautiful Paraphrase, the old lady continued, " But what I think waur than onything else wi' Mrs. Gubb, is the way she treats her gude man. What can ail her at him, he's sic a canny cratur ; he seems to gie into her in a' things."

" Yes, indeed, Grandmamma, he does, and she is not deserving the kindness he shows her. I am sure you did not treat Grandpapa in that way."

" Na, na, Shusan, I couldna an' noo he's gane, a sair, sair haert s'ou'd I hae, if it cam to my mind that I'd ever done aught contrary to his wusses, or no obeyed him cheerfully in a' things during oure ma'rid life. He was a kind man to me, an' how cou'd I but show him return that I kenned his chief wuss was to mak' me happy an' to do a' in my power to mak' him sae."

Oh ! what a blessing was that dear, good old Monitor to me. I returned to the drawing room with a mind well fortified against any annoyance I might meet with from

Mrs. Gibb, and not again, I am sure, could she ever see the least expression on my countenance that could evince that I was vexed.

Mr. Gibb was extremely fond of angling, and would walk away after breakfast to the Tweed, sometimes accompanied by the gamekeeper, but as often alone. He was altogether successful, and when he had been particularly so, he would bring the fishing basket into the drawing room, and hurrying to his wife would say, " Betsey, my dear, see what luck ! "

We would get off our seats and go and look at the fish and say, " Oh ! how delightful ! " and Mr. Gibb would be quite pleased, while Mrs. Gibb would " clap on her damper " as Tom called it, by merely a slight sound of " h'm " in her throat as an indication of indifference. I know not how to explain that insignificant sound ; it is neither yes or no ; it neither expresses pleasure or annoyance, but it had perfectly the effect of checking the pleasure we had in showing anything with which we ourselves were delighted, or in telling any plan for amusement in favour of which we had hoped she would have said something.

One day when my Father was going to ride into Melrose, Mr. Gibb accompanied him on Tom's pony, Mary, that he might try the fishing there. My Father was not long absent, but Mr. G., did not return till near dinner time, and then he had not only his basket with trout at his back, but a good sized grilse hanging by his side, all of which, as usual, he brought into the drawing room to show his wife. The customary grunt was all that was expressed by her, whilst we showed him how much we sympathised with him in the joy he seemed to feel at his success, at the same time I rather thought he might have caught the salmon with a silver hook.

However, we had not much time for thought before we were astonished at hearing him say, " Betsey, my dear, I was so much delighted with the river at Melrose, and thinking I may never have such fishing again after

leaving this neighbourhood, that I have taken Mr. Waugh's cottage for a month, or as much longer as you like, to enter it next Monday." We could have clapped our hands with joy, whilst Mrs Gibb, instead of answering him, turned to my Father, and said, " I suppose you two have been laying your heads together, to devise such a plan."

My Father, who had often taken a red face and looked angry at what she had been saying, now could keep no longer silent, but said, " Mrs. Gibb, I did not see your husband after we entered Melrose, and if I had, surely there was no occasion for me to advise him to take the cottage, when he felt he had a right to do so if he wished. If he is pleased to reside at Melrose for a time, there is no one who has a right to prevent him, not even his wife."

Mrs. Gibb said not another word. Poor Mr. Gibb looked quite disconcerted. After ringing the bell for the servant to take the fish to the cook, he went to his room to dress. Mrs. Gibb followed, and as there was some loud talking within, no doubt he got a good lecture on the subject. How Mr. Gibb felt I cannot say when he returned to the drawing room, but he had the same placid expression on his countenance, whilst his wife looked discontented and cross. What a pity, we thought, that poor Mr. Gibb had not a wife more assimilated to him in disposition, but how often we see a couple united who have perfectly opposite tempers, and in consequence their married life is far from being a happy one.

My Grandmother, in speaking of Mrs. Gibb one day, said, " I wad'na wonder if she was ma'rid for her beauty or her siller, for she maun ha' been bonny whan she was some years younger, but waes me, if a mon only ma'ries for sic superfeecial qualifeecations, he'll soon fend that they ar' not a' that's wanted to gie him a happy hame ; beauty fades, ye ken, and leaves disappointment, whar it's been ower muckle thought o', an' siller may gie grandeur, an' what are ca'ed the luxuries of life, but if a cheerfu' speerit an' a kind haert ar' wanting, there'll no be

muckle comfort or pleesur a'tween the two, when they ar' thegether at their ain fireside."

We did not find it convenient to visit Mrs. Gibb often after she went to Melrose, and besides, not long afterwards, Sir Archibald and Lady Dickson with their little girl Sophia, came to us from Sydenham, where they had been paying a visit, and from us were going to stay awhile with his Aunt, Mrs. Smail in Edinburgh.

What a contrast between Lady Dickson and Mrs. Gibb. Lady Dickson so lively and good-natured; driving, riding or walking was all the same to her, she was ready to join in whatever was proposed. As it was the time of the Musselburgh Races when they left Greenwells, my Father was induced to accompany them to Edinburgh, taking your Aunt Kitty, myself and our maid Nelly, with him. We went to Lodgings in David Street. We saw the Races and went to one of the Balls, when for some days after we were made quite anxious by my Father being seized by violent bleedings at the nose. He was ordered ice creams two or three times a day. Our good Nelly, never having been from the neighbourhood of Melrose all her life was perfectly ignorant of everything in the world but " shewing " and waiting on us, and most efficient she was in both.

When the first ice cream was sent by the confectioner, my door being open, I heard her say, " Ice, gude sakes, wha ever heard o' sic a thing i' Simmer, it's no nateril." I was surprised on going to my Father that he had not received it. The bell was rung, when up came Nelly with the ice cream warmed. " Why, Nelly, did you not bring it to my Father when it first came ? " " Deed, I coudna, 'twad jist a been his deeth, taking cauld ice at this time of year, sae I pet it afore the fire to tak' the cauld oot o'it." Of course, what came afterwards was not so treated.

My poor Father was very much weakened, and was obliged to be careful not to exert himself for some days, so we did not leave him except to go to the theatre one evening before we returned home, when I got a most

terrific fright. The carriage was sent to Dublin Street to fetch the party from there and to take your Aunt Kitty and me to the theatre, but it was not thought worth while to have it out again to take us home, as the distance was not very great and the ladies would all have sedan chairs, the only conveyance almost then in Edinburgh.

Our footman was to engage them for those from Dublin Street as well as for your Aunt Kitty and myself. We all set out, Sir Archibald walking close at hand. My chairman had followed so far, and then had to continue on in Princess Street while the others turned up towards St. Andrew's Square. Presently, I found my chair swaying about from side to side, the chairmen being evidently tipsy. At last one nearly fell. I was so much alarmed that I tapped at the window and said, " Will you let me out ? "

The chair was stopped and one of the men lifted the top to ask what I wanted, I suppose. When I jumped out, he seized me by the arm to make me get in again. I screamed out, " Sir Archibald, Sir Archibald ! Thomas, Thomas ! " (our man servant who had gone with Aunt Kitty's chair in another direction) as loud as I could. In an instant the man was knocked down, and I was surrounded by several gentlemen begging to be allowed to see me home, when rushing towards me came Sir Archibald, who whilst following his party, felt sure he had heard my voice calling him. Of course, I declined any other escort but his, and my Father, being in bed, luckily knew nothing of my fright, or else Thomas would have got a good scolding for not seeing that my sister's chair and mine were both going the same way and he attending to both.

CHAPTER XXI

LONDON, DEVONPORT AND MELROSE

NOW, my dear Hugh, in this month of November, 1858, do I again proceed with my journal, allowing my mind to go back to days of yore, and feeling once more as if youth had returned, and I could realize the events that I will try and describe to you. Indeed, I feel as if memory has presented to me vividly the very resemblance of those whose characters I am about to sketch, and the circumstances which connected me with them.

But in the first place I must tell you that after we returned from the Edinburgh races, my Mother arrived. She had repeatedly promised to come to Scotland, but it was a long journey from Fowey for her, and she was by no means strong in health, but by staying some time by the way, first at Devonport with your Uncle and Aunt Smith, then in London with your Uncle and Aunt Wilson and lastly, before she reached us, at New Water Haugh, she lessened the weariness and length of the journey.

Of course, everything was made as agreeable to her as possible, but to our disappointment, she did not seem to enjoy the country in the least ; dinner parties at home fatigued her and she would not dine out. When the time came for our going to London, she would not accompany us, but preferred staying behind with my Grandmother and your Aunt Jane—Tom and John to spend their Christmas vacation with her. Going the route by Berwick your Uncle and Aunt Pattison accompanied my Father, Aunt Kitty and myself, and we took our good Nelly with

us as we were going to lodgings, my Father having given up the house in Glo'ster Place.

Nelly's natural astonishment amused us very much, particularly one night when we, not liking to send her to any public place with the man servant (he being a stranger) took her with us to Astley's Amphitheatre, to witness Equestrian performances there. Fearing some extraordinary ejaculations, she was placed a couple of forms behind us and much laughter did she occasion to those near her and to us who heard her when anything remarkable occurred. When she saw the fine old horse, said to be 40 years of age, take a kettle off the fire and run after the clown with it, for the clown's tea-table, she rose from her seat, and lifting up her hands exclaimed, " Gude guide us, wha'ever see the like o' that ? "

But notwithstanding all this apparent simplicity, she showed, particularly on one occasion, a great degree of intelligence ; for instance, the very evening of the day we arrived in London, we missed her. The cook and footman knew she had gone out and some time before we enquired for her, but she did not tell them where she was going. We were much alarmed, fearing she would be lost, and we knew not where to enquire for her. However, by and by she made her appearance, and looking so happy.

It appeared, in driving through Oxford Street, she had seen above a shop, " Andrew Melrose, Stay Maker." She was sure that was her cousin, and although it was a great distance from where we resided, she said, " She thought she would gang and spier ; she fund the road an' she was right, for it was him." It really was astonishing that she who was brought up in the country could find her way through so many streets of London, and at that time there were no Police.

Just before Christmas, my Father took me to Devonport, calling at Bath for your Aunt Fanny, who was to spend her vacation with me at your Uncle and Aunt Smith's, where, after a short visit, my Father left us. Your Uncle Smith was then Secretary to Sir John

Colpoys[1] the Senior Port Admiral; Admiral Brine[2] was the other—there were two Port Admirals at that time.

And now was I in a fair way of becoming the most conceited girl possible. I flattered myself no doubt that I could obey Miss Fleming in her desire "to honor Bath by my dancing." My Scotch songs were praised—in fact, I was much made of, particularly by Sir John, who called me "Roy's wife."[3] He told me to ask for his barge whenever I liked, and many a nice party we had up the River to Ints Castle, Coteel, &c. But it was laughable, he always sent his Flag Lieutenant, Mr. Bogue, with us, who was nearly as old as Sir John himself, although all the young ladies would much have preferred Lieut. Brine,[4] Flag Lieut. to his father, and besides, your Aunt Smith and other married ladies were of the parties. It was quite a new life to me. The frequent dinners to Naval Officers at your Uncle Smith's and going to many Assemblies and private dances.

At that time the 81st Regt. was at Devonport, which had been at the Cape of Good Hope when the Smiths and the Pattisons were there. Now I had often danced with both Majors Smith and Plenderleath of that Regt. and others, but cared for none of them out of the Ball-room, and as I still remembered what my good Father said to

[1] Admiral Sir John Colpoys, K.B. (1742–1821), was in H.M.S. *London* at the Mutiny at St. Helens, 1797, and narrowly escaped being hanged by the mutineers. He was Commander-in-Chief, Plymouth, 1803–1804.

[2] Admiral James Brine commanded the *Belliqueux* 64 in Sir Thomas Graves' action with the *Compte de Grasse*. He died in 1814.

[3] Referring no doubt to the song, "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch," by Mrs. Grant; music by Kozeluch, published in 1803. The second verse ends:—

"O she was a canty Quean,
And well cou'd she dance the Highland Walloch;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch."

And the third verse:—

"Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
Her wee bit mow', sae sweet and bonny,
To me she ever will be dear,
Tho' she's for ever left her Johnie."

[4] Lieut. George Brine, R.N., son of Admiral James Brine. He was promoted Captain 1818, and retired in 1846.

your Aunt Wilson and myself, about a girl's sense being proved or judged of by the manner in which she received flattering speeches, I took care to appear quite indifferent, to every word of the kind utter'd to me.

Therefore, fancy my distress as well as your Uncle and Aunt Smith's when a letter came from my Father to say I must come home immediately ; that he feared that I was acting foolishly and that he had no wish that I should marry a soldier, which at that time I thought I would not have done for the world. They seemed then to me to be such trifling, conceited sort of men. I wondered what could have put such an idea into my Father's mind, as I never saw a soldier at your Uncle's but the Lieut. Col. of the 81st and when accompanied by his wife.

After all, it turned out that your Uncle Smith in writing to Pattison had said, " Our old Cape acquaintance, the 81st, are here at present, and Susan has shot two or three of them already," by way of a joke. Pattison, fearing the consequence, had mentioned it to my Father. Of course, go home I must, so your Aunt Smith took me to town to your Uncle Wilson's. After staying with them a short time, Wilson's sister Margaret, more than twice my age accompanied me to New Water Haugh in time for the Lamberton Races, my Father coming there to meet us. The Race ball there was certainly not as gay in appearance as a Ball at Plymouth, the gay uniforms of the Navy and the scarlet coats of the Military being wanting.

When we got home, my Father, I daresay thought he had got me away from Devonport in time, when not long after he took out of the letter bag one addressed to me in an unknown hand, " Who is this from ? " he enquired. I could not tell. " Open it," he said rather impatiently. I obeyed him trembling. He had seated himself at a table in the drawing room. I stood. " Well what is it about ? " I got behind him and said, " It is a proposal." " A proposal," he exclaimed, interrogatively, " and who from ? " —(I daresay he thought it was from one of the 81st.) " It is from Captain. R., who commands the *Venerable*,"

and I put the letter into his hand. He seemed somewhat relieved.

" Well, and how do you mean to answer it, do you mean to accept him ? "

" No, but I don't know what to say, I wish you would tell me."

" You don't know what to say. You surely can tell whether you like the man or not."

" Well Papa, I do not like Capt. R., and I don't know how to tell him so."

" What is your reason for not liking him ? "

" Because I heard him say one day when he was dining at Smith's that he got so angry at not being able to master some difficult passage in some piece of music that he threw his flute out of his cabin window into the sea."

In those days Captains were allowed to take their wives to sea with them, and perhaps, if he was angry with me I might have met with the same fate as the poor flute. However, many had told me that Capt. R., was perfectly hated by his Officers and men on account of his bad temper.

My Father gave me a copy of a civil answer to that letter, and so ended that matter, when to my great horror another day, not long after the arrival of the first, came one from a young man I preferred before all others, who was Flag Lieut. to his Father, Admiral Brine, and a great favourite of your Uncle and Aunt Smith's, it was not a proposal, but he expressed great regret at my having left Devonport whilst he was absent and hoped I would soon return or correspond with him, &c. This letter I showed to my Father also lest he should think I had given encouragement to Lieut. Brine, which I had not or any other ; I did not answer that letter, as my Father advised me not to do so, although I must own at that time I did not like the advice.

Not long after my return to Scotland, as my Mother said her health was worse than when she resided at Fowey and where she wished to return, my Father agreed to

accompany her there, and at the same time would take Tom with him to place him at some academy near London.

When my Father returned, as he had in his letters never mentioned that he intended bringing any one back with him, my sisters and I being upstairs in the drawing room, and not hearing the carriage drive up to the door, were greatly surprised at the sound of heavy boots hurrying upstairs. The door suddenly opened and in rushed Joseph Austin, and giving a sort of " view holloa," he threw his arms round the neck of one, then the other, and gave each such a violent salute, that we were quite abashed and affronted.

When I looked at my former companion and playfellow, I thought of the old Tower, where we had so often been sent to punish us for some slight misdemeanour, but I could not recognize him as the boy in jacket and trowsers, now so different being dressed in a green Jockey or hunting coat, yellow buckskins and brown tops, buff waistcoat, a yellow and red silk handkerchief (then called " Belchers," after a celebrated Pugilist) round his neck, and a broad frilled shirt. But there he stood as I mention, but panting most dreadfully, as he had a kind of palpitation of the heart, on which account my Father brought him from Fowey, as he thought change of air would benefit him. The hurried manner of climbing the stairs and the excitement of seeing us brought it on most violently, and very much alarmed us.

Now, you have seen him, Hugh, when you were at Fowey (and then as Mr. Treffry) and although many years afterwards, you may suppose what he was when he was a younger man, and think there was little necessity for my Father that very evening, calling me into his study and telling me he did not wish me to encourage Joseph Austin's addresses, as he should not wish me to marry him. I thought then, and continue to think, there was nothing to fear on my part, as he was altogether so very unlike any young man I had ever seen before.

It happened to be the sporting season when Joseph

Austin arrived ; society then was most gay and every house in the country crowded with visitors, Edinburgh at that time of the year being quite deserted for some weeks of enjoyment in the country. As Joseph Austin's health improved, which it did very rapidly, he was not only a great sportsman, but, unfortunately, he became very fond of dancing.

In vain did we try to teach him to get through a reel properly. He could not give up the trick of flourishing with his right foot before he set out, consequently, he was behind every one else in the " hay," as it is called, and commenced " setting " as everyone had finished and were off again, running up against everyone as though he did not belong to the set. And in the country dance called, " I'll mak' ye begain to follow me," he not only caused merriment to others by his awkwardness, but seemed to enjoy the fun himself. But what particularly annoyed me was that when we were at any dancing party, he would follow me about, speak so loud, and call out continually " Susan, I say," as if I was his guide and directress, just to enquire who he was to ask next to dance with him, what was next to be done, &c.

The Caledonian Hunt Races happened to be held at Kelso that year, when the Races and gaieties of Ordinaries, Balls, &c., lasted for nearly a week, and Duchess William of Roxburghe, who had lately with the Duke come to Fleurs, gave a most superb Ball, and at which we were. Feeling quite sure of the joke being kept up against me if I did not by some contrivance get rid of Joseph's " Susan, I say," I told all my young acquaintance that Mr. Austin was an Esquire of high degree, and had a fine old place in Cornwall. And after asking them to dance with him, I took him and introduced him to one after the other, and really he became quite conceited at the willing manner they accepted his invitations to dance, and at the admiration he thought he had created, consequently, I was freed from his attendance, to my great joy. Only once he came and said, to the no little amusement of my partner, " By

Jupiter, I have had some pretty girls for partners this evening, Susan, thanks to you." I understood from some of them afterwards that he caused them some fun by his attempts to make fine speeches.

Whilst Joseph Austin was with us, General Dickson arrived on a visit; he loved a joke dearly. Having observed Joseph, who was a most excellent shot, use his eye glass before he fired, and brag much of his success, the General asked me quietly one morning after breakfast, if there was a hare in the larder. On enquiry, I told him there was one, but it was paunched. " So much the better," he said. So after pinning the skin together, he took it privately away by the back door to a field behind the house.

Presently he returned, and called out quickly, " Austin, come away as speedily as you can. I know where there is a hare." Off Joseph ran with his gun all ready, and soon brought the hare up to the drawing room, being always anxious to show the game he shot. As quietly as I could, I said to him, " Why, Joseph, you have even paunched it ! " He called out as if he was delighted, " By Jupiter (his constant expression) so I have," but immediately observing that it must have been dead some time, he felt astonished at his stupidity, and began to blame me as if I had put it where he found it, and said it was one of my old tricks.

When he left the room, the General came in, and having bolted the door, and throwing himself on a sofa said, " Now, I must have a good laugh," and truly he had until the tears ran down his cheeks. When he recovered himself, he said he took Austin to near where he had placed the hare as if it was about to spring, and when he saw Joseph going to put his glass to his eye, said quickly, " Don't wait, fire ! " which he did, then picked up the hare and ran into the house with it as if he had shot it, but he never brought in his game or boasted of his shooting afterwards, although he was sometimes more successful than the gamekeeper.

CHAPTER XXII

LONDON AND EILDON HALL

WHEN my Father, your Aunt Kitty and I went to London, the beginning of this Winter, taking Nelly with us, we left Eildon Hall so far finished, that we expected to get into it the following Spring. Our old friend, Dr. Wolcot, who used always to visit us soon after our arrival in Town, was delighted to hear me describe the Glen, which I was always so fond of, and other beautiful spots around Eildon Hall, and wrote the following :

INVITATION TO THE FAIRIES.

A Canzonet.

Hasten all ye elfin train,
Hither hasten every sprite,
Leave the woods and barren plain,
Here enjoy the moony light.
Haste, haste away at Susan's call,
Haste to the Bowers of Eildon Hall.

Lo, for you the lovely maid,
Bids the fount in murmurs flow,
Bids the laurel form a shade,
Bids the rose and lily blow.
Haste, haste away at Susan's call,
Haste to the Bowers of Eildon Hall.

But, O fairies, more to please,
More your moments to beguile,
Susan still shall add to these,
And reward you with a smile.
Haste, haste away at Susan's call,
Haste to the Bowers of Eildon Hall.

The above, my singing master, Mr. Paddon, set to music and extremely pretty it was.

The Pattisons followed us to London, and, as before, we found a large family party. Uncle James was also in town, and Tom with us for his Xmas vacation. And now, before I tell you of an affair that occurred that Winter, I must go back to the time when your Aunt Smith accompanied me to London from Devonport, which was when Lord Melville's[1] Impeachment was going on, and as your Uncle Wilson belonged to the Navy Pay Office, of course, he was much interested and seemed very anxious and unhappy about it.

However, the evening we arrived in Gower Street, a Mr. I. called with the 10th Report. (I don't know why I recollect that number of the Report of the proceedings of the trial, except that it appeared particularly interesting to your Uncle) and every evening before I left for Scotland did he continue to call with fresh tidings, and after I was gone, I suppose, until the trial was ended.

Well, I thought nothing of Mr. I., nor had I reason to think did he of me. But on my return, as we had lodgings near the Wilsons, we were there every evening and there frequently came Mr. I. Lord Melville had been acquitted for some time, and, of course, there were no more reports, but he came and I cared no more for him than for many others that visited there. Then his Mother called, a most consequential, fine-looking woman, and her daughter, a very nice unassuming girl about my own age. Your Aunt Wilson visited Mrs. I., but did not like her cold, pompous manner. Mrs. I. called again, and even one evening on her way to a rout.

At length we were invited to a dance at her house, and

[1] Henry Dundas, 1st Viscount Melville (1742–1811), was impeached in 1805 for alleged embezzlement of public funds as Treasurer of the Navy, and eventually, on 12th June, 1806, acquitted. On the day of the impeachment the King had a baron of beef roasted at Windsor, and Mr. Joseph Jeckyll, the wit, wrote the following lines upon it :—

" Dukes, Marquises, Earls look about you,
Lest roasting be carried too far on ;
There's Parliament roasting a Viscount,
And His Majesty roasting a Baron."

An Irish Beauty of the Regency.

a very fine house it was. This evening I was surprised at the particular attention paid me by Mr. I., and as much by the kindness of his sister, who continued near me when we were not dancing. At last she said, " Come with me, I have something to show you, given me by my brother." I accompanied her to another room, and after showing me some rarities of different kinds, she threw her arms round my neck and said, " I wish you were my sister," or " I wish you would be my sister."

I felt quite startled and confused, and do not at all recollect what I answered, but it rushed into my mind all at once why Mr. I. had been so particular in his attentions to me, and much did I wish the remainder of the evening that his sister had not spoken to me in the way she did, as I felt awkward when Mr. I. addressed me afterwards. I could now be no longer ignorant that his visits generally were on my account, but only the evening before leaving London again for Scotland, did he say anything particular to me and then at a distance from the rest of the party. He, I believe, in words I scarce heard made his proposal.

I remember telling him I thought he had seen too little of me to be able to judge of my disposition and whether I should make him happy, and that my Father's consent must be obtained before I gave him a decided answer. He said he had already obtained that as well as my Uncle's, and before he left the house, he had arranged that he should be in Scotland the following July, when he hoped to take me back to London as his bride.

Your Aunt Wilson was particularly delighted at the idea of my coming to reside near her again, but except on her account, somehow, I did not feel the least pleasure in the prospect, but as it was all apparently settled, I suppose I should have married him as a matter of course.

The next morning when we were at breakfast at your Uncle Wilson's, and dressed for our journey, expecting my Father's carriage to come to the door, up drove Mrs. I., in hers, accompanied by her son. They were shown into

the Library and my Father sent for. Not long afterwards I was summoned. When I entered Mr. I. was leaning against the chimney piece looking troubled. He came towards me, took my hand and whispered something, but seeing my Father looking serious, I was too much frightened to attend to what he said.

Mrs. I. was more pompous in her manner than before. She immediately addressed me by saying, " My dear Miss Mein, understanding that my son has engaged himself to you and proposed that your marriage should take place in July, I have been speaking to your Father, and finding that he cannot give you during his lifetime, what he intends giving you at his death, I think it right to mention that my son has only £1,000 a year whilst I live, and as the house in which I reside is mine, my son would continue to live with me, of course, and being married, we should have to increase our establishment and a large income would be required. Therefore, I think it would be better to put off the marriage for at least two years."

Fancy how indignant I felt that this matter should not have been settled before, and that Mr. I's mother should have taken upon herself enquiries which ought to have been made by her son before his final arrangement with me. I felt annoyed at the whole proceeding, and in spite of the awe I always stood in of my Father, I was bold enough to say that I regretted questions now asked had not been put before, as it would have saved much painful feeling, that for myself, I did not wish my Father to give up to me the least portion of his income during his life, as the husbands of my married sisters would, of course, expect the same ; that I had a happy home with him, and not the least wish to enter a family in which now I should consider myself an intruder. Therefore, I released my engagement with Mr. I., withdrew my hand from him, which he had held all this time, left the room, flew upstairs and would not come down till Mr. I. and his mother had left the house.

The carriage having arrived, I heard little of the

indignation expressed by the family party against Mrs. I., before we set off, except my Father in his quiet way saying, " It is fortunate that future arrangements had been made known before the marriage had taken place, as I am sure Susan never could have been happy to have lived with such an overbearing proud woman as Mrs. I." It is remarkable that my Father never spoke to me about Mr. I., either before or after that morning. The event above mentioned certainly gave me anything but agreeable thoughts during my journey North, but the more I considered the matter, the more I felt convinced that the breaking off of my engagement with Mr. I. was all for the best, although I could not but feel vexed that from what ought to have been necessary explanations before the engagement was made, I should have been subjected to such an affront.

Now, Mr. I. was a perfect gentleman, mixed much with the world, and was I suppose about five years older than myself—(I was then 22)—, but he was so much concerned in politics, that through fondness of hearing debates or because he was obliged to do so he frequented continually both Houses of Parliament, and the duties of his situation as a Commissioner of Customs, would have kept him from home all day and I should have been miserable to have been left to the tender mercies of such a haughty woman as his Mother. And besides, it would have been a dreadful contrast to the happy home with my Father,—who allowed me to ride or drive when I liked, to visit, or invite visitors to the house, indeed to do as I wished in every way,—to be shut up in a house in London for at least nine or ten months in the year.

Immediately on our return to Greenwells, we went to fetch my Grandmother. She seemed glad to go with us as the children were unruly, and she felt more annoyed than she used to be as she had a cold. She seemed to get better for a day or two after she came to us, but did not leave her room. The little table with the large Bible

on it was as formerly beside her chair, but the spinning wheel, we observed, remained always stationary.

As before, she enquired about what happened in London. When I told of my affair, she seemed to consider a while, then said, "Shusan, that ma-riage was no to be, an' it's weel that ye ha'na ta'en it mair to haert. I believe that's ye're first care, but it wunna be the last, for a' maun ha' their trouble ye ken, but ye maun try an' keep ye're mind aboon the Warld, an' ye'll be prepared to meet them, an' they that submit wi' resignation to the Will of Providence, dinna feel ne'er sae muckle the bitterness of their sorrow an' disappointments, that those folk do that add repining to their troubles. I think the young man mair to be pitied than ye'ar, ye a gotten weel o'ot o' it, but he maun aye ha' the thought, that by a want o' discretion, he had shown onything but the love an' respec' he wishes ye to believe he felt for ye." After this, she spoke little at a time.

My Father, seeing that she had no appetite, and was evidently getting weaker, sent for my Aunts Cochrane and Thomson, the latter from Haddington, and the last three days she was confined entirely to her bed, and took nothing but a little constantia. She must have seen how unhappy I was, for she seemed to notice me as I moved across the room. The last thing she did was to point to my watch at my side, and when one of my Aunts told her what hour it was, she shook her head, perhaps her hearing, which before was bad, was then quite gone. That same afternoon, she went off as quietly as if going to sleep. So the dear old lady died in less than a fortnight after our return to Scotland. She was 85 years of age, had been a remarkably healthy woman, and was very erect to the last.

Her death I felt very much, although from her being 63 years my senior, you would suppose I would always have preferred a companion nearer my own age, but I did not. I was always fond of elderly people, and by the death of my dear Grandmother, I felt I had lost the

only person to whom I could look up to for advice. Years and religion had so matured and beautified her mind (if I may so express it) that Wisdom seemed to guide her every thought.

Soon after the above melancholy event, my poor "Philosopher," Willie Carruthers, was to leave as the sheep farm of Chester Hall was let. He was going to his wife's brother in Liddesdale, who had a sheep farm, and he would take his score or two of ewes and lambs with him, and look after them altogether. "But he did not expec' muckle wage," he said, "as he cou'd do but little the noo, but that it wad be an' uppetting for him an' his gude wife. The bairns were tak'ing care o' theirsels, an' war in sarvice, an' were liked weel."

I felt quite affected when taking off his bonnet he said, "Fare ye weel. I wuss ye a' the gude the Lord can gie ye in this Warld, an' may He direc' ye how to gain the blessing i' the Warld to come." I saw the tears trembling in his eyes as he spoke, and he must have seen the same in mine, good old Willie. I felt as if I had lost a friend in him also.

The events of the last months had subdued my spirits not a little, and truly did I mourn as I felt the loss of my dear old Grandmother, and Willie, for their minds were far superior to those of any other with whom I was then acquainted, and conversation with them far more edifying.

The following lines suited me then:

"Friend after friend departs,
Who has not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
Which finds not here an end."

Immediately after my Grandmother's death, we moved into Eildon Hall, which was then ready, which served to occupy my mind until your Uncle and Aunt Pattison came to us after their return from London, and to my annoyance brought me a splendid diamond brooch, and an immensely long letter from Mr. I., filled

with regrets, protestations, &c., which I had hardly patience to read. I had no occasion to ask my father how to answer that epistle and, in spite of your Uncle Pattison's remonstrances, I wrote to him saying, by the first opportunity I would return the brooch, as I considered I had released him from his engagement and begged he would not write to me again, which, however, he did, but which letter I would not answer.

We did not go to any Races or to the County Balls that Summer, but just before we again set out for London, where I now did not wish to go, my Father was prevailed on to give a house warming, and a gay affair it was, all our acquaintances in the County being invited. We had Givan's[1] band from Kelso, and our housekeeper, Mrs. Sharp, gave us a splendid supper, which was laid out in the breakfast room—dancing in the dining room, and those who did not dance, and preferred talking were in the drawing room. There were no cards then used.

Whilst I was dancing a reel, Lady Minto came to the drawing room door, and beckoned to me. As I entered the room, she showed me Lord Minto fast asleep on a sofa, he having come off a journey that evening and being fatigued. To my amusement, I observed all the elderlies, Genl. Dickson among the rest, watching eagerly to see me "steal a pair of gloves," which Lady Minto insisted I should do. So I softly stepped up to His Lordship, and just touched his lips with the tip of my little finger, and before he could spring up and follow me, I was in the midst of my reel again. There was great laughing in the drawing room at my having caught his Lordship napping, and his having lost a pair of gloves, but I undeceived him.

And now, Hugh, must I come to my last winter in London. Lord Minto was going out as Governor General to Bengal, and as your Uncle Tom was going at the same time, Lord Minto having given him a Cadetship,

[1] A pupil of Gow's.

we had plenty to do in getting his outfit. The Wilsons had gone to Hackney to reside, and we had lodgings in Jermyn Street, St. James'; Uncle James lodged in Bury Street, not far from us, and your Aunt Fanny came from Bath to spend her Christmas with us.

Luckily, we had our good Nelly with us, as she was of great use. Not long before we left London, my Father and your Aunt Kitty went to spend a few days at Hackney. One evening, Tom, Fanny and I had accompanied Uncle James to the Opera, and to my surprise, on our return, Nelly gave me a card with Mr. I.'s name on it; he had called twice. The first time, Nelly told him we had gone to the theatre; the second time he told her he had gone to both Drury Lane and Covent Garden and could not find us.

The next evening, Uncle James, who always dined with us—5 o'clock, the fashionable hour then—had invited Capt. The Honble. John De Courcy[1] of the Guards to dinner, after which, your Aunt Fanny accompanied me upstairs to go on with marking your Uncle Tom's things, and whilst busy, he came up to say that Uncle James wished to have tea, as he and Capt. DeCourcy were going to the theatre. "And who do you think is downstairs. I am sure you will be glad to see Dr. Wolcot." "Of course, I shall be delighted," and hurrying to the drawing room, who should I see to my dismay but Mr. I. When he came towards me and took hold of my hand, I could have sunk into the earth.

My confusion was very great and before Capt. De Courcy, too, and to make matters worse, whilst making tea, I put sugar into the slop basin, and did all manner of odd things. Capt. DeCourcy joked me, and asked if that was the way tea was made in Scotland, &c., which made me all the more confused, and I was thinking all the while what I should do when my Uncle and his friend left. They went and immediately after came a

[1] Eldest son of the 26th Baron Kingsale. He died in Spain in 1813 as a result of war service.

note from Jane Tulloh of Ellieston, saying she was in town and staying with her Uncle, and wished me to dine there the next day. Simple as was the answer required, I could hardly write it. I went to a back table and spoilt I do not know how many sheets of paper, and I heard Mr. I. say, " Your sister is writing a very long letter, I think." However, I finished it at last.

Your Uncle Tom and Aunt Fanny were present, and Mr. I. wished to go into the next room to have a little private conversation, which I declined. He had received the brooch and again offered it to me. I told him I felt, after what had occurr'd, I never could be happy in his family, and I thought it would be better not to mention the subject again, and in spite of all he could say, I went on talking of Tom's going to India, an event indeed, which was most distressing to me, as we were extremely attached to each other, particularly since the illness he had when he came from Mr. Dymock's school at Kelso. Mr. I. said he could give him letters of introduction to some friends at Calcutta, which he kindly did.

The next day my Father and Aunt Kitty came to town, and your Uncle Tom and I went to Hackney for a couple of days. On our return, we went down to Chelsea to our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, and from thence dear Tom left for Portsmouth, there to embark for India. Soon after we departed for Scotland.

We saw little of poor old Dr. Wolcot that Winter, as he was nearly blind and a young man went about with him, who was his amanuensis. The last poetical effusion he gave us was, " Addressed to the Ladies of Eildon Hall," Written on the occasion of the young Ladies going to England," by Peter Pindar, Esqre.,

" Oh ! lassies fair, of Eildon Hall,
O dinna, dinna gang away
And carry off each joy that fills,
From morn till eve the glen and brae.
Then lassies dinna gang away,
But glad our groves, our glen and brae.

HENRY JOHN TEMPLE, THIRD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON

From a picture by T. Heaphy in the National Portrait Gallery

Poor Tweed will soon in sadness flow—
Ah! murmuring through the desert plain,
For Tweed's bright mirror ne'er will show
So fair a band of maids again.
Then lassies dinna gang away,
But glad our groves, our glen and brae.

The sun may shine, yet shadows drear
Will cover, ah! full many a mile,
For Sol is dark upon his sphere,
When we behold your eyes and smile.
Then lassies dinna gang away
But glad our groves, our glen and brae."

This Summer of 1807 was my last at Home with my Father,—a kind and indulgent Father he was—and this Summer was indeed a gay one, our house constantly full of visitors, and such going to and from Minto. One day that Lady Minto and some of her family came to dine with us, Lord Palmerston[1] accompanied them. He was a lively young man, then one year my junior. He had, as we thought, a great propensity for mischief, for my Father mentioning a very ingenious little article called a Pedometer, which he had purchased the last time he was in London, and which being worn as watches were then, (on a hook by which it hung on the waist-band of the trowsers) would, when the wearer walked, measure most accurately the ground gone over—of course, it must be shown, and His Lordship, more curious than the rest and less discreet, when he got it into his hands, kept jerking the little chain in and out so often that at last it broke the spring, which rendered it useless. As it could not be done in Edinburgh, it was never repaired.

One of our most agreeable neighbours was Lord Somerville,[2] who for the enjoyment of salmon fishing, for the

[1] Henry John Temple, 3rd Viscount Palmerston (1784–1865), the distinguished Statesman. During 1800–1803 he was living with and attending the lectures of Dugald Stewart in Edinburgh, and it was probably at that time Mrs. Sibbald met him.

[2] John, 15th Baron Somerville (1765–1819), was Lord of the Bedchamber to H.M. George III and President of the Board of Agriculture.

last three Summers had resided for two or three months at his pretty place called " The Pavilion," which was on the North side of the Tweed, opposite to Melrose. He was extremely frank and sociable, and would always wait with us after a dinner party until all our other guests were gone, that he might partake of curds and cream, which we always had for him, as his cook, being a Londoner, he said, could not make it.

In those days, dancing was a favorite amusement, and regularly at Balls the last reel was a matter of contention, as to who should " keep the floor " longest. I was never beat although there were many girls who tried to conquer me. It was in the following manner. The last dance before breaking up was the " Country Bumpkin." Three gentlemen stood up with a lady in each hand, one trio before the other. Mr. John Riddell[1] of Grahamslaw was generally my partner. I should have felt quite hurt if he had not asked me to dance it with him. The gentleman in the middle set wore an Opera hat ; there was a regular figure after the gentlemen had changed places and each worn the hat. The sets widened. Three other gentlemen sprang up to form three " foursome reels ", taking plenty of room ; then came the tug-of-war, and you would have been amused to see Niel Gow,[2] the leader of the band, and then so celebrated, come to the front of the orchestra, fiddle in hand, as if he would crush through it so excited he always was, and stamping with his feet and calling " high " as the music changed from strathspey to reel alternately.

You would see after a while ladies beckoning to young friends to take their places and gentlemen do the same but I would never. Once at the Lamberton Races, perfectly without my knowledge until afterwards, a bet was made between a Mr. Scott and the Bishop of

[1] John Riddell of Grahamslaw was the fifth son of Patrick Riddell of Muselee, and died at Jedburgh unmarried in 1840.

[2] Niel Gow, the famous conductor, was in 1807 eighty years of age, and actually died in March of that year ; his distinguished son, Nathaniel Gow, is no doubt referred to.

NIEL GOW

From a painting by Sir Henry Raeburn in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery

Durham's son (I forget his name), as to which should keep the floor longest, Miss Johnstone of Hutton Hall (to whom Mr. Scott was engaged) or myself. I was the last to sit down.

But the most trying time I ever had was at my last appearance at a public ball as a "dancing girl," as Mr. Ogilvie[1] of Chesters says he still remembers me,—the last night of the Caledonian Races in the Autumn of 1807. The Honble. Anna Maria Elliot,[2] her sister Harriet,[3] and many others continually changing with each other, all trying to tire me out, fanning themselves and looking so warm while I never fanned myself at all, and thanks to my Bath dancing mistresses, Miss Fleming and Mam'selle Le Mercier, I had been taught such a variety of steps that dancing was not quite as fatiguing to me as to many.

At last the Earl of Dalkeith[4] as my partner, when all had left the floor but ourselves, led me to a seat between his lovely Countess and your Aunt Wilson, and shaking me by the hand said, "Indeed you are a young lady of spirit." Her ladyship whispered, "Col. Sibbald should have been here." She knew him quite well as he was at Dalkeith some months when in the Duke of Buccleuch's regiment, and they knew somehow that we were engaged.

I took care no one should see how I suffered, and went

[1] William Ogilvie of Chesters (1785–1876), Chamberlain to the Duke of Buccleugh.

[2] Anna Maria Elliot, eldest daughter of the 1st Earl Minto, married Lieut.-General Sir Rufus Shaw Donkin, K.C.B., G.C.H. Sir Walter Scott, in his *Journal*, writes of her: "It is the fashion for women and silly men to abuse her as a blue-stocking. If to have wit, good sense and good humour, mixed with a strong power of observing and an equally strong one of expressing the result, be blue, she shall be as blue as they will." He also refers to her as "my facetious and lively friend."

[3] Harriet Mary Frances Elliot, second daughter of Earl Minto, died 1825.

[4] Charles William Henry, afterwards 4th Duke of Buccleuch (1772–1819). He married in 1795 Harriet Catherine, youngest daughter of 1st Viscount Sydney. They were friends of Sir Walter Scott, and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" originated in a request by Lady Dalkeith that he would write a ballad on the legend of Gilpin Horner.

on smiling to every one who bid me good night, although I could have cried, as when I sat down my feet were so painful, and much delighted I was when Gow played his last tune, "Good night and joy be with you a'," which was the signal for breaking up. Our lodging was fortunately next door, and you may suppose, Hugh, that my victory was not easily won when I tell you that when Nelly took off my stockings and shoes she found my feet were bleeding, having worn a hole in the sole of each shoe and stocking. Fearing the girls, my competitors would crow over me if they saw I was lame the next day, which I understood one or two of them were, without dancing as much as I did, I begged my Father would go home early, which we did.

Your Uncle and Aunt Wilson had been staying at Col. Elliot's[1] of Borthwick Brae, a relative of your Uncle's, and where at that time Lord and Lady Dalkeith had been visiting, and they all went to Kelso together. Your Uncle and Aunt returned to Eildon Hall with us.

As you wish me to give you a description of the amusements, and manners of my juvenile days, whilst mentioning the fashion, or style of dancing at the time, it occurs to me how many different fashions I have been engaged in or seen. When I was at School, we had Minuets, which not many years before were danced by Gentlemen and Ladies at Court, and at public Assemblies. Then there was the Allemande, danced by two at a quicker pace than the Minuet, a great deal of going hand in hand, and passing the hands over each other's heads in an elegant manner. Cotillions, when eight stood up as for Quadrilles at the present time, with particularly taught steps, as balancé, avancé, retiré, chassé, contre-dance, and a step that had a name I could

[1] Lieut.-Colonel William Elliot of Borthwickbrae (1764–1832), afterwards assumed the name of Lockhart. He saw service in Ireland against the Rebels, and the French in 1798, and was M.P. for the County of Selkirk for twenty-four years. His eldest son John, a cornet in the 12th Light Dragoons, was killed at Waterloo.

never make out, it was "pas de" something, which sounded like what an Irish girl said it really was, "paddy busk," and country dances of different kinds.

Every one then appeared to know the figures of Sir Roger de Coverley, Boulanger, and the Haymakers. Now if they are attempted, all is confusion and running against each other. The above mentioned were English dances. In Scotland, country dances, Medlies (Strathspies and reels, alternately, each a different figure), Reels and the Country Bumpkin, which I have already described.

After the war, foreign dances were introduced, both in England and Scotland, first Quadrilles, then the Waltz, which many parents felt some repugnance in allowing their daughters to dance at first. Then followed Polkas, Gallops &c., which are dances in my opinion perfectly void of propriety, and more like unseemly romping than anything else. But, Hugh, you must make some allowance for my criticism, as you know I belong to the old school, and therefore, as most ladies of my age and remembering as well as I do the costumes and manners of former days, think the World is degenerating, and how can it be otherwise when so many gentlemen of the present time, seldom dress as gentlemen at Balls. No longer the neat shoes and buckles, and Opera hat.

CHAPTER XXIII

EILDON HALL AND NEW MALTON

THIS Summer, 1807, your Father having purchased the Lieut. Colonelcy then vacant in his Regt., the 15th, became effective in the 2nd Battn., and left the West Indies to join it, then in Yorkshire, and getting leave of absence, came to Scotland. When renewing his acquaintance with us, somehow or other, by his elegant manners, I was caught.

A very serious accident might have happened one day when he was dining with us with a very large party. Sir Alexr., Lady Lockhart[1] and the Pattisons were staying in the house. At dinner, Sir Alexr. was sitting on my right hand, Col. McMurdo on my left, next to him Lady Lockhart, then your Father, with their backs towards the chimney. Just as the dessert was putting on the table, I saw the large massive framed picture of myself and Aunt Wilson, which was hanging above the chimney piece, sliding down the wall, I sprang up, and from the gesture I made, Lady Lockhart and your Father arose and threw themselves forward on the table, just as the picture, which first touched the chimney piece, which it cracked, although of marble, fell forward and struck the backs of the two chairs, and cracked them, strong as they were. Such excitement it caused and calling for glasses of water for some of the ladies ! It made us all tremble certainly for Lady Lockhart and your Father had a very narrow

[1] Sir Alexander Macdonald Lockhart, 1st Baronet, was M.P. for Berwick (1807–1812). He married Jane MacNeill of Gallichvilly, and died in 1816.

escape, as they must have been killed if they had not at the instant jumped up and leant forward. The picture frame was much broken.

On the 14th Decr., 1807, I was married to your Father in the drawing room at Eildon Hall, immediately before dinner (4 o'clock). No parade in those days of 6 or 8 bridesmaids. Your Aunt Kitty and Cousin Betsey Smail were mine. Mr. Scott of Wauchope[1] the best man. No one else present but my Father, your Uncle and Aunt Pattison, the Minister of Bowden and his wife, Mrs. Balfour. It was rather a melancholy affair as my Father and both my sisters shed tears, and I am sure, so did I, and good Nelly was in great grief at my going away. It really seemed a matter of condolence instead of congratulation.

Well, it always seems a sad thing to witness a marriage, as tears are generally shed by some of the party and by the Bride then feeling she is going to leave a home, where she has so long been happy, and all those she loves and by whom she knows she has been beloved. No going to the Continent then on a marriage trip, as it was the time of war, but to Edinburgh and to visit friends round the country.

In the following May, your Father's leave having expired, we set off for New Malton, a small town in Yorkshire, where the 2nd Battn. of the 15th was then quartered, accompanied by Anne Turnbull, a cousin of Nelly's, who came to Eildon Hall some time before I was married, that I might get accustomed to her; and Abraham, who had been your Father's servant in the Dumfries Militia, and volunteered with a great many others to go with him to the West Indies, to join the 1st Battn. of the 15th. We did not arrive at Malton till late in the evening.

The next morning before breakfast, and whilst I was

[1] Walter Scott of Wauchope (1778–1857) was a brother of Archibald Scott of Howcleuch, who in 1804 married Charlotte, a sister of Colonel William Sibbald.

finishing my dressing, I was told Major and Mrs. Renny[1] were downstairs. I went down before your Father was ready, who was attended by Abraham in another room. Major Renny was in full regimentals (always then worn, the blue surtout came in some years after), hair powdered and queue, a fine looking man, but the expression of his countenance was pompous and severe. Mrs. Renny, tall and ladylike, but not pretty. We seemed happy to meet as she was married two days before me. She was my senior, being about 30. We had lodgings under the same roof, the doors of entrance being under and each side of the archway. Mrs. Renny and I were much together every day. If she is living at present, I am sure she will remember me as affectionately as I do her, for we were as sisters.

Never having seen your Father but in plain clothes and with black unpowdered hair, I could scarcely recognize him when he entered the room, dressed as was Major Renny, and with his hair powdered and a queue, a most ridiculous appendage, which lay perfectly quiet on his back, turn his head in any way he pleased.

There were only two other ladies in the Regiment, the wife of Capt. West,[2] a pretty little Irish woman, and Mrs. Colman, the wife of the Adjutant,[3] from Ireland also, but not particularly ladylike. Perhaps I thought less of her, as whenever she called, she would go to any flowers I had and rub the leaves between her fingers, which destroyed them, of course. But Mrs. Colman was not the only person I have seen do it, and a foolish practice it is.

We had a regular levee of Officers for a day or two, to

[1] Major Hercules Renny, afterwards Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel (1812) and Inspecting Field Officer of Militia in Nova Scotia. He served with the 9th Regiment at the capture of the French West India Islands in 1794, and was wounded at St. Lucia. He also served in the Kaffir War (1800) and with Baird's force in Egypt (1801).

[2] Captain David West, formerly in the 9th Dragoons, with whom, presumably, he served in Ireland during the Rebellion of 1798, at Vinegar Hill, and other affairs. He died 10th September, 1812.

[3] George Dennis Colman, afterwards Brevet-Major (1837), was born at Strabane (1777). He married in 1795, at Belfast, Miss Mary Anne Sargent.

welcome the return of their commanding Officer, of whom they seemed extremely fond. Your Father, who was considered a strict disciplinarian on Parade, or when on duty of any kind, was at any other time most cheerful and frank to his Officers. Major Milne[1] was the second Major, a much more lively and agreeable person than Major Renny. He was unmarried at that time. Capt. Wright[2] of the Grenadiers, a tall fine looking man with a good fortune, Capt. Hinde[3] of the Light Infantry, Capt. Johnson,[4] Capt. Quill,[5] Capt. West and Capt. Chamberlain,[6] the latter had also a good fortune, but was extravagant. They were all most gentlemanly and agreeable, but the latter not quite as smart in appearance as the others, and his servant the worse dressed in the Regiment.

All the Officers of every rank were obliged to be particular as to their conduct in every respect, as your Father would allow no debts to be incurred, which could not be paid before leaving the Town. Otherwise, such Officer must exchange into another Regiment, sell out or be reported to the Duke of York, at that time the Commander-in-Chief—an excellent regulation, as it prevented gambling and gave the Regiment a high character. Two instances happened whilst we were at Malton, one the cause of regret to the whole Regiment. Poor Capt. Johnson, a great favourite with every one, exchanged

[1] Major Alexander Milne (1779–1827), son of James Milne of Bryndie, Banff; married Miss Henrietta Belcombe, daughter of Dr. W. Belcombe. He served in the Kandian War (1817–19), and died at Demerara when acting as Deputy-Governor. The Colours of the 19th Regiment were, at his dying request, buried with him.

[2] Daniel Wright, afterwards Lieut.-Colonel (1837), died in 1845. He probably served with the 65th Regiment in India, at Guzerat and Malwa (1803–4), and at the Siege of Bhurtpore (1805), under Lord Lake.

[3] Captain Henry Reynolds Hinde, formerly in the 1st Life Guards, died at Abbeville, France, 11th January, 1865.

[4] Captain William Gorman Johnson, formerly in the 34th Foot, with whom he presumably served in the Kaffir War of 1800.

[5] Garret Quill, afterwards (1837) Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army, served at the capture of the French West India Islands in 1815, under Sir James Leith.

[6] Michael Chamberlain, afterwards (1815) Major in the 84th Foot. He acted as D.A.A.G. in Holland in 1814, and died in 1827.

into a Regiment going abroad and a Lieut. Carter,[1] who on his return from leave brought a lady with him of doubtful character, whom he called his wife.

When a new Officer joined, he was always invited by your father to breakfast with him the following morning. Soon after we went to Malton a new Ensign arrived from Ireland, a Mr. Hunter, a most uncouth looking young man. To hear him describe his voyage from Cork, it was almost impossible to help laughing, his accent was so broad and his manner so unpolished. After breakfast, I always left the room as soon as possible, as your Father, of course, did not like me to be present during the lecture or advice, nor did I wish it myself.

This poor Mr. Hunter[2] became the butt of the Mess and bore it with the greatest good-humour—the jokes they put upon him. As soon as he had his Regimentals, they told him it was necessary to call on me as being the Commanding Officer's wife. So accordingly, he came, and poor fellow, not being accustomed to a sword, cocked hat (which Officers wore at that time) and white buckskin gloves, when Abraham showed him upstairs, he was so awkward that as the door was thrown open and he was announced, his sword somehow got between his feet—when he was taking off his hat, I suppose, or glove—and tripped him, so that he came into the room head foremost, scarcely able to prevent himself from falling on his face.

I really could not tell which was most confused, Mr. Hunter or myself, but I contrived to set him at ease by talking of the beauties of his country and of the pleasure he would have in talking to Mrs. West, who would speak in raptures of the Lake of Killarney, &c. Mr. Hunter stayed but a short time with the Regiment as he was found so perfectly deficient in his education that he could

[1] Dansic Carter exchanged to the 58th Foot (9th August, 1810), with whom he served in Portugal (1810–12), in Spain, from 1812. He was present at Salamanca, at the Siege of Burgos (where he was wounded), and the subsequent retreat.

[2] William Hunter exchanged into 63rd Foot in 1810, and went on half-pay in 1814.

not write out a common Guard Report, so your Father managed to get him an exchange into another Regiment, where I fear he would meet with no better fate.

In those days Commissions in the Army as Ensigns were much easier got by Members of Parliament for the sons of their voters than was the case a short time afterwards, but it was astonishing how Fathers could think of sending their sons, who were not educated into the Army as Officers, as they were sure of being dismissed.

There was one new Ensign, a Mr. Wood,[1] who joined just after I went to Malton. His first Guard Report was ill spelt and ill written. I felt quite grieved, because he had also breakfasted with us and seemed quite intelligent, and not at all awkward in manner like the unfortunate Mr. Hunter, and besides, he had a nice looking little wife and child. It did not require much pleading on my part, as your Father also felt sorry for him. He was invited to breakfast again and advised to take private lessons from Sergeant Macdonald, the Regimental Schoolmaster, and encouraged to exert himself, assuring him he would succeed, which he did.

Knowing how fond I am of Music, you may fancy, Hugh, how much delighted I was to find (being Headquarters) that the band played every evening outside our door for as long as we liked, and a very good band it was, although not a brass band as every Regiment has at present, I believe, but flutes, octaves, cymbals, tambourines, triangles, big drum, kettle drums, fifes and common drums.

The Drum Major was a great character in his yellow coat trimmed with silver lace, cocked hat and a cane almost as tall as himself, and which he contrived to flourish in a peculiar manner at the time of the troup, which was a slow sort of figure march—I cannot call it a dance—that was performed by the band whilst the Commanding Officer on foot was inspecting the different

[1] William Wood, Ensign 16th March, 1809, Lieutenant 1812, half-pay November, 1817.

companies of the Regiment. I had charge of the Regimental Colours, which, if they got wet on a field day Major Cook,[1] as he was always called, would bring in and spread on the sides of my sitting room, and come again to furl when he thought them dry enough.

There was no society in the town, which was a very small one, except Mr. Green, the Banker, and his wife, who was a sister of Mrs. Renny's. Mrs. Renny's Father, Mr. Ness and an unmarried daughter lived about a mile from the town at a sweet place called Musley Bank, which was covered with roses, Jessamine, &c., and in the midst of a beautiful flower garden. Miss Ness, about 20, not at all like her sister, Mrs. Renny, but a foolish, giddy girl, who annoyed Mrs. Renny extremely. It is curious that there should be such a difference between sisters, in manner and character that one often meets with, although brought up together. Even Mrs. Green did not resemble Mrs. Renny in any way. How could it be ?

There were very few families in the neighbourhood at that time. Amongst those who called on your Father and myself were Mr. and Mrs. Stainforth ; they had a very fine place about three or four miles from Malton. I forget the name of it although we dined there two or three times. On one occasion it was quite amusing. Your Father drove out Major Milne in his tandem, and I went in a post chaise with Captains Wright and Chamberlain. By chance, I wore Regimental Colours, for I had on a Primrose figured silk dress, the colour of the facings and a scarlet cloak, both happening to be the fashion when I married some months before, without my then knowing the colour the facings were. They thought I wore them out of compliment to the Regiment, which was all very well, and I would not undeceive them, but took the hint so that I might please them on other occasions.

We also visited Mr. and Mrs. Sykes, who lived a few miles from Malton. I don't remember the name of their

[1] Sergeant Drum-Major Alexander Cook.

place either. Mr. Sykes was brother to Sir Mark Sykes[1] of Sledmere, who with his wife were great fox hunters, and equally odd. Lady Sykes had a property of her own, being the heiress of her Father, Henry Masterton, Esqre., of Settrington Hall. At this place Lady Sykes principally lived, and when she and her husband visited each other, hay and oats for the horses were sent before, and parties were invited to meet the husband or the wife, principally huntsmen, who met at either place, when there, to draw cover. The Stainforths and Sykes were equally kind in sending us game, fruit and flowers.

Castle Howard, belonging to the Earl of Carlisle, was in the neighbourhood. The family being absent, the Officers used to form picnics together there. At one entrance there were two lodges separated by the road, but as if meant for the convenience of parties who came to see the Mansion and the grounds—one large room extended over both. Well, Hugh, we went there two or three times, Mrs. Green inviting some nice young ladies to meet us on these occasions, and Mr. Green had to convey them to and from these parties, Papas and Mammas not liking that they should be escorted by young Officers.

Now then to set out—the band and servants (Abraham was generally Purveyor) with the eatables and drinkables were sent on before in two carts. Then followed your Father with me in his tandem, a vehicle I never could like, particularly as our leader was very fond of looking behind to see if the rest of the party were coming, and being playful, as your Father called it. I do not remember four wheels being used in those days, but for closed carriages and phaetons, which were drawn by two horses. Now a Tandem or Curricle could be as gigs with one horse.

But to return to our setting out, after us came several gigs and dog carts. The Officers must have bugles, of course, to make a noise with, as we drove through villages, people running out to stare. In Scotland they

[1] Sir Mark Masterton Sykes, 3rd Bart. (1771–1823). M.P. for York (1807–1820).

would have said, " Aye, losh me, the French have landet," as I have heard them say when surprised. Bringing up the rear was the Adjutant's Irish Jaunting Car, drawn by a cropped eared and short tailed pony. If we could believe in transmigration, we should feel sure that Paddy, as the animal was called, had been a low bred Irishman, for his hair was of the general colour, a dull yellowish, sandy brown. Mrs. Renny, her two sisters and Mrs. West in it, driven by Capt. Hinde, Light Infantry Company (as Mr. Colman would only lend it to him) his Lieut. O'Reilly[1] sitting by his side, sounding his bugle every now and then to keep the road clear.

Castle Howard was well worth seeing. The house was a very fine one, containing many first rate paintings. At no great distance from the house were fine gardens, conservatories, and an aviary, in which were many rare and beautiful birds, particularly gold and silver pheasants ; one end was over a piece of water for aquatic birds. There was a handsome mausoleum, the Chapel above the Vault, in which were the catacombs, a great number were plastered up with the names on the outside. By the time we had seen everything, on returning to the Lodge, we found all prepared ; fruit and vegetables had been procured from the gardener. After sitting a while and singing songs, catches and glees, the band was called in and dancing kept up for some time, till warned by the approach of evening, when it was considered right to return home.

As the leader in the tandem was considered in a frisky humour, I preferred going back in the Jaunting Car, which was easily arranged, as Miss Ness had no objection to go with one of the Officers in his gig, which made room for me in the car and Major Renny took my place in the tandem. Most of the Officers being anxious to try the speed of their horses, and the animals themselves anxious to get home, it was never expected but there would be a collision or two by the way, an upset or a shaft broken,

[1] Philip O'Reilly, Ensign 1806, Lieutenant 1807, half-pay 1814.

the vehicles to be picked up by the carts following, the Officers riding in tie back to Malton. All added to the amusement of the day.

" But," you ask, " what became of the party in the jaunting car ? " Why, to tell the truth, Paddy had had too much beer (horses are very fond of beer) and forgetting his courtesy to the ladies, would every now and then take the pet, which if he had had ears to put back to indicate his humour, the driver might have been prepared for, but he would trot for a little while and then stop if going up a gentle ascent, and if urged on—in spite of Mr. O'Reilly's getting off and pulling at the bridle and Capt. Hinde's flogging—he would back, back, back till he got us into a ditch.

Luckily, no danger from the wheels of a car, as they are under the body of the vehicle, and it was so low we could easily step down. A shoe or two would be lost by the ladies, and such a searching there would be amongst the long grass, it being somewhat dark. Fortunately, too, most of the ditches at that season were dry, but what with the stoppings and backings, which caused us much merriment, we were last home ; but as we arrived safely and no one told the adjutant the cause of delay, he thanked Capt. Hinde for being such a quiet driver, and lent Paddy and the car very willingly when asked for, which was fortunate, as a Jaunting Car is the safest of all conveyances when returning from a picnic.

Once or twice we went to Duncombe Park, the family from home ; it was a splendid place belonging to a Mr. Duncombe—we then had our dinner at the Village near it. The occurrences of the days being pretty much the same as when we went to Castle Howard.

I have told you that the name of the landlord of our lodgings was really " John Bull," an exact image of what England as John Bull is represented to be, short, very stout and with a very red face. He continually stood outside his door with his hands in his pockets, and saying something to his acquaintance as they passed and spoke

to him. Mrs. Bull was exactly like him in figure, with as round a face, but not as red. They were very obliging and kind, and appeared to be a very merry and happy couple, without incumbrance, and evidently " well to do."

The window of our sitting room looked on a Square, which was very amusing, as the Regiment was paraded there morning and afternoon. At that time, the men as well as their Officers, and even the little drummers and pipers had their hair powdered and had queues. The poor boys had theirs so tightly brushed off their foreheads and tied behind that the corners of their eyes were drawn up to the shape of sheep's eyes, and I have seen them go into a shop and buy a farthing candle, and as they walked along, rub up their hair on each side as if it was pomatum of the finest perfume. There was a hair dresser in each Company.

While we were at Malton, the order arrived for the queues and powder to be given up, and a sponge and hair brush to be added to each kit. It was laughable to see the men at afternoon parade, who, having heard of the arrival of the order, saved their hair dressers the trouble of using their scissors, and appeared without queue or powder. Nevertheless they marched off in companies to have their hair properly dressed, and so much better all looked, both Officers and men.

The recruits were drilled in the Square likewise, and one morning I was surprised to see among them a very respectable looking young man with a good hat, a neatly cut riding coat, yellow buck skins and brown tops to his boots. The Adjutant informed your father that this young man would be enlisted, and that, from his apparent low spirits, he must have met with some disappointment. Your Father sent for him, but to all interrogations, the only answer was that he would rather enlist than stay at home. I daily watched his drilling with great interest.

About a week or ten days after, a respectable farmer called upon your Father, and as I was present during the time, I could not but feel affected when I saw his distress

whilst telling how miserable he and his wife had been since Thomas left home without knowing where he was gone, and how he had traced him at last. "And now, Sir," perfectly sobbing whilst he spoke, "he says he's going to be a soldier and won't go home, and his poor mother will die, she will, if I goes to home without Thomas, he's our only one and as good and honest a lad as ever lived," and the tears ran down the poor man's cheeks.

Your Father asked what had caused his son to leave his home and enlist. "Why, Sir, I'm shamed to say it's all owing to Sally Lucas. Thomas was fond of her, and we thought she was fond of Thomas, and her parents being respectable folk, we were not agin their being married, and thought of nothing else. I had a good farm and plenty to leave them, and would have taken a farm from Squire Pilkington for him when he was married, but Sally took up with another, whose father was a richer man, and had died and left all to his son, and she slighted Thomas and he took it so to heart, that he ran away."

The Orderly was sent for the young man. When he came, your Father told him that he had heard the cause of his enlisting; that his Father was willing to get two substitutes for him, or pay £16, and therefore, he would advise him to go home, and not to continue to distress his poor parents. He assured him that Sally Lucas, having broken her faith with him, was not worthy his love and respect; that there was every probability that she would not prove a good wife to the man she wished to marry; and he perhaps considering how she had jilted her first love, would not in his heart esteem her, believing she wished to marry him for his fortune only.

"Oh! Thomas," said his Father imploringly, "do come home, and make your poor Mother happy again; just think how she is fretting and crying while you are away. Never mind Sally. A good young man like you will be sure to get a wife as good, aye, better than she."

I could not help joining your Father in saying, " Yes, and that he will."

Thomas had been standing holding his hat with both his hands, and looking on the floor, but when we agreed with what his Father had said, he seemed to stand more erect and looked at your Father whilst saying, " I feel much obliged to you, Sir. It has been a foolish business altogether. I will take your advice, Sir, and go home with Father." About a week after he called and left a large jar of heather honey, but I did not see him.

CHAPTER XXIV

YORK AND RIPON

IN November your Father got six months' leave of absence, and we went home to Whiterig,[1] accompanied by Anne, Abraham and our favourite poodle Fanny. You may suppose how happy I was to see my beloved relatives at Eildon Hall, but a sad, very sad event happened in the following January—the loss of my dear Uncle James. He commanded the *Primrose* sloop-of-war,[2] which conveyed some Officers of the Army to Portugal and when off Falmouth in a storm or dense fog, she struck on the rocks and went to pieces. Every soul on board perished but my Uncle's cabin boy, who was saved he knew not how, and he recognized my poor Uncle's body when it was washed on shore. The last thing he remembered was seeing my Uncle on deck giving orders as to the management of the ship. Much indeed did I grieve at his loss as I was always a great favourite of his.

It was extraordinary that, before he took command of the *Primrose*, he told my Father that he had made his will, leaving to your Aunt Wilson £1,000, to me £3,000; the rest of his fortune, which he said gave him an income of £900 per annum, to my Father, who was to be his Executor. His money was lent out on interest, passing through his agent's hands. It was not likely that my Uncle would take his will to sea with him. His desk was

[1] Whiterig (at one time known as "Blinkbonnie") adjoins the Eildon Hall Estate, near Melrose. It had been in the Sibbald family for many generations, and Colonel Sibbald inherited it from his grandfather in 1798.

[2] H.M.S. *Primrose* was lost on the Manacle Rocks, near Helston, Cornwall, on the 22nd January, 1809. The transport *Dispatch* was lost at the same time within a mile of the *Primrose*.

washed on shore ; no will was there, nor was it found. The Agent said he knew nothing of it or of the money lent. In fact, my father only recovered about £3,000, and of course, only administered to that sum, and as is mostly the case when receipts are lost, accounts came pouring in from all directions, to a much larger amount than the money my Father received.

On the 1st of March following, your brother John was born, and in May we returned to the Regiment, which was then at York. Major and Mrs. Renny had again lodgeings near us. York was much gayer than Malton. Invitations to Balls, dinners and evening parties were frequent and very agreeable, but our lodgings, although good were not as quiet as at Malton with Mr. and Mrs. John Bull. It is astonishing what a nuisance a spoilt child is in the house. A horrid little boy of about 5 years of age would go up and downstairs continually beating a drum. The parents appeared to be such respectable people that we did not like to complain, but Abraham, who knew how much we were annoyed by it, one day when he was going to lay the cloth for dinner, met the boy on the stairs, and admiring the drum, contrived to make a hole in it with one of the forks. This allowed the air to escape and deadened the noise immediately, to the boy's great grief, and the anger of his mother, who came to make a serious complaint and to pacify the boy, promised him another drum or trumpet.

The second drum was given him and we were thinking of going into other lodgings when the route arrived, a part of the Regt. ordered to Boroughbridge, as the Assize or Election, I forget which, was to take place, when soldiers were not allowed to be in the town ; Major Renny and the other part of the Regt. were sent somewhere else, as Boroughbridge was too small a place to contain the whole.

We had lodgings at a farmhouse about half a mile from the town, where we endured much more annoyance than in our lodgings in York from the little boy's drum, as under our sleeping room was a stable, the only deafening between

were the beams and flooring. We, of course, heard all night the tramping of the horses' feet, and the rattling of the rollers against their cribs. And another nuisance, when daybreak began, so began the cooing of innumerable pigeons in a room overhead with only the flooring between us.

It certainly was the most primitive establishment I was ever in. The utensils for culinary purposes were rather an annoyance to our cook (Abraham's wife) as they consisted of an oven, fryingpan and tea kettle. Of course, we could ask no one to dine with us and I should have preferred dining at the Mess every day, as I did on the day we arrived, although the only lady. The rides and walks about the neighbourhood were very beautiful. Your Father, of course, being a great part of the day with the Regiment, the two junior Ensigns, Temple and Uniacke, came out after parade almost every day to walk with me. Two fine, kind hearted youths they were.

After remaining there three weeks we were sent to Ripon. Oh ! how my heart still warms at the mention of that place, which to me was an earthly Paradise ; from the beauty of the neighbourhood ; the comfort we enjoyed in our most excellent lodgings with Mr. and Mrs. Braithwaite, who were very respectable people and, above all, the great attention your Father and I received from many families in the town and neighbourhood. Lord and Lady Grantham[1] (since Earl and Countess de Grey) of Newby Hall, where we very often dined and met there Lord Grantham's brother the Honble. Frederick Robinson[2] (afterwards Lord Godriche, and then Earl of Ripon), Lord and Lady Pollington[3] (afterwards Earl and Countess

[1] Thomas Philip, 3rd Baron Grantham (1781–1859), became Earl De Grey in 1833. He married in 1805 Lady Henrietta Frances Cole, daughter of the Earl of Enniskillen.

[2] Hon. Frederick John Robinson (1782–1859), created Earl of Ripon in 1833. He married in 1814 Sarah Albinia Louisa, only daughter of the 4th Earl of Buckinghamshire.

[3] John, afterwards 3rd Earl of Mexborough (1783–1860), married in 1807 Anne, eldest daughter of Philip, 3rd Earl of Hardwicke. The Hon. Mrs. Calvert writes, in *Mes Souvenirs* : " Lady Anne Yorke introduced her future, Lord Pollington, to me. He is an ugly, insignificant mortal, but appears good-humoured." (*An Irish Beauty of the Regency.*)

of Mexborough), the Dowager Lady de Grey,[1] Lady Lucas[2] and many others of the Aristocracy, all so very agreeable.

Miss or rather Mrs. Lawrence of Studley Park[3] was also very kind to us. Col. and Mrs. Wood of Hollin Hall,[4] Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, &c., &c., and most intimate did we become with the Rev. Dr. Waddilove,[5] the Dean of Ripon and his family. He was a most eccentric old man, and rather austere in his manner, but fortunately, I pleased him somehow by singing Scotch songs to him, I believe, and being interested in his greenhouse and flower garden. His family consisted of two sons, William and Robert, both Oxonians, and two daughters, Margaret and Harriet.

I particularly mention this family, as you became acquainted with some of its members in 1844, when you and I made a pleasant tour through England, "Merrie England," we might have called it from the happiness we enjoyed amongst my old friends. The Rev. William Waddilove we visited at Beacon Grange. Time had changed him from a lively, smart young man into a discontented invalid, more aged in appearance than from his years, he should have been. He was surrounded by every blessing of family and fortune, but still apparently not satisfied. He was benevolent, notwithstanding and kind

[1] Lady Mary Jemima Grey, widow of the 2nd Baron Grantham and daughter of Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke. She died in 1830.

[2] Lady Annabel Grey, Baroness Lucas, was created Countess De Grey in 1816. She married Lord Polwarth and died in 1833.

[3] Miss Elizabeth Sophia Lawrence (1761–1845), daughter of William Lawrence, of Kirkby Fleetham, by Anna Sophia, daughter and co-heiress of William Aislabie, of Studely Royal. William Lawrence was M.P. for Ripon in six Parliaments and died in 1785.

[4] Colonel Richard Wood married Delia, only daughter of John Schaak of Askham Bryan, near York, and died in 1815.

[5] Rev. Robert Darley Waddilove, D.D. ,F.R.S. (1736–1828), was the son of Robert Darley, of Borough Bridge, by his wife Anne, sister of Robert Waddilove. He inherited his uncle's property and assumed the name of Waddilove early in life. He had a distinguished career in the Church, including eight years as Chaplain to Lord Grantham's Embassy in Madrid. He married in 1781 Anne Hope, daughter of Sir Ludovic Grant, Bart., and sister of the 5th and 6th Earls of Seafield.

ROBERT DARLEY WADDILOVE, D.D., DEAN OF RIPON

From an engraving by Wm. Ward after a painting by George Marshall

indeed to us, but perhaps too severe in his manner to his family. Robert died when about 21. Margaret you knew as Mrs. Oxley at Ripon; Harriet as Miss Waddilove, the owner of Thorpe.

But the family we visited most frequently in the neighbourhood of Ripon, when the Regiment was quartered there, was the Daltons[1] of Sleningford. The old gentleman lived at the Mansion House alone; Col. Dalton,[2] his eldest son at the Grange, a short distance from him with his wife and four daughters. He had three sons if I recollect right. We used to go to the Grange (including baby John and Anne) and stay many days at a time, your father driving into Ripon in the morning and returning to dinner. Nothing could be more delightful to me than my visits to that amiable family, so cheerful and so highly accomplished. Miss Booth, a most talented governess formed one of that happy circle.

The only daughter absent was Susan, the eldest, who was married to Sir Charles Dalbiac.[3] She would follow him to the Peninsula and was with him during great part of the war there. The hardships she met with and the horror of the scenes she witnessed, undermined her health, and she died young, leaving only one child the present Duchess of Roxburgh.

Whilst at Ripon, Capt. and Mrs. West left on leave of absence before going to the West Indies, Capt. West having become effective in the first battn., in his place came a Capt. Hawker[4] from some Dragoon Regt. He did

[1] John Dalton, of the East India Co.'s Service, married Isabella, daughter of Sir John Wray, Bart., and died in 1811.

[2] Lieut.-Colonel John Dalton was the second son; the eldest was Colonel Thomas Dalton (11th Dragoons), who on inheriting Langton Hall, Yorkshire, assumed the name of Norcliffe. Colonel John Dalton married Anne, daughter of William Wilson of Allerton Gledow, near Leeds, and died in 1841.

[3] Lieut.-General Sir Charles Dalbiac married Susan Dalton, and had one daughter, Susanna Stephania, Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Victoria, who married the 6th Duke of Roxburghe.

[4] Captain Francis Hawker, formerly of the 1st and 12th Dragoons, joined 15th Foot in November, 1807. Presumably he served with the 12th Dragoons in Corsica and the Papal States, in Portugal (1797–1800), and in Egypt (1801).

not give one much the idea of a dragoon, as he was rather short and slightly made and certainly too gentle in his disposition. His brother Officers called him " Spanking Jack," why, I could not understand. He was highly accomplished, was a linguist, a painter and a musician, and one of the most agreeable of men in conversation, when his wife was not present. To him in every way she was a perfect contrast.

You wish for sketches of character and I must try to give you hers, although I am sorry to say, I have met with many wives who in the same unseemly manner have taken advantage of their husband's good and perhaps too easy tempers. Mrs. Hawker was extremely peevish and ill-tempered, and every one wondered how Capt. Hawker could submit in the way he did. One day he called and said the bread (baked at home) was too hard and Mrs. Hawker insisted it should be eat, and that it had broken one of his front teeth. I could not make a remark then, but wondered if any other husband could be made to eat such bread. Not long after he called again and said that with the hard bread he had broken another tooth. I could not help then saying, " Why, Capt. Hawker, do you submit, to be obliged to eat such bread ? " " I am sure Col. Sibbald would not." He smiled and said, " Oh, Mrs. Sibbald, anything for a quiet life."

Whilst at Ripon, Capt. Chamberlain was married to a Miss Plumer, a Yorkshire lady. Now, the only good lodgings to be had were at a Mrs. Smith's, a milliner in the Square, where Mrs. Hawker had lodged, but quarrelled with her landlady and left on account of two pair of black silk stockings that were washed and hung over the back of a chair opposite the kitchen fire when Mrs. H. went to bed. In the morning her servant said she had found holes in them. Mrs. H. insisted the holes must have been burned in them by Mrs. Smith, who declared she had not been in the kitchen that morning and had gone to bed before Mrs. Hawker or her servant. There was a terrible piece of work, threats being made by both as to sending for a Magistrate.

Capt. H., poor man had it in his power to pacify Mrs. Smith but not his wife, who came to tell me and beg me not to purchase anything again from Mrs. Smith. She wept bitterly and exclaimed, as she always did when offended, " Oh ! what would my Cousin Sir Francis Wood say at my being so ill-treated." Many Officers called as if to sympathize with her affliction about the stockings, and to hear her say, " What would my Cousin Sir Francis Wood say," &c.

It so happened that soon after the above affair, Capt. Wright received a letter from Capt. Chamberlain requesting him to take lodgings for him and his bride, as they were to be in Ripon in a few days. Capt. Wright came to me quite in a dilemma. He knew of no other lodgings but Mrs. Smith's. My land-lady mentioned others, and your father thought I had better accompany Capt. Wright and look at them. We found they would not do for Mrs. Chamberlain, who was of high position in the County, so we could not do otherwise than take Mrs. Smith's in the Square, but then, what would Mrs. Hawker say ? I hoped that she would not know that I had anything to do with it. Capt. Wright was equally anxious about himself, so after engaging them, I meant to hurry home, but as we were going out of the door, Capt. and Mrs. Hawker were passing. Capt. Wright bid me Good morning and walked away.

" What, Mrs. Sibbald, after the illtreatment I have received from that Mrs. Smith have you really been purchasing anything in her shop ? "

" No, Mrs. Hawker, Mrs. Chamberlain is to be here in a few days, and Capt. Wright and I have been engaging Mrs. Smith's lodgings for her as we could find no others as suitable."

Oh ! how she gave vent to her anger whilst walking by my side to my house which was at some distance, and what tears she shed. She seemed to threaten me with her cousin Sir Francis Wood's indignation at her being so illtreated by me and the Regiment, Capt. Hawker con-

tinually saying, "Fanny, my dear," "Now Fanny, my love," "Do, dear Fanny, calm yourself," &c. By the time we got to my abode, she was almost in hysterics. I felt ashamed of her conduct in the streets and walked as fast as possible, but she kept up with me, and even came into the house. I had to desire Abraham to give her a glass of wine. If it had not been for poor Capt. Hawker's evident distress, I would have left her.

Another time she was angry with me because at the Jubilee Ball (Lady Grantham, Patroness) I did not tell her I intended wearing a white satin dress, which was, she considered, extremely unkind, as she had a white satin dress which had been her marriage garment, 12 years old, rather out of date in colour and fashion. I should suppose she was altogether the most disagreeable character I ever met with.

Mrs. Chamberlain was a great acquisition to the female part of the Regiment. She was about my age, 25, and very lively. I have been giving you a specimen of bad temper in a lady. You will now read of one in the other sex, to show that men are not exempt from the common failings in our nature—that of temper in particular, which if not kept under control, is the cause of so much misery in many families.

Mrs. Chamberlain had a very eccentric father. He had been a Judge in India, a man of most violent temper, so that on his return to England, his children, who had been sent home as children born in India generally are, were frightened at his tyrannical manner and could neither love or respect him.

Once, on his way to London from Yorkshire—his own carriage and post horses, no railroad then—he gave his daughter Sophia his hat to carry on her lap. She began to dose, the hat fell. He told her the next time she let it fall, he would make her wear it. The day was warm. She tried in vain to keep her eyes open. Down fell the hat again. He was enraged, and although they were near Lancaster, he put it on top of her own hat, of the same

shape as a man's hat which ladies wore with a habit when travelling in those days.

When driving up to the door of the principal Hotel, to her dismay, there were congregated, as usual, the Officers of the Regiment then quartered there and several travellers. In vain poor Sophia pleaded to be excused from entering the Hotel with the two hats towering above her head. He put her out of the carriage before him, and led her slowly up the steps as though to make the punishment the greater. I wonder if Mrs. Hawker would have subdued him had she been his wife ?

Whilst at Ripon, my good faithful Anne had been wooed and won by Sergeant Whitaker, a very fine looking man. Anne was such a quiet, unassuming young woman, that the Officers were much interested in her, and advised me to tell her to have nothing to do with him, as he was a dissipated character. When I spoke to her we were on one of our visits to the Grange, and he had had the banns published for the first time. When I heard of it, it distressed me extremely. It happened, however, that a detachment was going to the West Indies with Capt. West to join the 1st Battalion there, and as Sergeant Whitaker belonged to that Company, he was off before Anne returned to Ripon. Her grief at the Sergeant's departure was not very lasting.

Brooches and rings were not as plentiful and common in those days as they are at the present time, and the only token she received from him, and which she considered was a very strong proof of his love, was a piece of paper on which was drawn in red (which he told her was his blood) a heart with an arrow through it, underneath was written, " Dear Anne, I'll be thine, if you'll be mine." " Samuel Whitaker." As to its being written with his heart's blood, as he said, I assured her it was with red ink, and advised her to put it in the fire, and having told her of the character I had heard of him, she felt rather thankful than otherwise, that she had made such an escape.

Anne's next lover was Sergeant O'Callaghan, the regimental clerk. He was well educated and of most respectable parents, but ran away from home and enlisted some four or five years before. We approved of that marriage, and I had written to her mother for her approbation, when Mrs. Colman, the Adjutant's wife, insisted that he should marry her maid Betsey (as plain looking low Irish girl as I ever saw) as she said he had been paying her attention before he saw Anne. The poor man was in a sad way. Anne was affronted at being so much talked about as she said and would not see him or hear of his breaking off with Betsey on her account. In fact, she seemed so disgusted with the uncertainty of man's pretended affection, as she called it, that to my great sorrow, she would go home to her mother, and O'Callaghan did not marry Betsey. Anne afterwards married a well-to-do baker at Kelso, and in a respectable covered vehicle, came to see me after our return to Whiterig, bringing with her to show me, a fine fat baby boy, and a present of a large cake. She told me often she thought she ought to be thankful she had not married a soldier.

You, dear Hugh, will remember what you saw of Ripon in 1844, and the very few then remaining of my acquaintances of 1809. Mrs. Harrison, formerly Fanny Dalton of Sleningford Grange, with whom and her delightful family we spent a fortnight so happily at Bishopton Grove, a mile from Ripon. Mrs Oxley, with whom we stayed some days. Miss Waddilove, of Thorpe. Mrs. Oxley's sister, Mrs. Col. Wood of Hollin Hall, grown very old but she remembered me. Mrs. Lucas, whom we saw as we came out of the Minster one day, tottering before us and supported by a lady. She had a muff tied round her waist like a child although it was late in the season for that article, and a smart bonnet loaded with black feathers. Poor woman, it was a piteous sight to see her frail body shaking as if from paralysis, and still more to see such evident marks of weakness of mind.

I did not call on her as I thought there was little chance

of her remembering me. Indeed, I did not respect her when I knew her formerly as her husband was one of the best of men, and most agreeable, yet she did not appreciate his worth. One day she took the liberty of sending a bottle of ketchup instead of port wine, when her husband had some gentlemen with him in the dining room after dinner. Unfortunately, Mrs. Lucas had not the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which as St. Peter says, " is in the sight of God of great price." Poor Mr. Lucas, after his company left, did not enter into any altercation with his wife, but ordered the carriage, left the house and did not return until he had received from her a promise of never offending in like manner again.

You will remember going with Mr. Oxley to see Fountains Abbey in Sudley Park, whilst Mrs. Oxley accompanied me to call on Mrs. Lawrence. She was much changed and very deaf and carried a trumpet in her hand. We could not recognize each other. Mrs. Oxley asked her if she remembered when the 15th Regt., was quartered in Ripon. She answered in the affirmative. " Did she recollect Col. and Mrs. Sibbald ? " " Indeed I do." " This is Mrs. Sibbald." The good lady seized my hand, kissed me, and said, " I am glad to see you. Time has altered us both. Thirty years I think it is since we saw each other." She placed me in her easy chair, took another and sat by my side and with the aid of the trumpet, we carried on a sort of interrogatory conversation on her side for some time.

Mrs. Lawrence was quite the Lady Bountiful of Ripon and the neighbourhood. One kind action of many that came to my knowledge then, was towards good Miss Booth, who after her services were no longer required by the Daltons, retired to lodgings in Ripon, where I went to seek her and found her nearly blind. As long as Col. Dalton lived, she had a pension from him. As soon as that family became dispersed by marriage, Mrs. Lawrence settled an annuity on her for life, which was doubly

appreciated as Mrs. Lawrence had been in no way connected with her.

Since we were at Beacon Grange, Mr. Waddilove has died, and almost all my former acquaintance, but the memory I still retain of those days, when they and I were in the enjoyment of happiness, seemingly without alloy, even at my present age of 77, gives me pleasure, although tinctured with regret, that my kind old friends and I in this world, shall never meet again.

CHAPTER XXV

SCARBOROUGH AND WHITBY

AT the end of fifteen months' sojourn at Ripon, we were ordered to Scarboro. Alas ! with what grief did I learn we were to leave so many kind friends, more poignant, no doubt, from hearing that our departure would be regretted. We had little time given to bid farewell to those not in the immediate neighbourhood. We could not go out to Newby, but Lady Grantham sent a pr. of warm boots of her own knitting for my little John to wear on his journey, and such a kind note saying she was sorry we were to leave, but hoping to see us at Newby if we ever again came to Ripon. But every one seemed sorry to part with us, and many a tear I shed on this truly melancholy occasion.

And what a sad contrast was Scarboro to Ripon, in every respect—in the town and its inhabitants. It happened at the end of the Spa season and miserably dull did it appear after Ripon, as there was no society whatever. The Mayor, the Clergyman and Doctor called, but there was no further intimacy. It being on the East coast, it was bleak and bare. We had our lodgings in a row of houses called " the Cliff," and a melancholy employment it was watching the poor little coasting vessels and fishing boats trying to make their way into the harbour ; and many a night when it was stormy I felt miserable as darkness came on before I could see the poor vessels safely anchored, and in the morning perhaps heard that some boats had been wrecked, and all or some of the crew had perished.

The single Officers were stationed in the Barracks at the Castle, which was situated on the rocky edge of a high

cliff which overhung the sea. It was a dismal situation in Winter. One of our Officers (Capt. Burke)[1] had certainly become hypochondriacal. He called on me one day and told me he was so miserable at night, when the wind appeared to be always high, for he could not help fancying himself the window shutter that was on the outside of his window, for as it shook with the wind, so did he on his bed ; I told him he had better take lodgings in the town. " Oh ! no," he said, " I suppose I must put up with it." He got leave of absence not long after and did not return to the Regiment.

Poor Capt. Burke, he was before he met with an accident, the greatest favorite and one of the most lively Officers in the Regiment. It happened when our regular picnic party were returning from seeing Kirkham Abbey, in a Canal boat and going very slow. Capt. Burke with others got out to walk, and unfortunately, he went on the track, and did not perceive the rope lying quite slack. On the horses being urged on, the rope suddenly tightened with a jerk. Capt. Burke was lifted up and fell on his head. He must have been injured as he afterwards became quite dull.

When in Scarboro I saw a gentleman with the same disease, every day for a month in Summer, on a small pony which was led by a footman up and down on the beach. This gentleman held a parasol over his head with one hand while with the other he was continually and gently lifting his hat and as gently putting it on, thinking that his head was made of glass and that it would explode. I pitied his ladylike wife as much as I did the poor invalid.

One day, just as your father's charger was brought to the door, a squall of wind and hail came on. Being

[1] Captain Theobald Burke (or Bourke), formerly in the 63rd and 59th Foot, and presumably served at the capture of St. Lucia (1796), and against the brigands in Grenada and the insurgent Caribs in St. Vincent ; in Holland (1799) and the Quiberon Expedition (1800). He did not leave the 15th Regiment until October, 1812, when Major-General Hatton reported that " Captain Bourke from ill-health appears to be unfit for the Service."

anxious to dismiss the men from Parade, he galloped off and up to the Castle. He felt the horse stagger when crossing the drawbridge, and as your Father came on Parade, he had just time to throw himself off, when the poor animal dropped quite dead. It was a great loss, and sorry I was, independent of his value, as I was very fond of riding him.

The following June we were ordered to Whitby on account of the Scarboro Election, a horrid, dirty, small town then. As the whale fat was boiled there, it smelt most disagreeably of oil. We had lodgings about a mile from the town—I forget the name of the place, but it was a gentleman's house, or rather a lady's, she being a gentleman's widow. She was an odd sort of woman, for although she had a comfortable fortune, she let a part of her house at a guinea a week, for only three weeks ; her husband had been a literary character. There was a splendid library, which we had free access to.

Mrs. Gibson, that was the lady's name, paid me a visit every forenoon. She seemed clever and was ladylike in her manner, and yet whilst we were there, she frequently walked into the town in the afternoon and her gardener has gone to look for her, and found her hardly able to get home she was so tipsy ; sometimes he was obliged to carry her. What strange people one meets with in the world. Mrs. Gibson's servants said she was kind and charitable. They were fond of her and deplored her sad propensity extremely.

She had two female servants ; one had been with her many years as housekeeper. She spoke of Mr. Gibson as a gentleman much loved and respected by every one, and her mistress had been equally so in his lifetime, and a happy couple they were, she said, and " Oh ! dear, if Master had not died, Mistress would never have forgotten herself, as she does so often now. I have frequently said I would leave her, but haven't the heart to do it, for if I did, she would be ruined over and over again. She forgets so what she does, and I tell her banker never to

give her all the money she asks for, as she would be sure to give it away to somebody at the times she doesn't know what she's doing."

It did certainly appear to me quite inexplicable that a lady in Mrs. Gibson's position, with her mind and manners, should acquire, as she had done, a vice so degrading. She certainly could not, did not appreciate the blessings that she might have enjoyed. She had means, and a beautiful house and grounds, where I thought I could have lived happily all my life.

One day whilst we were there, after your Father had gone to Parade, he sent out an Orderly with a message that four of the Officers were to dine with us, at the usual hour (4 o'clock). Now what was to be done ? We were at a mile's distance from the town ; we had nothing in the house but some little thing for your Father and myself, and the dinner for the servants. Of course, I consulted Abraham, who, from experience, I knew, was never at a loss. " Well, Ma'am," he said, " It's a bad job inviting company on a Monday, for this is the butcher's killing day. The Colonel doesn't think of that, I suppose, so I must go into town and see what I can do, and be back as quick as possible as we must have dinner at four ; the Colonel doesn't like to wait." Away he went, having taken off his coat and put on his jacket.

I felt quite anxious for his return, but before I thought I could expect him, he arrived panting with heat and hurry. With one hand over his shoulder he held a stick, from which was suspended an immense cod, just out of the sea, in his other hand a live lobster ; a butcher's boy was with him, carrying on his right arm a basket in which was a leg of mutton, but just killed ; in his left hand a pr. of quacking ducks.

The cod and lobster sauce would be all right, but what tough mutton and ducks we should have. " Oh ! not at all Ma'am," said Abraham. The poor ducks lost their heads in a moment and whilst Jane his wife was plucking off the feathers, he was battering the leg of mutton all over

with the rolling pin, as if he would knock it to bits. I looked on, but said nothing. Presently, he washed it all over and well with vinegar, and popped it into a pot that was boiling on the fire, the lobster was boiling also. He then put on an apron, tucked up his sleeves, washed his hands, set to and made a tart, pudding and custards, and I forget what else whilst calling to his slow wife " to be sharp."

But before your Father and his guests arrived, the cloth was laid, wine decanted, Abraham dressed and ready to open the door, and no one could have told that there had been the least bustle. Our dinner was excellent, and the mutton was as tender as if it had been hanging for a fortnight. I profited by the hint of how to make mutton tender and have had it done often with the same success.

When we returned to Scarboro, we found the lodgings we had had before were let, so we went to a Mrs. Smith's, which was nearer the Castle. Now, she, like Mrs. Gibson, had no occasion to let lodgings, as she, too was well off, but she was of such a greedy disposition that she would often steal, and had to pay sums of money to shop-keepers to prevent them prosecuting her. She took our cook's shoes and kitchen towels, and even some linen that our child's maid had counted out for the wash. Mrs. Smith's servant told her to go boldly and ask for the stolen articles, and that they would be given up ; that she, when her mistress had taken her shoes, would take a pair belonging to her mistress, and ask her to change and it was immediately done.

It was told us that Mrs. Smith's father had the same disposition and that he would rob his own horses of their corn. His coachman having suspected they had been robbed of their feed somehow and that it was put back into the corn chest, put black oats in one side and white in the other, and finding in the morning they were mixed, at night he lay down behind the corn chest to watch. By and by he heard some one come into the stable and grope his way to the chest, take out the

measure, go to the manger, scrape up what the horses had not time to eat and carry it to the chest. The coachman knew it must be his old master, as the keys of the stalls were hung up outside the dining room door, where he had put them that evening and got in himself by the hay loft, but wishing to frighten the old man, he pretended he thought him some other thief, and swore at him and shook him so heartily that the old man was made quite ill.

Whilst we were there, Mrs. Smith's daughter came from a boarding school, and finding her mother had let part of her house, reproached her for being so mean, and was exceedingly disgusted, and as our servants were continually complaining that their things were taken from them, we left, but whilst at Mrs. Smith's, your brother Tom[1] was born.

Opposite to us lodged Capt. Manson[2] and his dear young wife. He had gone to Caithness on leave and brought her back with him. She was not 19 and he must have been 40 at least. She appeared more like his daughter than his wife ; she had just left school when he married her. She told me she had lost her parents when an infant, and had been brought up by an old lady, a distant relation. I could not but suppose it must have been through her anxiety to see her young charge married that could have induced her to consent to the marriage, as in every way it was unsuitable for a mere girl so young and delicate, as she seemed as fragile as a tender exotic. She had been extremely well educated, was very pretty and ladylike, poor girl. I pitied her much and was very fond of her. She seemed to throw herself on my care, and I felt happy in showing her every attention. She was confined whilst I was near her, fortunately, as I was able to be with her more than I could have been if at a greater distance from her.

Capt. Manson was much liked in the Regiment, as a

[1] Afterwards Captain Thomas Sibbald, R.N.

[2] Captain Sinclair Manson, formerly 40th Foot, served with 1st Battalion 15th Foot at the capture of Martinique (1809).

CAPTAIN THOMAS SIBBALD, R.N.

From a Silhouette. By kind permission of W. Martyn Sibbald, Esq.

good Officer, but the last man in the world, I should have thought, that would have chosen so young a wife, so perfectly unacquainted as she was with the ways of the world, and so perfectly unfit to combat with the cares and difficulties she was sure to meet with. He had no encouraging liveliness about him, not much conversation, and was altogether too quiet and passive.

On leaving Mrs. Smith's, we took Dr. Belcombe's house in a street leading to the Cliff. Just after we went there, Col.[1] and Lady Cecilia Latouche and family arrived, and took a house on the Cliff. It made a most agreeable change to your father and myself, as we became extremely intimate. Not a day passed but we were in their house or some of them in ours, and we generally spent our evenings with them as they were very musical, with piano, harp and tambourine and castenets as accompaniments in dancing. There were four daughters, the eldest about twenty, and two boys about the ages of 12 and 10. A very lively Irish family they were. Col. L. was the Member for the County of Carlow, and Colonel of the Carlow Militia.

Whilst Col. Latouche was in London attending Parliament, a very unpleasant affair happened. Lady Cecilia's maid when she wished to get trimmings or something for the dress she might be making for the ladies, would get a whole piece from a shop, take off what she required and return the rest, the shopkeeper charging on measurement, what she had used. I have often seen it done, but think it is a bad plan and one I would not follow, as articles might be detained longer than at first intended, which was the case in this instance, I suppose, as the shopkeeper became doubtful as to having the remainder of all the articles back (not having measured them himself, perhaps) and suspicion worked on his mind.

One day Lady Cecilia called at the shop and wished to see some lace. Several pieces were shown to her, but not

[1] Colonel David La Touche of Marlay. M.P. for Carlow. Married in 1789 Lady Cecilia Leeson, daughter of the 1st Earl of Miltown. They had twelve children. The eldest daughter married Lord Brandon and the second Rear-Admiral Villiers-Hatton.

being the kind she wanted, she carelessly pushed them back on the counter saying they would not do, and wished to look at something else. The shopkeeper, whose name was Smith, became angry, and told her that she had taken a piece of the lace, that it was not the first time she had robbed him, as she had not always returned what she had sent to look at, and that he would have her before a Magistrate. In vain did Lady Cecilia and her daughter who was with her, declare that the accusation was false, the man became quite violent.

How Lady Cecilia got home, she knew not, but Fanny came running to me to beg me to go to her Mamma, who was in hysterics. Poor girl, she could not tell me intelligibly what was the matter, as her elder sister had been with her Mamma, but that Mr. Smith, the shopkeeper, had frightened her. She hurried me off, but I begged your Father to follow which he did to ascertain if he could be of any use, neither of us being able to make out what had really happened. I found Lady Cecilia in a dreadful state of distress, crying and wringing her hands.

After hearing the cause of her grief, your Father went to the shop, and enquiring of the owner, the description of the piece of lace, he said " Vandyke." He then asked the shop boy where he had put the pieces of lace when he took them off the counter. He said in a drawer. Your Father wished it to be examined, as the missing piece might have been put in without the boy observing it ; the shopkeeper the while looking on very complacently, being sure he was right in his suspicion. However, on taking the cards of lace out of the drawer, there it was between two other pieces, and as to keeping back what Lady Cecilia's maid had of different materials to take what she required from, the shopkeeper could not make out one single instance when he had been defrauded. He was much alarmed when your Father told him that Col. Latouche might prosecute him for defamation of character. It seemed it was a kind of mania with the poor man, many instances were mentioned (as soon as it was known how

Lady C. had been accused by him) of others who had been insulted in the same way, and he had lost a great deal of custom in consequence, although his was far the best shop in Scarbro'.

Before Colonel Latouche returned from London, Lady Cecilia and her eldest daughter went into Lincolnshire on a visit to Lady Monson.[1] During that time, Fanny, Harriet and Emily, the latter about ten years of age, spent most of their time with me. They had a Swiss governess, but they did not like her and made their escape from her whenever they could. One evening after Col. L. had returned from London, he dined at the Mess with your Father. I, of course, was with Lady C., Sir George Cayley[2] and Dr. Montgomery came in after tea. The latter was very musical, and after he had accompanied with his flute Lady C., on the piano and Miss L., on the harp, Lady C. said whilst at Lady Monson's, she had heard her and Lady Anderson whistle ; that it was becoming quite a female accomplishment, so all the girls with Lady L. began trying with little success, I thought.

At last they said, " Why do you not try, Mrs. Sibbald ? " " Oh, my Grandmother once told me that ' a whistling woman and a crawing hen were na canny.' " Dr. Montgomery, being a Scotchman, laughed most heartily, and said, " Uncanny days are gone now. Never mind," he was sure I could whistle. I had never tried it after your Uncle Tom left for India ; you may remember my mentioning I used to whistle duets with him to please Peter Pindar, nor did I think I could now, but after a great deal of pressing " just to try," and saying I was afraid Col. Sibbald would think his wife na canny, that is, had an evil spirit, Sir George bolted the door to prevent interruptions, and I sat down to the piano.

I played some plaintive Scotch airs, whistling at the

[1] Sarah, daughter of the 2nd Earl of Mexborough, married first in 1807 the 4th Baron Monson, and secondly, in 1816, Henry Richard, Earl of Warwick.

[2] Sir George Cayley (1773–1857), 6th Bart. M.P. for Scarborough. Was the inventor of a flying machine which is described in *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Vol. X, page 513, and *Nicholson's Journal*, 1809, page 172.

time. They all said they were delighted. At last I commenced, " Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon," Dr. Montgomery whistling second. I myself felt quite pleased, and no doubt was showing off to the best of my abilities in pathos, &c., when some one tried the door. It must be opened, and in walked Col. Latouche and your Father. " Holla," said the former, " what are we to be shut out for ? What's going on ? " " Oh, Papa," said Cecilia, " you have disturbed Mrs. Sibbald, who was whistling so nicely."

I had risen hastily from the piano at the first movement at the door, and they would not have known of my whistling if Cecilia had not let the secret be known. Your Father looked angry, and not knowing that Lady Cecilia had been trying, said, " I do not wish my wife to boast of whistling as one of her accomplishments."

We all looked foolish until Sir George said, " There is no harm in making an attempt to conquer difficulties " ; that he had certainly failed in something lately that he thought would have crowned him with honor and renown, but although he had not succeeded in the first attempt, he trusted he should in the second. He then mentioned how he had from a boy fancied that some machine might be made to go through the air, without being inflated and in the shape of a balloon, but by machinery ; that he had set to work and made an article in the shape of a large bird with wings that were to flap through the air with the aid of machinery ; that, thinking he had perfectly succeeded, after some persuasion and promise of reward, he got his stable boy to mount this bird, and up it went, flapping its wings to his great delight. But, alas ! only for a short distance, for whether because the boy got frightened, and did not keep the machinery in motion, or whether the boy was too fat and heavier than the bird liked, he did not know, but down bird and boy came plump on the ground—the bird not hurt, but the poor boy both frightened and hurt, but he soon found a salve that healed both wounds and fright.

SIR GEORGE CAYLEY, BART, THE PIONEER OF FLYING

From a painting at Carham Hall. By kind permission of Arthur Cayley, Esq.

The manner in which Sir George told of his experience and failure, kept us in fits of laughter, so I suppose my misdemeanour was forgotten by your Father, and I never heard him say more about it. Indeed, he must have felt certain I never would do anything I thought he would disapprove, and you may be sure I never tried to whistle again, in spite of all the entreaties of my kind friends the Latouches.

On " St. Patrick's day in the morning," 17th March, I went with them to look for shamrock. On going up a hilly road, we observed the bank on one side of it was built up by sheep's skulls and leg bones. It had an odd appearance and we could not but wonder where they all came from ; blue and white violets were blooming all over them. Our great amusement almost every day, particularly after a storm, was to go down on the beach, and pick up pebbles, jet and some beautiful fossils. Your Father, wearing white buckskins, used to come home with a dark spot on one knee, as, being tall, he had to kneel to pick them out of the sand, so had Lady Cecilia ; the girls and I were of a more convenient size.

One day when your Father and I dined at Major Renny's, a most laughable incident happened. His landlord, always called Captain Weston, was the master of a little coasting vessel. His wife called him Thomas and he called her Dolly. They were truly Yorkshire, and a more simple minded couple there could not be. Major Renny had had a shower bath put up in a small dressing room, which was between his bedroom and dining room. The door of the latter being ajar, we heard the couple coming upstairs, the Captain saying, " What is't like, Dolly ? " " Hish't, Tummas, don'tee make a noise, they'll hear'ee." We listened quietly, knowing what was going to be exhibited. " Now, Tummas, come inside and I'll show what they does." We heard him say, " What's this string for, Dolly ? " Then a great splash, a roar and a scream.

We all ran out as if alarmed, and perhaps in your life you never saw such a disconcerted couple, shivering, being half drowned, and feeling so much ashamed. Thomas said Dolly did not tell him what the string was for, and she said " Tummas had gived it a great pull before she had time to tell 'im." We reassured them by sympathizing with them very much, but for many days they apologized to Mrs. Renny for having been " so imperent as to look into un."

One day when driving out with Lady Cecilia and her elder girls in her sociable, passing through a Village, a little boy ran across the road, as little boys do by way of bravado. Before the coachman could stop his horses, the boy was knocked down and the wheels went over his legs. Such a shouting and scolding of women at their cottage doors. The carriage was stopped, of course, and the footman carried the boy into his home ; poor little fellow, he was screaming most dreadfully. We got out of the carriage and followed, and wondered at the way the boy's mother scolded him. " I tell'd ye, didn't I, many's the time you'd get killed some day by rinning afore carriages ? and now you've got it." We thought her so cruel as we felt sure he must have his legs broken if no other injury.

Lady Cecilia was greatly distressed, said we should return to town immediately and send out a Doctor ; that she would be at all the expense. A medical man was sent and called on Lady C., on his return, and told her the boy's legs were not broken, thanks to her light carriage, but were much bruised ; that in a week or two he expected the boy would be able to go about again. It seemed a fortunate accident for the family, for often we drove there with lots of good things and money to get what the boy might require, and Lady C. did not give up her interest in that boy whilst I remained in Scarbro'

CHAPTER XXVI

CHANNEL ISLANDS

AT this time your Father applied for six months leave of absence, which was granted, and you may fancy, Hugh, my delight at the prospect of seeing my Father and Sisters so soon, but before we had prepared for our departure to Scotland, alas! Buonaparte threatened to invade the Channel Islands, and consequently leave was stopped, and the 15th and two other Regiments then at Leith, were ordered to prepare for embarkation immediately on the arrival of Transports and Convoy for Jersey—such a disappointment.

Before proceeding further, I must tell you that at the time of Lady Cecilia's dilemma, your Uncle and Aunt Pattison paid us a visit, and having, when Abraham was with your Father in Scotland before and after our marriage, seen what a useful man he was in many ways, purchased his discharge and engaged him as their house servant. His wife to live at the Lodge at New Water Haugh, where your Uncle then resided. Fortunately, Abraham and his wife had not left us, so we had their assistance in packing.

Nothing could exceed the kindness of Lady Cecilia and her daughter. My child's maid's father, a respectable farmer, would not hear of his daughter going with the Regiment, which grieved me much at the time, but I rejoiced afterwards, as the women servants the other ladies took with them, did not remain long in their situations after they went to Jersey. But when we embarked and I saw the dear Latouches standing on the shore with

Abraham and his wife, and good Mary, the child's maid, I felt very unhappy and shed many tears. I had two children and only old Philip our groom.

Poor Abraham had better have remained with us, as when not under the control of Military discipline, he went all wrong. His wife when living with us had fits, so her many illnesses were called, but her services we did not miss as Abraham was an excellent cook, amongst his many other good qualities, whilst with us. She was, however, fond of spirits, as Philip told us afterwards, and poor Abraham became so too, and after some months' trial, your Uncle had to dismiss them both. How useful Abraham would have been to us had he remained in the Regiment.

The accommodation on board our Transport was most wretched. The Commander of the *Loyalist* (Convoy) was so kind as to offer to take your Father and his family on board, but he did not accept the invitation as our Transport was Head Quarters. The only Officer's wife in our Transport besides myself was the Adjutant's, Mrs. Colman. She was a vulgar Irishwoman, and no great favourite of mine. She had several noisy children, and her favourite maid Betsey, who Sergeant O'Callaghan did not marry after all—you may remember I mentioned Mrs. Colman's breaking off his match with my nice child's maid, Anne, when we were at Ripon.

They had berths off the Saloon, or whatever the largest cabin was called, off which I had what bore a most ridiculous name "a stateroom," with borrowed air and light from that Saloon, one door into it and another into the Captain's cabin. I had no room but for myself, a bed and a small trunk, over which was suspended little John's cot.

I had, I think, seven soldiers' wives who made the attempt to assist me with my children, but they were useless as they were seasick. Fortunately, I was not in the least so myself, but the horrid Colmans and maid did not keep it to themselves, but annoyed everybody within

hearing, they made such a fuss ; the maid calling on all the saints in the calendar for help. Your Father, although the sea was not rough, had to go to his cot which was slung in the Captain's cabin. Soon after we set sail he felt unwell, and was so for two or three days, so I was left to the kind attentions of Mr. Colman, and some other of the Officers, who assisted me to feed and take care of the children.

The voyage, which was expected to last only for a week, was seventeen days, so that our fresh provisions were consumed some days before we arrived at our destination, and for the remainder of the time, we had for dinner a dish called Lobscouse, perhaps not so spelt, nor must I call it a dish, for it was brought and put on the floor of the Saloon in the iron pot in which it had been stewed. It consisted of salt pork and potatoes flavoured with onions, with tin plates and tin cups to drink out of. How differently things are managed at the present day.

There were several transports, old useless merchant vessels, such dreadful bad sailers. Our beautiful Convoy was continually sailing around them, and firing guns, to hasten them, I suppose. All in vain, they could not go on and besides several days we had little or no wind. One day, happening to be in my " state room " when the servants were laying the cloth for dinner, I heard one say, " It's lucky it's so calm, for I seed an Indiaman once go down, jist where we are now." I waited to hear no more, but on going on deck, found we were just going away from the Goodwin Sands, a place where many ship-wrecks had happened. They are on the East coast of Kent between North and South Foreland.

At last we arrived at the end of our voyage. On entering the Bay of St. Albans, I thought from the view of the island that it must be a perfect paradise. It was the month of July and in the midst of fields and trees on the face of a hill were many pretty white houses and cottages scattered like daisies in a field. Oh ! I thought, how happy I shall be now our disagreeable voyage is at an end.

But, alas ! my worst troubles were to begin, for we were no sooner landed than we were ordered up to Grouville Barracks, about 4 or 5 miles from St. Heliers (the chief town). I had no servant, your father had to attend to his Regiment, and Philip had to look after the horses.

The two children and I were sent up to the Village of Grouville, and for two days and nights lodged at a Mrs. Paine's, who, with her son, kept a shop there. They spoke only French, so that I had to brush up my recollection of what I had once learnt of that language to make myself understood. It was terrible to go into Barracks. Your Father being the Commanding Officer, we had six apartments besides the kitchen, but how desolate they appeared with half dirty, unpapered walls, and the furniture in each room being the same—one small deal table, two wooden chairs, a set of fire irons and a pair of bellows. We had no furniture of our own but a bed and bedding and a child's cot.

We got two of the soldiers' wives to attend to us, but although we had soon a room made comfortable, comparatively speaking, they neither of them would remain all night, and as little Tommy was cutting his teeth, and both children took whooping cough, I had no little difficulty in preventing them disturbing your father, who would return from his rounds at night much fatigued.

My great relief was in good old Philip, who always fancied if a child cried, it was because he was illtreated, so would come in very often at night if Tommy cried much and say, " What be doing to the chield ; he never cries when he is lying in my buzzum," nor did he. At six he would bring him back and say, " I telld'e he'd be good with me."

There was so little amusement at Grouville for the Officers, that they had to invent a cause for excitement, and it had a name too, but I forget it if it was not called a " drag." Red herrings were put into a bag which was pulled along the ground by a soldier to a certain distance, a short time before the general start of Officers and dogs.

When away they went betting on their own and their dogs getting to the goal first, and such a laughable turn out of the canine species—such a variety—Newfoundland, terrier, spaniel, pointer and even poor poodle Fannie was borrowed for the occasion and heartily joined the throng. Men holloaing by way of keeping up the farce, dogs yelling, barking and howling ; the air was filled with noises, but rather different from the voices at cover of a pack of fox hounds when first scent of a fox attracts them, which I have often heard at the Eildon Hills.

It was so very sandy round Grouville, there was no walking out. Major Renny's quarters were at no great distance, but on that account, Mrs. Renny and I seldom saw each other and we both disliked our situations. Still, we were much better off than poor Mrs. Manson, her husband's company being sent up to Orguil Castle, an old, ugly, dismal building with a drawbridge ; it stood on a rocky hillock overhanging the sea. Unfortunately, as the men were marching into the Castle, they met a party bringing out the dead body of a soldier of another Regiment that was leaving, that had shot himself on the Ramparts. The soldiers' wives belonging to our Regiment "feared to see the man's ghost," they said, so that not one of them would stay in the Castle, although we did all we could, to induce one or other to stay with Mrs. Manson, even by day.

Poor young woman, she was so delicate and little able to keep her child and perform her household duties. Besides, everything around her appeared cold and desolate, and when the tide was up, the roaring of the sea on the rocks added to the general discomfort. When the tide was out, you would suppose it possible, by scrambling over the rocks, to pay a visit to Cherbourg in France, it was seen so plain and the Channel was so narrow. People driving or walking on the beach there we could plainly see.

It was at that time, I often took the short route to the Castle, attended by one of the women and little Tommy. John was a pet with the Officers, so he was safe at home in

the Barracks. Although the beach was mostly wet and disagreeable, the way long and fatiguing, it gave me pleasure to see my young friend's joy when I made my appearance, at the same time pain to observe her pale face and worn look. I would remain as long as I possibly could that the woman I took with me might perform any little services to relieve Mrs. Manson.

Whilst in Barracks, your Father bought a beautiful grey mare from a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Grouville, but he advised him not to let me ride her as she was so vicious—that she had thrown him and broken his leg. I was fond of riding and had no fear, and now, I think I must have liked to show off a little, and your Father not disliking that I should do so, I suppose, acceded to my request. I rode her and in our parties she would not let any other get before her. She was very gentle with me, but pulled hard in her anxiety to keep first.

The roads in Jersey were extremely narrow with high banks on each side, so that I had to go first. By and by, we would hear the bells of an approaching wagon. If there was no gateway near us into which we might turn, the command was given " to the right about." All then waited until my mare had taken the lead back until there was space enough to allow the wagon to pass. Then, as at first, we proceeded on our ride, perhaps to the Hill on the top of which was a windmill. The Island being only six miles across, we could see the sea on every side.

The mare became so fond of me that when I came out of the door to mount, she would turn her head round and neigh gently, or nicker as Philip called it, and proud he was to see me mount her. But if one of the officers borrowed her, woe betide him, she was sure to throw him into the first furze bush she came near and gallop home, leaving him to limp after her at his leisure. When your Father rode her one field day (I was on his other Charger) just to try her, she played all sorts of tricks to throw him off. It was frightful to see her. At last, she rose on her

hind legs, and walked right through the ranks. Every one wondered how he kept his seat. Nothing for it but I must change, and with me she stood quite still, even during the firing, only moving her ears to show she did not like it, but when I leant forward, patted her neck and spoke gently to her, she became pacified.

There was another Regiment in Barracks at Grouville besides our own, but if there were any ladies belonging to it, I never saw them, and of ours there was only Mrs. Renny and myself, and we did not see each other very often on account of the heavy sand I have mentioned before. She sometimes rode out with us, but she had little pleasure in that, as she had only a broken-winded pony, the Major's horses not liking to carry ladies, so that generally I was the only female in the party.

Only one lady called on me whilst at Grouville, and she came from St. Heliers. She appeared to me to be a most dashing character, and different from any one I had ever seen before. She drove herself in a smart curricle and pair with an out-rider. She sent in her card, Mrs. Col. L., 36 Regt. She was, of course, admitted, a tall, handsome looking woman, very frank and pleasing in her manner, and persuaded me somehow to allow her to drive me out to see our Regiment—being a field day. But just after we set out, she began to drive in such an impetuous manner—to make me consider her "a good whip," I suppose—that I became quite frightened. She stood up, checked the horses, at the same time flogging them and making then prance about at a terrible rate.

A curricle, like a gig, has only two wheels, and therefore, it was extremely dangerous. I begged she would stop and let me out. Oh ! no, she could not think of it. I at last rose and threatened to jump out, for I began to fear also that your Father would be angry with me for going before the Regiment with such a crazy sort of person as she seemed to be. She was obliged to let me out at last, and gladly I made my way home as fast as I could. When your Father returned and I told him of my visitor, he

said he had seen her on the field and was glad I did not accompany her, as she was not a person he wished me to be acquainted with.

Having been accustomed always before I left England to good servants, I was made more and more uncomfortable with those I had in Barracks. Without good old Philip I really know not what I should have done ; he was always grumbling about " them women."

One day, Mrs. Snowden (the cymbaleer's wife) our cook, came to tell me that Mrs. Chambley was in a fit, and wished me to see her. I took my vinagrette and hurried down to the kitchen. There she was hanging over the back of a chair, and tearing her cap off. Philip was holding little Tommy, who was her charge, and seeing me go near her said, " It's a shame, Missus, to call'ee down to see her. She's had little Tommy over at the canteen, he's all over beer, and she's as drunk as a bayste."

Just as he said that, she jumped up, and said she was no more drunk than he was, and ran at him, to strike him, I thought, so I walked off upstairs again. But very frequently when your Father and I were at dinner, the women would take the children with them to the canteen, which was at the back of our Barracks, and I have had to change their frocks, they smelt so strong of beer or spirits ; and yet it was thought I had the best women in the Regiment that would go out to service.

I have mentioned that they would not stay with us all night. Your Father had so often to go down to St. Heliers, that, after the children were in bed, I was left in our dull apartments alone and very melancholy, dwelling on my disappointment of not being at this time in Scotland. I had neither books or work, nor indeed was I in spirits to be amused with either. The Officers' Quarters were on the South side of the Square and our apartments at the East end, close to the side in which was the band. We had then beautiful warm and calm evenings. I used to sit at my window, looking towards the North, and think of home.

ARCHIBALD AND JOHN, TWO OF MRS. SUSAN SIBBALDS SONS

By kind permission of W. Martyn Sibbold, Esq.

Fife Major Twentyman, a Scotchman, in the dusk of the evening would walk up and down under the verandah in front of his quarters, and with his octave flute play "Auld Robin Grey," "Auld Lang Syne," and many of my father's favourites that I used to sing to him, till I could not refrain from tears. However, on your Father's coming home, I received him always cheerfully lest he should think I was unhappy.

By degrees, we got our rooms, at least some of them, comfortably furnished, and luckily, before Winter we were ordered to St. Heliers, and took lodgings in the Rue du Val, about a quarter of a mile out of town. At this time, good old Philip, having served his time, to my regret, got his discharge and returned to England. We then hired a woman to take care of the children, she was an English woman, and a soldier's wife, but had left her husband on account of his cruelty, she said. John Thornton was our next groom, a very steady, nice young man and we had another soldier as a cook, of the same character. Ned is the only name I recollect.

Your Father was appointed to one of the divisions of the Island, and had to visit the Forts and Martello Towers on the coast of his Division, between the hours of 11 at night and 2 in the morning ; a Trooper went with him, a stupid looking Native with a lantern at his back and on a miserable half-starved horse. He was to go first to show the way, but your father had no patience to follow him, so with his Damascus blade tied round his waist instead of his sword with steel scabbard (which always made a great clattering when he rode fast) off he would start before the Trooper, visit the Guard at all the Stations and home again before his meant-to-be escort or guide would likely be half way.

I always sat up for him, keeping the kettle boiling for him in the parlour ; John Thornton in the kitchen and Fanny, the poodle watching on the mat at the front door. Long would she hear the sound of horses' feet before I did, and would awaken John by her bark and whining, so that

he would be ready to light his lantern and take the horse. After repeated requests, your Father took me one day round his Division. Such disagreeable precipitous descents I never rode. I wonder horses could keep their feet by day, surely it must have been much worse by night. I was very sorry afterwards that I had gone the round as it made me always more anxious till your Father's return.

Major Smith of the 60th, one night at his time of duty, in going his rounds in the same direction, fell over a cliff, horse and all. His Trooper, seeing him disappearing, hurried into the town, to tell at his lodgings of the catastrophe. On knocking at the door, he began, when it was open, to say, "Major Smith was drowned," when to his astonishment, the Major asked him how he dared tell such a falsehood. The fact was, the tide was up. In the fall he got disengaged from his horse, and having but a short distance to swim, both landed in safety. A short cut by the road took them home, whilst the Trooper had to go a great way round.

The next house to our lodgings becoming vacant, we took it. We had only one sitting room, which was furnished. The drawing room above the parlour the landlord reserved, and kept locked. Above it was an attic lit by only one pane of glass in the roof. In this room slept our servant woman (Elizabeth), our two little boys John and Tom, and a young girl. On the opposite side of the front door was the kitchen; above it our bedroom, and above it, was an attic like the other one and only lighted by a pane of glass. In this slept Ned and John Thornton.

We had not long taken possession of our new abode, when early one morning Ned knocked at the bedroom door, pale and agitated. He said in going into the dining room to open the window shutters, he saw that it had been on fire in the night as the window curtains were on the ground burnt to tinder. The sides of the room, which were merely wainscot painted white, were scorched. Your Father's cap and feather, which was hanging on the

wall, was also scorched, of course, and some myrtles and other plants I had were burnt quite crisp.

The fire must have smothered itself out as the room was low in the ceiling. The pier glass, table cover and the carpet underneath the curtains were also burnt.

How the fire happened we could not imagine. It was Summer, so that we had no fire in the grate. There was no appearance of any one having got into the house, and the servants had all gone to bed some time before your Father and I went upstairs.

It seemed mysterious and the only way we could possibly account for it was that, before we left the room, your Father took one of the candles off the table at which we were sitting to get a piece of sealing wax out of his desk, which was on a table at the side of the room and near the window. After sealing a bottle of otto of roses, which was oozing out, he took the sealing wax back again, but without the candle, and locked his desk ; immediately afterwards we went upstairs. As the window curtains were long, a spark from the candle may have fallen on them and kindled afterwards. We could make out nothing else.

Of course, we had to pay, what was no small sum, to replace all that had been burnt. But that was a trifle when considering how providential it was that the fire went out, for had it not, it would have risen to the drawing room and the attic above, where the children and maids were. They could not have got out by the sky-light. There was only a plank partition between the dining room and stairs. They would soon have been destroyed.

Your Father and I might have jumped out of the bed room or dressing room windows, at the risk of life and limb, but the men could not have escaped. Oh ! ever, ever have I felt, and shall ever feel grateful to our all merciful God for having saved us from a calamity, the recollection of which would have troubled our minds as long as we lived.

Major and Mrs. Renny resided in the town. I did not often see her as your Father was much occupied with his Military duties, and I did not like to walk into the town alone, and at that time Mrs. Renny was rather an invalid ; but I had a most delightful neighbour, the wife of a Lieut. Colonel Touzel. I do not recollect what Regiment he commanded. Mrs. Touzel was a niece of the well-known Dr. Paley. She was extremely kind to me. It grieved me much to know that she was almost blind ; but she was cheerful and always employing herself in knitting, netting, tatting, or making bobbin, all of which she taught me.

She often received parcels of books, sent to her by her Uncle, of course, of a religious character, such as, I am sorry to say, I never met with before, and which at first I felt little inclination to read. I remember *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plains* first gave me the taste for what I then called Sunday reading. Dear Mrs. Touzel, she little thought at the time what good her books and conversation did me, by laying the foundation for after improvement, not only as benefiting myself, but as enabling me, by the knowledge I gained, to instruct my dear children in their religious as well as their moral duties.

Mrs. Touzel had a boy called St. Helier and two girls, the eldest about eight years of age ; fine, clever and well bred children they were. She had a young lady residing with her who came from England with her ; a most agreeable companion for herself as well as a teacher for her children.

Your Father and I often dined at Government House. General Don was a fine, frank old soldier. Mrs. Don was a delightful, kind person. She often came to see me and took quite a fancy to my children, not having any of her own, and would often send for John, who was not quite three years old, but being a favorite with the Officers and clever for his age, he had plenty to say. The General liked to have him to talk to whilst he was dressing and I have heard him tell at table, as a great joke, that the first morning he sent for him, during the

time his valet was dressing his hair and tying his queue, John kept walking to and fro looking at the man performing the operation. At last he said, "General Don, you have got a tail like a dog's tail."

General Hatton was second in command. He lived a mile or more out of town. Mrs. Hatton frequently called and took me out with her. Your Father would drive out the General about dinner time, and take him home in the evening.

From the evil reports of many of the Military ladies in St. Heliers, I did not like to be seen walking with the Officers of our own Regiment, and used to shun them if I was alone and saw them coming towards me, which made them think I was proud because I was so much at Government House. When Mrs. Renny told me, I was extremely distressed because they were a most gentlemanly set of men, and we had always been on very friendly terms with them. On Mrs. Renny telling my reasons to them, they came and called as frequently as they did before.

All Regiments were not of the same character as ours. One was much spoken of as having a dissipated, gambling set of Officers, and, unfortunately, one of our young Ensigns became acquainted with some of them, which caused his own ruin. Young H. was as fine a youth of 19 as I ever saw. He was quite a favorite with us all when we were at Scarbro', and there he followed your Father's advice in studying Mathematics with Sergeant McDonald, the regimental schoolmaster, by way of employing his time. When we went to St. Heliers, meeting with some of the Officers of the Regiment, he was enticed to play Billiards. Mr. Richards, our worthy Doctor, offered him a guinea if he would not play for a month ; another of our Officers would have taught him drawing. Your Father had him to breakfast several times to advise him, and lecture him. At last he told him that as he had never allowed an Officer to remain in his Regiment who was a gambler, or who by running into debt brought disgrace

on it, so he would insist on his leaving, if he did not give up his propensity to waste his time at the billiard table, where he understood he went so frequently.

Eventually your Father wrote to Capt. H., a retired Officer living in the Isle of Man, and such a distressing answer he received. Poor man, he said he had a large family with but small means ; that it was through the interest of a friend that he had got a Commission for his eldest son in the 15th, and that should his son have to leave it, he knew not how he should be able to get him into another, or what to do with him at home. He also wrote to his son, but it seemed to have little effect, and in the end young H. had to leave, your Father having got him an exchange.

Whilst writing about this young man, your lamented brother John is brought so happily to my recollection, as showing the strength of mind and higher principles, inherent in some more than in others. Before John left home, your Father warned him of the many temptations young men were led into to wile away their idle hours, particularly in the Army and advised that above all things, he should avoid gambling. At the end of his advice, he said, " John, never enter a billiard room." Long after John had joined his Regiment in India, he wrote that he had never entered a billiard room but once when he thought he heard his Father say, " John, never, enter a billiard room," when he immediately left and would not again be tempted.

CHAPTER XXVII

CHANNEL ISLANDS—*continued*

ON some day of rejoicing, I forget on what occasion, there was a great dinner of all Field Officers from the different Regiments, and General Hatton. In the evening the newly invented Congreve Rockets were to be tried from the Town Hill, to be thrown over Elizabeth Castle, which was built on a rock standing in the midst of the bay. The Officers who were dining together and their wives were invited to meet in the evening at Col. Humphreys', Chief Engineer Officer, who resided on the Town Hill. Mrs. Hatton came for me in the forenoon to spend the day with her. Two other ladies were invited and we were to go to the Town Hill together. So accordingly, at the proper hour we set out.

When we had got so far in the town and were about to ascend the Hill, the boys in the streets were firing squibs, which frightened the horses so much that they would not go on. The footman came to the door of the carriage and said the coachman was afraid to proceed as we might be upset. We were equally alarmed at the idea of getting out amongst the squibs, as we had all white muslin dresses on. However, out we must go. There were no lights in the streets then, but just as I stepped out of the carriage, luckily, by the light of an open door, I espied a sentinal of the 15th Regt., pacing to and fro before it. I then knew it was the 15th Hospital.

Telling the other ladies to follow me, I rushed into the Hall and called out as loud as I could, "Sergeant Mathews, Sergeant Mathews!" He came out hurriedly

with his wife, as stout and well fed looking a couple as I ever saw. They lived in a room near the door and seeing me and the other ladies standing there, on my explaining the cause, he called two of the soldiers, and told them to accompany us to Col. Humphreys'.

One walked before us and the other behind and kept the boys off, and therefore, Mrs. Hatton and I arrived at our destination in safety, but Mrs. Major Walton, as we passed the house where the Officers were dining, said, " Oh, I will go in there," and persuaded Miss Hodges to go with her, as she would make Major Walton go with her.

" I should like to know," whispered Mrs. Hatton, " what General Hatton or Colonel Sibbald would have said if we had gone in and tried to make them go with us."

" Why," I answered, " they would just have done what the Major will do, you may be sure, or else be laughed at and called henpecked by all the other Officers. He will on her sending in to let him know that she is there, tell her to wait until he is ready or go on without him."

In the meantime, Mrs. Hatton and I were kindly received by Mrs. Humphreys, and with several other ladies enjoyed most comfortably our tea and coffee, all being amused at the idea of Mrs. Walton's having to wait, as she and Miss Hodges did not appear until Col. Humphreys, General Hatton and all the Officers came, some two hours after us, and it turned out as I had said. The two ladies had to wait in the Hall, outside the Mess room door, until the party broke up, fearing the squibs and not knowing the way to the Town Hill.

Certainly it was a most splendid sight seeing the large rockets rise in the air, and vault, as it were, far over Elizabeth Castle, and drop into the sea. Boys, squibs and all had to abscond before the formidable party coming down the Hill, on our way to our different abodes. We ladies anticipated that poor Mrs. Walton would have a curtain lecture that night, whilst Mrs. Hatton and I would get praised for acting so wisely.

Mrs. Hatton and I were very great friends. She was about three years my senior and several years younger than the General. We were both fond of dancing and met with a great disappointment one evening at a public assembly, for just as we entered the room, the Governor sent his Aid de Camp, Captain Arthur[1] (afterwards Sir George Arthur, Governor of Canada) to request us to join him and Capt. A. at Casino. We neither of us liked cards, but did not wish to refuse, hoping that it would only be for a short time, but we had to play with him the whole evening nearly.

On rising from the card table, I noticed a lady sitting with a conspicuous head dress, a long white veil over her head and hanging round her shoulders and down her back. On enquiring I was told she was the wife of Col. Milling of the 81st. I then looked round for an old acquaintance—the Capt. Milling I had known at Plymouth in 1803. I was not sorry I did not see him, as I had formerly been very shy with not liking his persevering attentions at that time.

He had, however, observed me when I was leaving the room, for the next morning, whilst your Father and I were at breakfast, there came a thundering knock at the door and in was ushered Col. Milling. It was then—" Why did I not speak to him as an old acquaintance ? Was that the way I would have treated such and such a one ? " Your Father laughed, but I was in a sad state of confusion lest he should think I had been a great jilt, which I never was. He said we must come and see his wife, who was an old flame of my Uncle's, Capt. Mein.

Your Father and I called, of course, and saw this lady who I had heard so much of at one time (when Miss Carrol), as then likely to have been my Aunt. She spoke of Uncle James very much and said how sorry she was to hear of his death, and so on, before her husband, who took

[1] The Right Hon. Sir George Arthur, P.C., K.C.H. (1784–1854), Governor of Upper Canada, and provisional Governor-General of India in 1846. He was created a Baronet in 1841.

it very coolly. Poor Col. Milling had been dreadfully wounded in Spain during the Peninsula War. One arm was almost powerless. He had scars on his face, and was wounded in one leg, which made him limp a little.

Surely in Jersey I met with a greater variety in the female character than I ever before or since did. Was it because it was a larger world as to society or situated as I was, I had a greater opportunity of observing it? You begged me to give you some sketches of character, and you will be amused, Hugh, with the following.

Dining one day at Commissioner Lammont's with a large party, one of the ladies, with whom I was intimate, said, " Mrs. Sibbald, be sure and ask after dinner when the ladies return to the drawing room, whose likeness that is above the sofa, and prepare yourself for an exhibition of dresses, as this is the first time you have dined here."

In the first place, it was amusing to see the contrast between the Commissioner and his wife. He was a Captain in the Navy, blunt in his conversation and manner, fond of a joke and laughed loud and heartily at his own witticisms, at the same time kind and attentive to his guests; he was short and stout with a John Bull sort of face. During dinner, it was still more diverting, and caused everyone to laugh the more at his jokes, when Mrs. Lammont—the most affected woman I ever met with——would hold her head to one side and half lisping, say, " Lammont, dear Lammont, you are really so boisterous; you quite destroy my nerves." Then she would look at him so piteously, with her hand on her heart.

" Fiddle sticks end," he answered, " whoever heard of nerves at a dinner, that's a new sort of dish lately imported with your new cook, I suppose."

On returning to the drawing room with the other ladies, I went to look at the painting I was desired to notice. It was of a tall, handsome female in a blue satin dress with a train, low in the neck and short sleeves, a foot with a white satin shoe appearing, as if it had purposely kicked back the dress to be seen. This female

in the character of Charlotte weeping at the tomb of Werter, a large vase on a pedestal, overhung with a weeping willow.

Mrs. Lammont, as I was a stranger, paid me particular attention, and on conducting me to the sofa, I then enquired about the portrait that was hanging above it. She simpered, hung her head on one side and said, "It is mine." Was it possible that she did not know of the difference in her figure, to that represented in the picture? Poor woman, one could not but observe the great want of resemblance, for she was deformed and had not the least pretension to beauty. I had no little difficulty in hiding my astonishment, but could not bring myself to say, as some did, that it was very like her.

She spoke of being homesick; of her dear Mamma always attending to her commissions, and knowing her taste so well; that she had received a new dress from England, so sweetly pretty, would we not like to see it? Of course, we all answered in the affirmative, and upstairs we must go for an expected exhibition.

In the bedroom stood the maid, all ready to do her Mistress' bidding, as usual. "Bilton," said Mrs. Lammont, "show the ladies my last dress." The doors of the wardrobe were thrown open, disclosing to view dresses of every colour arranged with great taste. The new dress was taken out and laid on the bed, then another and another, until the bed was entirely covered, each one handsomer than the other. Mrs. Lammont's maid seemed to enjoy the exclamations of the ladies, which, seeing the pleasure it created in Mrs. L., were a great deal more and louder than I thought the affair required, but, of course, I had to join with the rest.

Mrs. Lammont had two little girls, 6 and 8 years of age, dressed like fancy dolls. Dress was poor Mrs. L.'s mania. At one ball I was at, she was there, and personated Flora, a large wreath of roses and honeysuckle around her head, which looked like a basket of flowers, her dress looped up at the skirt with roses and lilies, the same to fasten her

dress down at the shoulders, making her poor figure more visible. When the Regency hat came out (it was of fur with the rim turned up, with a broad gold band) she appeared at Church with her two little girls, each with one on, and each with a bright yellow silk mantle.

Her husband, the Commissioner, was a round faced, bluff old seaman, as perfect a contrast to his wife as it was possible to be, and it was astonishing to see him submit to his wife's whims, and commands, however trifling, and he did it with so much good humour. Your Father and I met them and Col. and Mrs. Touzel at a large dinner party at Commissary Lempriere's. It was very late when we left, and as there were no street lamps, our man brought an umbrella and lantern as it was raining. Col. and Mrs. Touzel lived in our street, and we passed the Commissioner's door, so we all set out together, and at a good pace.

When about half way, Mrs. Lammont exclaimed, " Dear me, I have forgot my white satin shoes. Lammont, you must go back for them."

" What, in all this rain ? We will send for them in the morning."

" No. Lammont," she peremptorily said, and stamped her foot, " what will Bilton say if they are left ? "

" Well, we'll go home and send her for them, the rain will do her more good than it will me." He made some remark that caused us to laugh. I think it was " Anything for a quiet life." But, he went, however, and we took Mrs. L. safely to her own door.

I must give you another character, more extraordinary still, a Mrs. Major Gibbons. We met her at dinner one day at Brigadier Major Harker's. She was a tall, masculine looking woman, a person more to be feared than liked, I suppose. She had a rough, loud voice, joined in every subject and gave her opinion in a most decided manner. Her husband was a tall, handsome man with a pleasant, mild expression of countenance. He did not in the least seem to care about his wife's bold manner, which

was so very different from his. Here again, I wondered how a man could marry a woman of so opposite a character to his own.

Mrs. Harker was a young Irishwoman, about one and twenty ; very lively, but as there were no other ladies, we were both very quiet, as we felt rather alarmed and inclined to shrink from Mrs. Gibbons when we went to the drawing room. She seemed to speak so satirically of people we had heard different accounts of, but with whom we were not personally acquainted. Fortunately, she proposed our going out to see Major Harker's Rabbit Warren, which was certainly very curious. There was an open space at the back of the house, enclosed with a strong fence. In the centre of it was a mound of sand, where a number of rabbits burrowed, and ran in and out of the numerous holes, as tame and as happily as possible.

In the drawing room, Mrs. Harker had her baby brought, only about two months old, to exhibit to Mrs. Gibbons, and expecting it would be noticed by her, but she was much mistaken, for she hardly looked at it, and said she thought " children were not presentable until they were of an age to introduce themselves." Poor Mrs. Harker seemed shocked, which obliged me to be doubly interested in the little infant, which I thought from its being so young would have looked better in its nursery attire of bed gown and nightcap, instead of a robe and sash and tied up sleeves, a bare neck and a cap like a sunflower, with a scarlet cockade to match the ribbons on the robe.

If I recollect right, Major Gibbons' regiment was quartered in St. Aubyns. When his gig was announced, we, the ladies, went into a bedroom to put on our bonnets and cloaks. Mrs. Gibbons enquired if a pair of boots had come for her ? " No, Ma'am," said the maid, " there is only a pair of Gentleman's boots." " Well, those are for me. Bring them in," she said in a most authoritative manner. They were a pair of Officers boots with tassels, as then worn.

Just as she was going to put them on, she exclaimed, " Oh, that fellow Johnson " (an Ensign in her Regiment) has, I am sure, been wading in them, they are so wet. I'll give it to him for this. I made him promise to send me a pair of his boots, as they fit me. Bring me a piece of soap," she ordered in such a loud tone. The maid gave her a piece. She had silk stockings on. She put one foot on her knee, and soaped the heel and then the other. At last, by the assistance of boot hooks and hard pulling, she contrived to put the boots on, vowing vengeance all the time on poor Johnson for wearing his own boots. No doubt he made them wet on purpose that she might not borrow them again.

Capt. Manson's company came into St. Heliers with the Regiment ; his poor wife became extremely delicate. At last the Doctor ordered her up to St. Luke's Valley for change of air ; your Father drove me frequently up to see her ; she became worse and worse. She had a servant, but she was careless and inattentive even to the poor little boy, and the people of the house only spoke French, and did not seem interested about her. Capt. Manson could not get leave always to stay with her. Poor dear young woman, she declined rapidly. It made me perfectly miserable to see her and I could not stay with her.

A few days before her death, a young lady, a cousin who had heard from Capt. Manson of his wife's illness, came all the way from Caithness alone, braving all the dangers of a long and tedious journey (there were no Railroads then), and being taken by a French Privateer, when crossing the channel in the little, miserable Packet boat. It was such a relief when I went out and found her there. The last time I saw my young friend, she told me how much she rejoiced that her cousin had come, and she would see that her little boy was taken care of. She did not think she was dying ; nor did I, as she asked me to bring her a pattern for night caps the next time I came out. Alas ! in the middle of that night, she left this world

of toil and care to her during her short married life. My grief was soothed when I knew she died happy, having strong faith and hope in her Redeemer's mercy.

I forget the cousin's name, who after a short sojourn in Jersey, returned to Caithness, taking the little boy with her. We do not often hear of such a character, particularly in so young a person, do we, Hugh? Her own thoughts will bless her, if she meets with no other reward in this world. Not long after poor Mrs. Manson's death, your sister Anne was born (16th July, 1812). Lady Cecilia Latouche begged to be her Godmother.

We had now to part with Major Milne, who was a great favorite with the Regiment. When we were in Scarboro' he had married a York lady, a Miss Belcombe. She came seldom to Scarboro' and only for a few days, always returning to her Father's House and would not go to Jersey. Therefore, Major Milne exchanged with Major Meadows, whose Regiment was quartered at York. We were very sorry to lose Major Milne, the other in no way making up for our loss. Major Meadows was not near so clever. He was a person one sometimes meets in the world, more to laugh at, than with.

He had not been long in St. Heliers, when he fell in love with Dean Dupres' eldest daughter. He made quite a confidante of me, and to my amusement would tell me of his admiration of such " an angel of a girl." Did I think she would have him? Was he worthy such " a Gem of Beauty? " I told him he must be the best judge. Did she receive him apparently with pleasure? or did she repulse him by looking serious or disdainfully when he addressed her? He appeared horror struck at my saying the latter, I remember, and answered quickly, " Mrs. Sibbald, it is not in her nature to look disdainfully at any one."

Then, how was he to find out? I advised him to go to the old Dean, who had three daughters, and ask his permission to pay his respects to the eldest. If he agreed to his doing so, he would invite him to his house, and

when he was known, he would not be rejected by the Angel. How he brought it about, I was told from time to time. In the end, the " Gem of Beauty " became Mrs. Meadows. It is said " Love is blind." It should rather be, I think, " Love blinds," for I believe no one but Major Meadows would have thought Miss Dupre " an Angel " or " a Gem of Beauty."

The three sisters dressed in the height of fashion, had their waists so small, and the bodies of their dresses so tight, that the day they called on me—after going up a few stairs to the drawing room—they sat on the edge of their chairs and breathed with so much difficulty that I thought they were asthmatic. I was astonished, and on my telling Mrs. Don, she said she knew as a fact, that with bandages they were bound round so tight, that they eat nothing until it was taken off at night, when they made a hearty supper. That at a ball the body of the dress of one of them was so tight that it split down the back ; there was nothing under, and an Officer ran for a shawl to throw over her shoulders. This Officer told Mrs. Don.

After Major Meadows was married, he and his wife were fond of acting scenes from plays, to the great amusement of the Subalterns, who were often invited to spend the evening with them. I do not recollect hearing generally what plays they in part acted, but I was informed they acted a scene in *Romeo and Juliet* one evening. It did not last long, however, for the Major had difficulty in recollecting his part, and on this occasion (Act II, Scene 2, Capulet's garden), after prompting him through his first long speech, Juliet says, "Ah me ! " The Major got through the next better, but after Juliet says, " O Romeo, Romeo ! wherefore art thou Romeo ? " he did not give her time to finish, but exclaimed in ecstasies, " My sweet, my angel, my heart's dear love ! " She interrupted him, and with angry looks said, " Nonsense, nonsense, Meadows. You never remember your part, you are so stupid."

She was so vexed with him that poor Romeo sat down quite discomfited for the rest of the evening, not liking,

I suppose, being called stupid before his young Subalterns. Neither I or Mrs. Renny cared much for the society of Mrs. Meadows, so saw little of her.

I must now mention a fearful accident that happened to our poor cook Ned. He had wished to break up a large root of a tree that was lying in the yard at the back of the house. He had bored holes in it and filled them with gunpowder. I don't know how it was to be kindled, but not going off when he expected, he went to look at it, when it blew up in his face. I heard a loud report and Elizabeth scream. I knew that the girl Phemy had taken the children for a walk, but I hurried out to see what was the matter, and met Elizabeth running out of the kitchen door, crying out, " I cannot look at Ned. Oh ! I shall faint, I shall faint."

" Turn back, Elizabeth," I said, " It is not a time to faint if you can give assistance."

" I cannot look at Ned," she answered, and ran upstairs.

I went into the kitchen and shocked I was indeed, to see poor Ned sitting on a chair, and leaning on the back of it in the greatest agony, his face blackened with gunpowder, and blood oozing out in several places, his eyebrows and eyelashes burnt off, and I thought at first he was blind.

The Orderly ran off for the Doctor. Being Summer and the fire nearly out, there was little warm water, but with what there was and a large sponge, I bathed Ned's face. I was obliged to rest his head on my left arm, as Elizabeth, in spite of all entreaties, would not come back, so I had no one to assist but John Thornton, the groom, who had enough to do to heat the water and keep changing it, as Ned felt the difference when it got the least cool, and kept saying, " God bless you, Ma'am, that makes it easier." I was beginning to feel sick at seeing the poor man's sufferings and my white dress in such a dreadful state, and was so much fatigued with holding Ned's head and standing so long, that I feared at last I should give way

when luckily, Mr. Richards, the Surgeon, arrived, with men and a litter to carry Ned to the Hospital. He covered Ned's face with warm, wet cloths, and sent him off. His next care was about me, as I became very unwell, but after a "good cry" and my dress changed, I became better. The Doctor did not spare Elizabeth, a great stout woman as she was, for running away and allowing me to bear so much fatigue. He said I ought to turn her away which I would have done, but it was a difficult matter to get servants in Jersey.

Poor Ned returned when he was cured, but so much altered, we could scarcely recognize him; his face was seamed all over and covered with black spots. He begged to be taken back again as he said he could never be grateful enough to me for the kindness I had shown him at the time he had met with the accident, and truly anxious he was to do his duty in every way. We had not the opportunity of testing his gratitude long, as your Father became effective in the 1st Battalion, which was still in the West Indies, Col. Barry[1] being promoted to the rank of Major General, and Sir Phineas Riall[2] having purchased his Lieut. Colonelcy in another Regiment.

It was with great regret that your Father had to give up his command of the 2nd Battalion, and the whole Regiment seemed equally sorry to part with him, for although a strict disciplinarian, he was a sincere and kind friend to both officers and men. We had a splendid ball given by the Regiment on our leaving.

We were fortunate in getting the Adjutant's clerk's wife to accompany us home. She had married him when we were quartered at Malton, but against her parents'

[1] Major-General Henry Green Barry of Ballyclough, died 1838. Married Phœbe, daughter of John Armstrong Drought of Lettybrook, King's Co. He served under Sir Charles Grey at the capture of Martinique (1794), and was A.D.C. to Sir William Myers in Ireland during the Rebellion.

[2] General Sir Phineas Riall, K.C.H. (1775–1850), saw service at Martinique, Guadaloupe, and in America. He was severely wounded at Chippewa. On the 18th February, 1816, he was appointed Governor of the Island of Grenada and its dependencies. In 1819 he married Eliza, daughter of James Scarlett, Esq., of Jamaica.

consent ; they were respectable confectioners. Although she was steady and industrious, her husband treated her most cruelly, and she was glad to return to her Father and Mother. Your Father applied for six months' leave of absence, which was granted.

At that time, a keen contest[1] was going on in Roxburghshire, the Minto against the Buccleuch interest. Repeated letters arrived from the latter party, urging your Father to come home to vote for Sir Alexander Don. A Man-of-War was even sent to give your Father a passage across the Channel, but just before her arrival, we had embarked in the Packet boat, a most wretched little vessel, and we were in the fear of being seized by a French Privateer. We landed, however, in safety at Southampton.

No Railroads at that time, but in a Post Chaise we travelled night and day, not even stopping to take regular meals, but as we changed Chaises, we had milk, biscuits and pears put into the carriage. And, hurried as our journey was, we only arrived at Branxholm Braes in time for your Father to go to Hawick to give his vote just before the Polls closed. Sir Alexr. Don was defeated, but by a few votes only.

[1] The General Election of 1812, when the Hon. Gilbert Elliot (afterwards 2nd Earl of Minto) was elected by a majority of six votes. The following verses were composed in his interest :—

" Brave Elliot, as you all well know,
Gibraltar's rock protected :
And well he beat the Spanish foe,
Tho' by a Duke directed.

A scene like this you soon will see
In Roxburghshire repeated :
And Dukes and Dons again will be
By Elliot's name defeated."

ENVOI

1856–1866

CANADA

BEING extracts from letters written by Mrs. Sibbald to her sons during the last ten years of her life touching upon the Crimean War, the Fenian Raids in Canada, the American Civil War and her intimate friendship with Bishop Strachan and Admiral Baldwin.

AXMOUTH, AXMINSTER.

2nd Feb., 1856.

We are all in a great state of excitement as to this sudden expectation of Peace, and the consequent hope that we may be able to cross the Atlantic some time next May, but there must be great uncertainty for some time, as the preparations the Allies have made, in order to give the Russians, "a perfect good thrashing," are immense, and it is supposed quite overwhelming, therefore the terms of Peace will be very stringent now. No nonsense. No half measures. Such is the general opinion of the Allies, and the poor Czar has an immense war party against him in Petersburgh. Negotiations are to be held shortly in Paris—Baron Bruno the well known and much esteemed old Russian peace Minister is to be employed as the representative of Russia which looks so far well. . . . I received my poor boy's[1] Crimean Medal the other day, it

[1] Her son Ogilvie Dashwood Sibbald, R.N., who died in H.M.S. *Agamemnon* off Sebastopol in September, 1854.

MRS. SUSAN SIBBALD

From a picture painted in Canada. By kind permission of W. Martyn Sibbald, Esq.

half broke my heart to look at it, and think had he lived how delighted he would have been with it.

TORONTO.

27 Novr., 1858.

You enquired in a former letter—who that old fellow could be entitled to a place beside our dear Queen on our postage stamps ! and I answered, " Joseph Cartier of the Lower Province," I believe he had something to do with reducing the postage, and it is now only 3d. from one end of the Provinces to the other—but I will really make further enquiry, I cannot bear to place him near our Queen and he being the highest postage too. . . .

. . . Col. Bourchier had light hair and moustaches which I never think looks soldierlike. There would be some excuse for his dying his hair, I am sure I should, if I was him—his regiment is now at the Bahamas a dreadful out of the way station ; You may depend, if he had had black hair, and fierce looking black moustaches he would rather have been sent to India to frighten the rebellious Sepoys into subjection than among the timid Bahamians.

TORONTO.

11th Febry., 1859.

Do you remember the last verse in the Hymn to Nature.

Cease then all repining,
And let us freely say,
That each may have his pleasure,
Though in a different way,

as is the case with us, dear Hugh, you have your pleasure in your constant active employments, and in the opportunity and ability, to enjoy the society of your friends; whilst I have equal pleasure, at my time of life, in being quite free from bustle and care, and I may most gratefully add, in having most perfect peace of mind.

TORONTO.

10th October, 1859.

Now in answer to your letter of 30th June—the time John[1] read aloud "The Lady of the Lake" was about two months after my Father's death, when your Uncles Pattison, Wilson and Smith, your Aunts Pattison and Wilson, Aunts Kitty and Fanny, your Father and myself, with 12 or 13 cousins were all assembled at Eildon Hall, John who was little more than six years old, had, as he often did at that time, gone alone into the Library, and I found him standing on the top of the moveable steps, with "The Lady of the Lake" in his hand reading it with delight. I coaxed him into the breakfast room, where all the Uncles and Aunts were assembled, and at this moment I can see in my mind the dear little fellow standing at a little distance, and reading aloud to the astonishment of all, and seemingly for his own pleasure that beautiful, and interesting poem—You may well fancy my pride at this exhibition of my little pupil's accomplishment,—dear John! his talents were early developed. Sir Walter Scott (then Mr. Scott) admired John so when he saw him at my Father's request, point out on the large atlas the seat of War, and describe the movements and position of Wellington, Soult, etc., during the Peninsular War.

TORONTO.

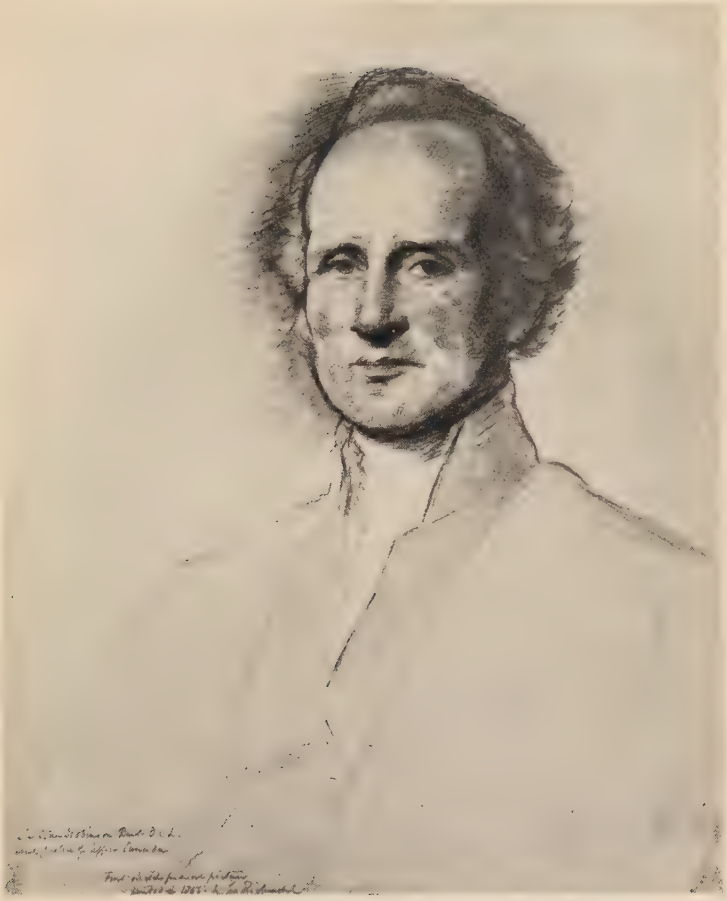
20th April, 1861.

On the 12th inst. a few days before I received your last I called on the Bishop[2] to congratulate him on his 83rd

[1] Her eldest son, Captain John Sibbald (34th Madras Infantry), died on service in India in 1843.

[2] The Hon. and Right Rev. John Strachan, D.D. (1778–1867). First Bishop of Toronto and Founder of King's College (now University of Toronto) and after it was secularized, of Trinity University. Many remarkable stories are told of this distinguished man in the numerous *Lives* and *Memoirs* written about him; but the following, which are traditional in the Sibbald family, are believed not to have been previously published.

(a) When at a clerical meeting some one would rise to propose a measure which his Lordship did not think worth while discussing, he



SIR JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON, BART, CHIEF JUSTICE OF UPPER CANADA

From a sketch by George Richmond, R.A., in the John Robertson Collection, Toronto Public Library. By courtesy of Dr. G. H. Locke, Librarian

birthday. I saw Mrs. Strachan first in her bedroom where she had been for nearly the whole winter, I was then shown into the Library by old Burns the butler who on my arriving at the front door said, " Why Ma'am we have not seen you for a long time, we were speaking of you yesterday." When shown into the Library there sat the Bishop in an Armchair, with a tabby cat as big as a dog on his knees, the beast's two fore paws nearly reaching the Bishop's chin, and the head resting on the paws—As I entered I said " Do you know my lord what I am come about ? " " No, but I am glad to see you ? " " Well this is your 83rd birthday and I am come to congratulate you." " Oh ! then I must have a kiss." So up he jumped for the purpose, tumbling poor pussy on the ground. He was in excellent spirits, and chatted away at a great rate. He enquired for his friend Hugh and said " he will be fond of his mother,—all clever men are "—I sat with him for about half an hour. Before I left the Bishop sat down in the armchair again. It is Paddy's (the Cat) chair, who constantly lies on it, except when the Bishop sits in it to read the newspaper, and then he jumps on his master's knee, puts his paws and head as I first described him, and which I saw him do before I left the room. Sir John[1]

would effectually suppress the matter by suddenly rising and saying, " Let us pray."

(b) He used to flatter himself that he had entirely got rid of his pronounced Scotch accent, and would say to candidates for Holy Orders who had it, " Ye sud try to lose your-r Scotch accent, as I ha' dune. Noo ye might tak' me, from my tongue, to be an Englishman."

(c) When first he was engaged to Miss Wood (whom he subsequently married) the lady was courted by Andrew McGill (brother of James McGill, founder of the University of that name), who promised her that if she accepted him his Will would provide for her and help any subsequent offspring, she might have by the Bishop, to make a start in life. The future Mrs. Strachan is supposed to have asked her fiancé what she should do, and he to have replied, " Tak' him," which she did, and had her promised recompense.

(d) He had a custom of whistling to himself, and when Mrs. Sibbald died he did not intermit the practice, saying : " With two old friends of our age it does not matter in the least which goes first, the other must soon follow."

[1] Sir John Beverley Robinson, Bart., C.B., D.C.L. (1791–1863), was appointed Chief Justice of Upper Canada in 1829. He married Emma, daughter of Charles Walker, Esq.

called last evening when Susie and I were at tea. "How comfortable and snug you are," he exclaimed, "'pon my word you are comfortable." I said, "Indeed we are." I missed the Bishop at the Cathedral. The Chief seemed to wonder as every body appeared to do that I walk so far, why not? it does not fatigue me. Since I saw the good Bishop he has had influenza, "he was better," the Chief said, as he saw him that afternoon and it was difficult to persuade him to stay at home that forenoon from the Cathedral. . . .

EILDON HALL, GEORGINA.

23rd August, 1861.

As to the affairs in the United States, they trouble us very little. I hope you see *The Times*—you will be amused with Russell's (the Correspondent of Notoriety) account of the "Bulls run" fight & flight of the Northerners on that occasion, as he was present at the latter part, and heard an Officer say to a Waggoner as they were running away that they had been beaten into a Cocked hat. The impertinent threats of the Northerners to invade Canada after they have "whipped the Secessionists" (which they never can do) has caused all Canadians to scorn & laugh at them. England and France are threatened to be "whipped," by & by, although they have not enough vessels to blockade the Southern ports, or keep down the Southern Privateers, that seize every vessel they meet with on the Coast going in, or out of the Northern ports. As in England, all men here are becoming Volunteers, although there is nothing to fear I should think, and England as the Duke of Wellington said, "to ensure Peace, is prepared for War."

TORONTO.

11th October, 1861.

I do not intend to go to dinner or evening parties this winter. I am so fond of my dear little Cottage, I would not exchange it, even if I had thousands a year; for the

ADMIRAL AUGUSTUS BALDWIN, R.N

By kind permission of Harold Baldwin, Esq.,

finest house in Toronto—I have plenty of forenoon visits and to return calls, are so many motives to exertion. Not that I feel the least incapacity to walk, because I can take long walks as well as ever.

TORONTO.

6th May, 1862.

On the 12th April I went as usual to congratulate our dear old Bishop on his 84th birthday. He was in good spirits, but looked thin and worn, always with pen and ink before him. Last week I spent a day and night at Russell Hill, the old Admiral[1] who will be 87 in October, I found busily working in his garden, his full rosy cheeks as hard as marble. He has no mental labor, and seldom or ever touches pen and ink, and still reads without spectacles. Now I fear dear Hugh that by and by if you go on as you are doing at present, you will get more like the Bishop than the Admiral.

TORONTO.

18th June, 1862.

This sad war in the States is the all engrossing topic of conversation and anxiety, both Northern and Southern are so enraged with England and France for being determined not to interfere or favour either side that threats loud and deep are uttered against both nations who they boast they can and will "Whip." The Queen's proclamation forbidding any of her subjects from joining or interfering in any way with either, has enraged them. An immense Squadron is coming out to the American station to protect British Merchant ships from the American Privateers, some regiments are coming to Canada, and Lawyers, Varsity Students, and other professions are forming regiments of Volunteers, the same as in England.

[1] Admiral Augustus Baldwin, R.N., entered the Navy in 1794 (*Trompeuse* sloop). He was present at the action of 22nd July, 1805, at the attack on Copenhagen, 1807, and at the capture of the Russian 74 *Sewolod*, 1808. He married Augusta Mary Melissa, daughter of J. M. Jackson, Esq. Retired in 1846 and died in 1866.

But of course no one is afraid of an attack from the Yankees, they have enough to do at home. The Southerners fear an insurrection of their slaves, who in many places are becoming quite unruly, and the number of coloured population to the white, it is said is as 7 to 1. They are also making their escapes and joining the Northerners, no less than 100 came to Genl. Butler, who not knowing what to do with them (as you know the Northern are Free States) is forming them into a regiment.

TORONTO.

Novr., 1862.

On Saturday week I am to keep a sort of Jubilee, as my birthday falls on a Sunday it is to be kept the day before, my usual guests Adml. & Mrs. Baldwin, Dr. & Mrs. Morris, and in addition, this year, Mrs. Col. Cameron & her daughter, and William & Charles I expect. You will be amused to hear of my dinner & the contributions —I am to provide, Oyster Soup, Turkey, a Tongue, and plum pudding—Mrs. Baldwin adds a Veal pie, Mrs. Morris some dish of sweets, Mrs. Cameron sends Cream, & Mrs. Judge Harrison calling here a few days since told me she is to send me a bouquet of hot house flowers for the Centre of my table. She sent me a splendid one last year. People are all so kind—It is not long since the Bishop called, he told me he had not received the book about the Hindoo Gods and Goddesses you said you had sent to him —He is beginning to stoop very much, he walks slower, and is getting deaf & blind, poor dear old man, he still chuckles & laughs, especially with Susie, who always must see him when he calls.

TORONTO.

6th October, 1863.

I perceive a great change in the dear old man (the Bishop) since this time last year, he stoops more, and at my last visit he did not seem in his usual good spirits,

THE HON. AND RIGHT REV. JOHN STRACHAN, D.D., FIRST BISHOP OF TORONTO

From a Photograph by kind permission of T. A. Reed, Esq. Toronto

complained that he was getting both deaf and blind, that his memory was failing him. I tried to console him by saying I also was getting deaf. " I don't think that," he said, " for you can hear me I perceive." " Oh ! yes my Lord, and you hear me." Then we agreed that it was not every one that spoke as plain and then he chuckled and laughed. Poor dear old man, his failing sight is worse than the other two grievances—he was 85 last birthday. The old Admiral will be 88 this month ; he is as brisk as possible, and reads without spectacles—but then he is very very deaf—but curiously enough if I go and sit near his chair we can carry on a conversation very comfortably—he says the reason he hears me is, that I neither speak too quick, or too loud—Of course, I take care to modulate my voice so that he may hear me—he always hoists his flag when I go there, and lowers it as I leave.

TORONTO.

1st Novr., 1864.

The Civil War in the neighbouring States has of course occasioned the rise in the price of many things here, and I believe it is mostly occasioned by the great number of refugees, from the South that flock here, and Yankees who come to escape the draft. Lincoln wants I am afraid to say how many thousand more men to fill up the place of the 2 million already slain by the indefatigable Confederates, who say they will fight for their independence whilst there is a man, woman or child alive. They have given freedom to their slaves who will get 50 acres of land each beside bounty on joining the Army. Our sympathy is no doubt with the Confederates—When will this dreadful conflict come to an end ?

TORONTO.

1st Novr., 1864.

I called yesterday at the Bishop's. I was sorry to find he had gone out, I did not see Mrs. Strachan as she was not well. The good Bishop is well and hearty, he comes

to see me, and invariably enquires for you. He was 86 last 13th of April. Admiral and Mrs. Baldwin are also well, the Admiral in his 89th year, he is you know quite deaf, and now his sight is failing I am sorry to say, it will be very miserable for him if he cannot read, poor man.

TORONTO.

18th May, 1865.

The dear old Bishop remembering I always paid him a visit on his birthday sent Mrs. James Strachan in the morning of the last, asking me not to come, as the wind was extremely high, but that he would come soon to see me. He came the next day, he was not in his usual good spirits, as a Col. Gordon had just died, one of his oldest acquaintances. Hardly one now left of his own standing, as Judge McLean has been for some time on the brink of the grave, and is quite paralized. He asked me if I did not feel the difference in the change of society in Toronto since I first knew it ? Alas ! I have not one left, I may say, but Mrs. Baldwin. Dear Lady Robinson is on her death bed & Mrs. Strachan shuts herself up in her room & sees no one. I receive & make ceremonious calls, I never go to parties, nor do I give any, as I am very well when I keep quiet, and dear Susie is too young for anything but a quiet tea-party. The good old man (the Bishop) was 87 last birthday, he of course asked about you—Mrs. Baldwin is again well I am happy to say. She is to send for us some day next week just to spend the day, the Admiral will be 89 if he lives till his birthday next October; he is well at present except his memory which is failing, he always hoists the flag when I go there.

(*Written by Mrs. Sibbald shortly before her death when Aged* 83.)

26th April, 1866.

We have not any dread of the Fenians now as the Yankees are bestirring themselves in the cause. They

EILDON HALL, CANADA

By kind permission of W. Martyn Sibbald, Esq.

have seized at Eastport, State of Maine, the two Fenian schooners, and at Oswego 500 muskets, and it is said Mc'Mahony is nowhere to be found, perhaps gone off with the funds. Mr. William Robinson[1] received a letter from a friend at New Brunswick in which he mentioned that a number of idle fellows, no doubt Fenians, were going about begging for something to eat, they must be in a bad way. Drilling and field days still going on here, no doubt on account of threats being made that the Fenians are determined on being revenged. Murphy their Toronto Centre and so many others of his followers were seized armed cap-a-pie when on their way to Portland their place of rendezvous, they are now being tried in Cornwall in the lower Province.

TORONTO.

4th June, 1866.

I am scarcely recovered yet, my dearest Tom, from the excitement of the last three days, particularly Saturday and yesterday, as Willie was here the two last. He was constantly running down for extras, those cost 9d. yesterday, you will see them all mentioned in to-day's *Leader* which I will send. You can have no idea of the distress in every family in Toronto, everyone having some relative amongst the Volunteers. I went over to see Mrs. Hoggarty on Saturday, her two youngest sons are in the "Queen's Own," one scarce twenty and the other 18. They went off with the first detachment, and had the first fight with the wretches the Fenians. Their poor Mother was in a great state of anxiety. I hope she did not hear the report that I did yesterday when coming out of Church, that one was killed and the other wounded—it was quite false I am happy to say. Alan Anderson and Charles Sibbald belong to the "Queen's Own" but they went with the second detachment of troops so were not there at the time of the first and fatal encounter; and the

[1] The Hon. William Benjamin Robinson (1797–1873), brother of Sir J. B. Robinson, Bart., was Commissioner of Public Works for Upper Canada.

10th Royals (Tom Ritchie's Regiment) did not go till later still—Tom wished to have exchanged into the " Queen's Own," as it is considered the most respectable, being all the young men of Trinity College, and sons of the Gentry of Toronto, but he was too late in getting his regimentals —Much fear was felt by the Townspeople for the immense number of horrid looking fellows, that were seen about the streets here. A Home Guard was formed and hundreds of special constables sworn in and the respectable householders in every ward walked in 4's from 9 till daylight, relieving each other every two hours I believe, however it made one feel safer. Cook told me this morning, that since the news arrived of the defeat of the Fenians that " they nasty looking brutes that were skulking about waiting to burn and devour us, have skulked off somewhere, waiting to come back again " ; perhaps gone down to the lower Province, where they seemed to be in as great a fright as we were—what will they do with the 200 Fenians, they cannot be all hung surely.

THE END

THE SIBBALD MEMORIAL CHURCH IN CANADA, ERECTED IN MEMORY OF MRS. SUSAN SIBBALD BY HER SONS

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